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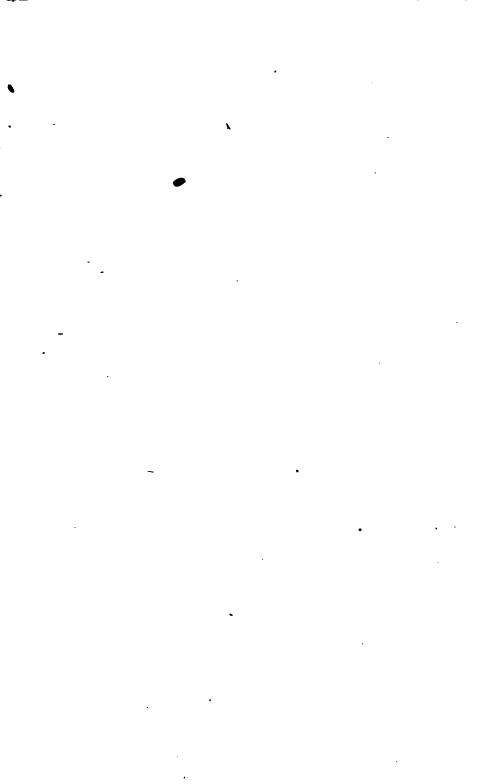
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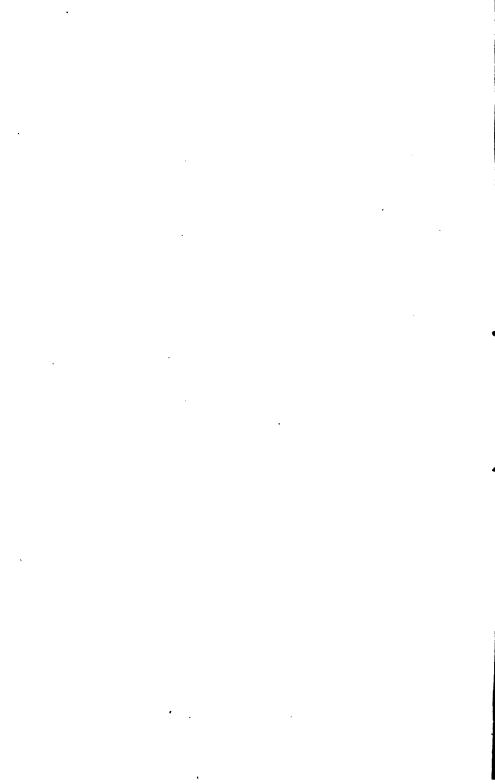
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1900.



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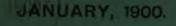
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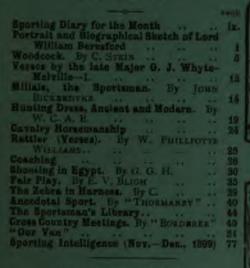
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS AND PASTIM

No. 479.

JANUARY, 1900.

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Steel engraved portrait of LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD; steel engraving of OLD-FASHIONED HUNTING DRESS.

Engraving of the Hon. Walter Rothschild's Team of Zebras.

Lord William Beresford.

THE worst enemy of Lord William Beresford, were it possible for so genial a gentleman to have any, would not accuse him of being lukewarm in the cause of sport: and it would be strange indeed if he were, for he comes of a good old Irish stock to all members of which for generations sport has been as the breath of their nostrils. What reader of there who is not BAILY is familiar with the deeds of Lord William's uncle, that famous Marquis of Waterford, whose

pranks in London seem to belong to another age, but who was, apart from these eccentricities, a great patron of sport, and whose fox - hunting establishment Curraghmore was famous, not only throughout Ireland, throughout the whole of United Kingdom? It was strange that one who had risked his life so often, and who did not know that there was such a word as "danger" in the English vocabulary, should have met his death through his horse stumbling at what could scarcely be called a fence. He left no issue and therefore the title devolved upon his brother, who was the father of the subject of our present sketch.

Lord William was the third of his four sons, the eldest being Lord Tyrone, the second that most popular of sailors, Lord Charles, and the youngest Lord Marcus, who has been a keen sportsman from the time that he entered the 7th Hussars as a contemporary of the Duke of Connaught. It was a fall while hunting that brought about the eldest tragic death of their brother: he, when he had succeeded to the title and found the Land League had made itself so obnoxious, shut up Curraghmore and came to hunt in Leicestershire, having married Blanche Somerset, the only daughter of the late Duke of Beaufort, who was as devoted to sport as her husband and father, which is saying a good deal. year younger than his second brother, Lord William went to Eton in 1858, and there he spent five happy years, going in for the river as much as he could, though he never got high enough in the school to be in the boats. Even at that early age he patronised sport with so much assiduity that he went over to Ascot and was duly flogged on his return.

When he first went to Eton he was fag to Lord Jersey, and after that to Lord Minto, the present Viceroy of Canada, who made a graceful allusion to the fact at the Eton dinner given to him and Lord Curzon before they started for their respective vice-kingdoms last winter. Upon leaving Eton he went to Bonn, where he studied German at the residence of Dr. Perry, his companions including the Hon. Eric Barrington, now

secretary to Lord Salisbury, the Hon, Elliot, and the Hon, Alec Yorke: and on his return to England he went to two or three other tutors before passing into the 9th Lancers in 1867, the regiment being at that time quartered in Dublin. Lord William was soldiering in England and Ireland. spending all his winter leave with his brother Waterford at Curraghmore, hunting six days a week and breaking his collar-bone for the first, but by no means for the last time. That little accident, of which he makes very light, has since occurred to him, twice in the United Kingdom and five times in India, and, like the jackdaw of Rheims, he is not one penny the worse. His closest friend at this time, who also wintered at Curraghmore, was Captain Clayton, unhappily killed at polo during the Delhi assemblage for the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India, to which his regiment was ordered in 1875. It was in the uniform of the 9th that he first appeared in Calcutta as extra A.D.C. on Lord Northbrook's staff, leading the cortége of the Prince of Wales from Prinsep's Ghât to Government House. Upon Lord Northbrook's completion of his five years of office. Lord William was appointed A.D.C. to his successor. Lord Lytton, and after that he enjoyed the unparalleled distinction of being Military Secretary to three viceroys-Lords Ripon, Dufferin and Lansdowne. As was well and truly said at the dinner given to Lord William before he left India—" serving for twelve under three successive viceroys, he has raised the office to a science and himself from an official into an institution; and so identified himself with the position that when a new viceroy is appointed it seems more natural

to ask who is to be his 'Bill Beresford' than his Military Secretary." The work of a military secretary necessitates his doing things which may be displeasing to those who are affected, but Lord William could fairly plead that he had endeavoured to do his duty to the best of his lights, and that if he had hurt anyone's feelings it had been done unwittingly and to his great regret. Not that any such plea was required, for Lord William had always combined the suaviter in modo with the fortiter in re, and his popularity was as general as it was unalloyed. Devoted to sport in all its forms, he was able to enjoy it in some of its most attractive forms while in India, and his adventures between the flags, on the polo ground and in pursuit of pig and paper would fill a volume.

Having tried all that India affords, Lord William is emphatic in saying that pig-sticking deserves the first place, and he owns to having derived more pleasure from this than from tiger - shooting, racing, or anything else. This was, perhaps, because when he first came to India and tried his hand at the spear, he had the advice and guidance of that acknowledged prince of pig-stickers, Archie Hills, now, alas, gone over to the majority, who taught him how to hold a spear and use it. Lord William affirms that the best day's pig-sticking he ever saw was afforded by Hills at his own place, when they accounted before tiffin for seventeen boar, three horses hurt, and a collarbone broken. He had his full share of good things in the racing line while in India, and can count among his trophies six Viceroy's Cups, three of which were won by his favourite, Myall King, two Kuch Isehar Cups, two Durbhungah Cups, three Civil Service Cups (the Civil Service Cup being the pony race of India), five Grand Military Steeplechases, in which he piloted the winners himself, and at one time or another most of the principal races out there, while in the last year of his stay, he was able to claim some share in the creditable running of Tostig for the Viceroy's Cup of 1893, as that good horse was imported by him and sold to the Maharajah of Patiala.

He was, as was remarked at the dinner given him on the eve of his departure from India, an "undefeated sportsman," and Mr. Moore, one of his oldest friends, who took the chair at this dinner, was well justified in saying that his stable of horses had been for years the mainstay of Calcutta racing; "in all weathers and all vicissitudes of fortune he is to the fore, full of pluck, always has horses to run and to back; buys freely and is generally a dispensation of Providence to stewards, being a staunch supporter of the ruling powers and frequent offerer of useful advice, born of long experience. His most remarkable virtue, to my mind, is his exuberant cheerfulness, even when luck's against him. I never met a better loser, and that means possession of a combination of enviable qualities rarely met with. I have known his career on the Turf for over twenty years, and to speak of him as I have known him, he has throughout raced like an honest English gentle-

Soon after this dinner, which was a fitting farewell to one whom the chairman truly described as "a typical soldier, a capable official, an undefeated sportsman, a prince of good fellows, and a man of mark

everywhere," Lord William returned to England, where he has remained ever since.

There was one incident — and that a most creditable one - in connection with Lord William's service in India, which was passed over in silence at this farewell dinner, namely, the heroism which won for him the Victoria Cross and the soubriquet of "Ulundi Bill." Lord William, who had been with his regiment in Afghanistan, had been recalled to staff duties when the Zulu War broke out, and he got so mad, to use his own words, when he read of the disaster at Isandula that he begged Sir J. Colley, the Military Secretary, to get him six months leave so that he might go on active service. This being accorded him, he reached South Africa in time to be present at the engagement of Ulundi, where he gained the Victoria Cross for gallant conduct in having at great personal risk, during the retirement of the reconnoitring party across the White Umvaloosi river, turned back to assist Sergeant Fitzmaurice of the 24th Foot, whose horse had fallen with him. Lord William picked him up, mounted him behind himself on his own horse, and brought him away in safety under the close fire of the Zulus, who were in force and coming on great quickly. His position was rendered all the more dangerous from the fact that Sergeant Fitzmaurice twice nearly pulled him out of the saddle. might Archibald Forbes, no mean judge of military exploits, declare this to be "the bravest deed I ever saw," and well deserved was the reward " for valour" which he received at Windsor from the hands of his Sovereign when he returned for a short time to England before going back to service in India, where he was yet to spend another fourteen years.

A year or two after he came home for good in 1894, he married an American lady who had been left a widow by the late Duke of Marlborough in 1891. They settled down at Deepdene, the beautiful demesne of the Hope family, which is close to that wellknown coaching centre, Dorking. A boy, now two years old, has been born of this union. The Duchess takes the greatest interest in her husband's sporting pursuits, and it was not long after their marriage that Lord William went into partnership with Mr. Pierre Lorillard in the ownership of a number of American racehorses which have had their names writ large in the events of the last three or four seasons. Several of their horses, notably Diakka, Sandia, Berzak, Caiman and Myakka, won several good races in the colours which Iroquois carried with such credit eighteen years ago; but at the end of 1898 Mr. Lorillard, whose health was very bad, decided, at the instance of his doctor, to give up racing for a time, and the stable was taken over by Lord William.

His horses are still under the charge of Huggins, the American trainer, who came over with Mr. Lorillard, and he has taken a lease of Heath House, so long associated first with the veteran Matt. Dawson and then with his nephew George, who trained there Ayrshire, Donovan, St. Serf, Semolina, Memoir, and the many other good horses which bore the black and white of the Duke of Portland. The light blue jacket and black cap, which is now almost invariably worn by Tod Sloan, has had a great run of luck for the greater part of last season, though it did very badly

in the closing weeks. If Caiman did not maintain his autumn form with Flying Fox, he has won many other races. While if Sibola, with Sloan for once caught napping, just missed the Oaks, she had won the One Thousand Guineas in a canter. A fine piece of riding gave Knight of the Thistle—a very lucky purchase from Mr. McCalmont—the victory in the Jubilee Stakes, and the two-year-olds have been winning all along the line, notably Democrat, who, with seven races worth £13,000 to his credit, stands out as the best of his year, with

the possible exception of Forfarshire, and may not improbably establish what will be a new "record," namely, that of a gelding winning the Derby. Although he had a very bad fall two years ago, Lord William is still very fond of hunting. There are few four-in-hand drivers who can teach him anything, and it was a treat to see him bring his fine team of chesnuts round the sharp turn into the F.H.D.C. enclosure at Ascot this year. It may be said of him, as of most of his race, that he is a sportsman to the manner born.

Woodcock.

"MARK Cock!" What a thrill of excitement does the cry send through a party of sportsmen and what a deal of promiscuous shooting generally follows! Everybody, who can get a glimpse of the bonny bird as he flits through the trees, blazes away on the off chance of being the lucky man who will have the honour of bringing him to the bag. And what a picture he is as he lies dead on the withered leaves of autumn harmonising so exactly with them in colour that, even though we think that we have marked his fall to an inch, it is not always the simplest thing in the world to pick him up. The plumage of all birds is beautiful and it is mere folly to say that one is more favoured by Nature than another, but there is a richness and simplicity about a woodcock's apparel that seems to follow to the letter Polonius' advice and proclaim the wearer a gentleman.

Picturesque himself, what an

eye he has for the picturesque in the spots that he selects as his haunts! In the covert he will be found beneath some glossy holly-bush, spangled over with scarlet berries, rising in bright contrast to the neutral tint of the frost-stricken growth around and the vivid green of the woodland mosses underfoot that marks where there is a trickle of moisture from some little spring-or if we flush him on a Scottish moorland, it will be in some nook that combines in itself all the elements that make Highland scenery so fair, a grey, lichen-covered rock, a wind-twisted bush, a bank of heather and a mountain streamlet.

There is no bird, which can be followed in his probable flight by a true naturalist and sportsman with more certainty than a woodcock. For the man who has the eye to note the spots that the bird is sure to make for, there is less difficulty in following him up, when he has once been seen on the wing, than there is in over-

hauling any other flying game. I well remember how this was once most forcibly impressed upon me. I was looking on at a great shoot where several of the first sportsmen in England were gathered. A long and thick wood had been beaten and, when everything was over for the time, it was reported that two woodcock had "gone back." A nobleman, well known as one of the most brilliant shots and keenest naturalists in England, had been walking up with the beaters and had had a momentary glimpse of the two as they disappeared behind. While the game that had fallen thickly to the deadly forward guns was being gathered he asked his host if he might go back and pick up the two woodcock, saying that he was certain that he knew where he could find them. Be it remembered that he had never been on the ground before and had no information or guidance as to where the birds had pitched. course he was told that he might do as he liked, but his chance of success did not seem very good. I went with him to see the proceedings of so great a professor. He went back about two hundred and fifty yards and then dived into the covert. Before he had gone ten paces, up started one of the woodcock and was laid low, and within a very short distance the other was found and met his fate also.

The whole performance seemed to me to be marvellous and I asked how on earth he had known where to find his birds with such certainty, particularly as he had only seen them on the wing and had not been able to note where they lit. "Simple enough," he said. "As I came along the wood, I remarked the places which a woodcock would be sure to choose to lie in, and when I

saw the birds going back, I noted the general direction of their flight. They were bound to drop where I found them." Simple enough indeed when the reasons were explained, but for all that, I thought that it was as pretty a piece of woodcraft as I had ever seen.

Though I have, like everybody else, met casual woodcock ordinary covert-shooting, and indeed have often devoted whole days to the pursuit of such fascinating game in different parts of the world, I am bound to say that I have never in my life had what might be called a really good day's cock-shooting. Never have I been so fortunate as to have a chance of shooting scores in the Elysian fields of Albania nor have I ever been in the more favoured among the Irish coverts where forty or fifty couple in the day are the bag of a privileged party. In days gone by I once saw ten couple gathered in Norfolk, and fear I had little to do in the gathering, but I have never seen more in the British islands. Still, I have a very real affection for a bird that shows so much sport and, if I could have a day in one of those few places which furnish such interesting paragraphs to the sporting papers, what a red letter day it would be! It was once my good fortune to live for two years in one of the largest of the Hebrides and think that one of the principal inducements that made me remain through the winter in that stormbeaten island was the prospect of the numbers of woodcock that were said to visit its shores yearly between October and March.

Perhaps bad luck in sport is not peculiar to myself, but it always seems to me that I invariably drop in for bad seasons, bad weeks, or bad days whenever

I go anywhere which has the reputation of being a specially favoured haunt of fish, flesh or fowl. I remember once, and once only, having a day in one of the best woodcock coverts in Ireland. Our party was weighted with cartridges that no possible chance might be lost and we hoped that we should at least see many birds. But after a long day's work, one solitary woodcock was our reward. For some reason all the rest had disappeared. On my single expedition in search tigers in one of the best Indian districts, I only fired my rifle twice in six weeks. It was the only really wet season that had occurred for years and as water was to be found everywhere, there was nothing to make our big game frequent one jungle more than another and we could not get on terms with them. This too in a bit of country where, in the year before my visit and the year after, individual sportsmen bagged from ten to fifteen tigers. Then I have, as a great privilege twice been allowed a week on one of the best rivers in the north. first time, there was such a roaring spate that all fishing was out of the question; the second the river was so low that, though the salmon could be seen frolicking in the water, they could not be tempted to leave it and after much labour I only succeeded in landing one decent fish.

Well, my season's woodcockshooting in the Hebrides, from which I had expected to draw so much delight, turned out a complete failure, not certainly as regards the delight, but the numbers seen. Various reasons were given for this but the most popular one was that there had been a very hard winter in the previous year and that woodcock had starved and died from not

being able to procure their natural food. I never quite believed in this, however, for independently of the fact that however hard the weather, there must always be many soft places left where a long bill can be inserted, a very acute Highland naturalist has noted that, even when all other birds and living things are dying from starvation in the frost-bound land, the woodcock generally remains fat and well-to-do, and he accounts for it thus: "The intense frost drives the worms and minute animals which constitute their food into the open 'eyes' and rivulets, which never freeze, like sheep in a fank; and thus the woodcock and snipe have their food with rather less trouble in frost than in more open weather." An old friend who has made fur and feather fly in all parts of the world and to whom I have submitted these arguments, says from the fulness of his experience that he agrees with them up to a certain point. He thinks that woodcock retain their plumpness when many other birds are starving, but he thinks that a frost lasting longer than a fortnight or three weeks affects them seriously and that they then fall away in flesh rapidly.

Well, as I said, my season was a bad one, but as I had many thousand acres over which I could wander and as there was no telling when a small flight of cock might choose to pay a visit to some corner of my chasse, I weekly walked many miles beating up likely spots here and there, buoyed up with the constant hope that a "flick" from a patch of bracken or tuft of heather would catch my ear, and that I should see a woodcock darting away, giving a chance suited to my capacity. My labours were lightened in a measure by the friendly information which the shepherds who tended the black-faced flocks on the hills, always brought to me about any birds or beasts that they had seen in their professional rambles; and let me here say what an invaluable friend is a shepherd on a wild shooting where game must be worked for before it can be handled. He knows and can tell where every brood of grouse is hatched, when any rare duck visits the distant loch, when a flock of golden plover are feeding on the hill, or when a newcome woodcock has settled in some bosky glen.

Let me recall a typical day. When Donald the keeper comes to make his morning report, he says that "Rob" (the shepherd) "told me that he saw a woodcock settle in the March Burn yesterday evening and there's likely to be more about the same place." The March Burn be it then, and we step off a couple of miles to the deep ravine, on the edge of my ground, down which rattles a mountain stream and whose sides are clothed with stunted birches. oaks. bushes and thick bracken, now sered and brown with winter's icy touch. We are accompanied by the two most confidential dogs that I have ever owned. are two veteran setters which were left at the lodge by the last ten-Their age is great and they have left the springiness and vivacity of youth far behind in the vanished years. But though slow, they are steady and never make a They have arrived at that time of life when liberties may be taken with them without fear of spoiling them in any way. They will scuttle through thick undergrowth to rouse any game that is lying hid as sagaciously as they will find and point at a grouse, and they may withal be

trusted to retrieve with certainty a fallen bird, carrying it with as careful and soft a mouth as the best of retrievers.

We have had a sharp frost and there is a sprinkling of snow on the moorland. As we walk along the shore of the sea loch, we can mark an old seal raising his head close to the coating of ice and looking around with interest upon the world in general. A heron flaps away in front of us, but is too wary to expose himself to danger. Here we are at last on our ground. The March Burn spreads out over a wide delta where it discharges itself into the loch and we begin by searching the tussocky little islands through which it flows. Carlo and Bess rush hither and thither intent on business but nothing is seen except a grey hen that rises out of shot. We work up the ravine which closes in till I, walking by the burnside, can easily command both banks. quarter of a mile nothing is roused and we are entering upon a narrow gorge, walled in by perpendicular cliffs forty or fifty feet We are not going to wade through the icy cold water and are just thinking of climbing up the sides of the ravine, to descend again beyond the rocks. denly from the foot of the cliff rises a brown bird. Mark! and I take a shot just as he is disappearing through the gorge. can't say whether I have hit him or not and, if he is dead, he is on the other side of the cliffs. climb up to their top and down again to the open burn bank be-" Seek yond. dead, Carlo,'' "Seek dead, Bess," and the two veterans plunge into the thick ling and fern. Carlo has the wind of something, and with no indecent haste, works his way along the line of scent. By Jove! He

has found it, lying close to the water's edge under a tuft of lady fern. He takes it up tenderly, as if he loved it, and, with an intensely wagging tail, brings and lays it at our feet.

So far, so good. We have another mile of the ravine before us, and in it there may surely be another cock or two. There is a rush through the undergrowth and a bunny's white scut is seen conspicuous in the greenery. has given himself away and is rolled over, but before another cartridge can be put into the gun, "flick" a woodcock rises on the bank. The second barrel is fired. alas! without effect, and we see our friend gliding scathless up the "He'll settle near the top," says Donald, and I hope he may be right. But now we have come to a dense bit of thicket,

"Where sunk in copse, your furthest glance
Gains not the length of horseman's lance,
And oft so steep, the foot is fain
Assistance from the hand to gain."

Carlo and Bess are rummaging with assiduity close to our feet and Donald pokes his stick into every likely looking bush that he passes. Just as I am struggling through the undergrowth Donald yells out "Mark" and another woodcock is in the air. Providentially he does not fly low through the stems, but rises to the tree tops and, awkward as my position is, I manage to secure a snap shot, of which I am proud to this day, for my bird topples over, leaving a few feathers floating in the still clear air. And so on, and so on. I make one or two more or less disgraceful misses, but, as I manage to pick up the first bird that had laughed at my beard (exactly where Donald had predicted that he would light), I am not ill-satisfied and have more reason than

ever to be grateful for the shepherd's keen observation. have worked up the March Burn until we arrive at its source on the hill side and we take a stretch across the open moor to gain another ravine which we purpose to beat on our homeward way and which we trust may hold some game. The two old setters now show their sagacity and adaptability, by giving up the rôle of close hunting cockers which they played in the ravine and quarter the ground widely in front of us in noble fashion. We drop upon one or two grouse, which sit close as they often do on a calm December day; we meet an Alpine hare with a curiously skewbald coat, which has made an unfortunate excursion from the stony peaks of the nearest Ben, and, oh! good luck, we flush a woodcock from behind a small snow-I need not tell of all the very commonplace incidents of our When we find ourselves at the lodge we have six woodcock, a hare, a rabbit and a brace of grouse. Oh, fortunate sportsmen, who shoot in more favoured places, don't jeer at such a meagre Let me say that a very humble gunner might and did have a deal of real fun in collecting it and that the joy of traversing the wild Highland scenery must count for something.

Apropos of the Scottish Highlands, the habits of woodcock have been more accurately observed there than elsewhere, probably because in many places the birds remain throughout the year, nest and bring up their families. St. John in particular has recorded many facts, of which, I believe, but for him we might still have been ignorant. Among other things he controverts the prevalent idea that woodcock live entirely by suction—" the

quantity of worms required to sustain one of these birds would astonish those town-bred naturalists who gravely assert that the woodcock 'lives on suction.'" Most people know, too, that the woodcock is able to carry its young from one place to another when it wishes to do so, either to take it to a feeding ground or to remove it from the approach of some intrusive stranger; but it is not known how this is done. The little one is not lifted up by the claws, which indeed seem adapted by nature for such a task, but "from close observation I found out that the old woodcock carries her young, even when larger than a snipe by clasping the little bird tightly between her thighs, and so holding it tight towards her own body." The woodcock, too, as being a nocturnal bird, does not become fat until "the nights are sufficiently long to afford them plenty of time to feed." It is a fact not very well known that, in the autumnal flights of woodcock to our shores from their Scandinavian home, the first arrivals consist chiefly of females and some days later come the male birds. It requires the observa-tion, however, of a trained naturalist to detect the differences in the appearance of the sexes, the most practical one being that the female is generally two or three ounces heavier than the

"It is a far cry" from Scotland to India, but I must say a word about shooting woodcock in the Nilgiris, the only part of our Eastern Empire where I have met them. And first it must be remarked that there is a peculiarity about eastern woodcock in which they differ altogether from their cousins in the western hemisphere. In the British Islands

little stagnant ditches and pools in coverts are favourite haunts. In India, though birds may be found sometimes in such places, as a rule they prefer the neighbourhood of running water. rapid current is not essential to their comfort, but they distinctly appreciate movement, however slow it may be. Well, probably more woodcock are to be seen in the Nilgiris than in any other part of our Eastern Empire. the country has a specific and picturesque character, in many respects like that of the Cheviots. The hills are softly undulating and are covered with fine close turf. Their sides are furrowed by narrow ravines, through each of which flows a streamlet, filled with dense woody jungle made up of ilex and wild cinnamon, brambles, bamboo grass and other undergrowth. These ravines are called sholas and are the favourite haunts of woodcock. A crowd of beaters and what in India is called a "bobbery" pack of dogs enter the shola at the top and beat out the covert before them, a gun walking in the open on each side. The woodcock dart out from the trees and give very pretty if not very difficult shots. Let it not be supposed, however, that the Indian woodcock appear in numbers proportionate to those of the Indian snipe. Five or six couple is a very good bag for two guns and they may congratulate themselves if they get as many. But if your bag is small, it must be admitted that the pursuit has given you a most delightful day. The pure fresh air, "frappé" by the overnight's frost, as Lady Grant Duff very neatly expressed it, the far-stretching panorama in the distance, the picturesque surroundings, even the possibility that the shola may contain a wild cat, which will alarm your beaters

COCK. II

and create an immense excitement in the scratch pack of dogs that you have collected to search the woodland recesses, all stimulate the spirits and give such a zest to the sport that a day's cock shooting in the Nilgiris is not

easily forgotten.

I must again quote the old friend, to whom I have referred before for a note on woodcock shooting on the Pir Panjal pass in days gone by. There the jungle was so large and dense that it was impossible to beat it to any good effect and it was only very occasionally that by day a cock could be shot. But at night when the camp fire was blazing the woodcock used to come "roding" out of the neighbouring thickets and flit owl-like over the attractive light. As they passed overhead they afforded snap shots to the sportsmen who were on the look out and sometimes two or three couple could be thus secured The shooting in an evening. must have been very good, however, that could catch an object suddenly issuing from an uncertain quarter of the surrounding obscurity during its short flight across the dim and smoky flare of a bivouac flame.

There is a deal of fictitious credit attached to the bagging of the few casual woodcock which are met with in an ordinary day's covert shooting. The killing of one condones, in the eyes of many people, much indifferent performance with a gun. It seems to be regarded as a tour de force that shows what a man could do, if he only chose to take pains, and if two or three are luckily got by the same person in the course of the day, it matters not that he has mulled many pheasants and consistently fired behind his ground game, his fame is bruited abroad as a very smart shot, whose

services it would be desirable to engage for any big shoot that is

in prospect.

I well remember when, as a very callow subaltern, I was invited by a kind and hospitable Yorkshire magnate to stay at his house for two or three days' sport. On the first day, by some extraordinary chance, I managed to shoot a couple of woodcock right and left: I draw a veil over my other performances on the same They were certainly very, very indifferent. But on the strength of my brace of woodcock (I don't think any others were killed) I instantaneously acquired such a reputation as a shot that several other county magnates at once became most cordial and asked me to help in shooting their coverts, as if I would confer a favour on them by doing so. had sufficient prudence to rest content with my very accidental sporting laurels and did not give myself the chance of being found out for the duffer that I was. any case, my small available pocket-money did not run to the expenses of both hunting and shooting and I preferred to stick to the former.

I daresay everybody does not remember the story of Chantrey's woodcock. The great sculptor, who was an enthusiastic if not a very accomplished sportsman, was fortunate enough to shoot a brace of woodcock right and left at Holkham and he was so delighted with his feat that he immortalised the birds in marble. The group of dead woodcock is still, I believe, one of Lord Leicester's art treasures.

I have talked of the woodcock alive. What words are sufficiently expressive to extol his merits when he is dead? They have long been known. Teste Tom of Ingoldsby, who tells how—

"In good King Dagobert's palmy days
When saints were many and sins were
few"

Old Nick had toiled all day and had collected a sackful of sinners with which to regale his appetite.

"And he said to himself, as he licked his lips
Those nice little dears! What a delicate roast!
Then, that fine fat friar,
At a very quick fire,
Dressed like a woodcock and served on

toast!'

Old Nick had grasped the first principles of cooking game and we rather sympathise with him when the interfering St. Medard made three slits in his sack and delivered all his painfully-gathered sinners, who escaped from their fiery fate and "scampered like lamplighters over the plain."

Brillat Savarin says feelingly "la bécasse est encore un oiseau très distingué, mais peu de gens en connaissent tous les charmes. Une bécasse n'est dans toute sa gloire que quand elle a été rôtie sous les yeux d'un chasseur, surtout du chasseur qui l'a tuée; alors la rôtie est confectionnée suivant les règles voulues, et la bouche s'inonde de délices." I am told that at our good Queen's Christmas dinner a woodcock-pie is one of the most important plats. It may be said that the three authorities are rather incongruous and that one may hardly with propriety say "Les beaux esprits se rencontrent." But let that pass.

Before finishing I must quote what I venture to think is one of the best sporting pictures drawn by the ever delightful Rider Haggard, the description of the way in which his favourite hero Allan Quartermain killed three woodcock. "In the faint light I could just see Quartermain

when through the groaning of the trees I heard the shouts of the beaters, 'Cock forward, cock to the right.' Then came a whole volley of shouts, 'Woodcock to the right,' 'Cock to the left,' 'Cock over.'

"I looked up, and presently caught sight of one of the wood-cock coming down the wind upon me like a flash. In that dim light I could not follow all his movements as he zigzagged through the naked tree-tops; indeed I could only see him when his wings flitted up. Now he was passing me—bang, and a flick of the wing, I had missed him; bang again. Surely he was down; no, there he went to my left.

"'Cock to you,' I shouted, stepping forward so as to get Quartermain between me and the faint angry light of the dying day, for I wanted to see if he would 'wipe my eye.' I knew him to be a wonderful shot, but that cock would, I thought, puzzle him.

"I saw him raise his gun ever so little and bend forward, and at that moment out flashed two woodcock into the open, the one I had missed to his right, and the other to his left. At the same time a fresh shout arose 'Woodcock over,' and looking down the spinney I saw a third bird high up in the air, being blown along like a brown and whirling leaf straight over Quartermain's head. And then followed the prettiest little bit of shooting that I ever saw. bird to the right was flying low, not ten yards from the line of a hedgerow and Quartermain took him first because he would become invisible the soonest of any. Indeed, nobody who had not his hawk's eyes could have seen to shoot him. But he saw him well enough to kill him dead as a stone. Then turning sharply, he pulled on the

second bird at about forty-five yards, and over he went. By this time the third woodcock was nearly over him, and flying very high, straight down the wind, a hundred feet up or more, I should say. I saw him glance at it as he opened his gun, threw out the right cartridge and slipped in another, turning round as he did so.

"By this time the cock was

nearly fifty yards away from him, and travelling like a flash. Lifting his gun he fired after it and, wonderful as the shot was, killed it dead. A tearing gust of wind caught the dead bird and blew it right away like a leaf torn from an oak, so that it fell a hundred and thirty yards off or more."

How we would all wish to be able to do likewise!

C. STEIN.

Verses by the late Whyte-Melville.

[WE are fortunate enough to have secured some early and hitherto unpublished sets of verses by the late Major G. J. Whyte-Melville. They were written about the time his military career commenced (one being dated Quebec, November 4th, 1841). Some, as the one below, were addressed direct to his old schoolmate, Sir. Thomas Riddell of Sunart, Argyleshire; and the whole, together with some further trifles, were entered by the latter in a manuscript book, with the author's initials after each. Of course the finish and power of his more matured work will hardly be looked for in these youthful efforts; but the swing and attractiveness that belong to all Whyte-Melville's poetry will not be found altogether wanting.]

I.—TO AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

HERE's a health to the horse that we ride,
And a health to the hound that we cheer,
O'er the vale or the mountain's rough side
With a kindred and bold spirit near.
One that loves to be foremost and first,
In the woodland and over the lea,
One that ever will lead in the burst,
Here's a health, dear Tom Riddell, to thee.

On the hill we have oft chased the deer,
From the dawn of a bright summer's day,
Till the shadows of evening were near,
We have footed a wearisome way.
For we loved well the deep, darksome glen
And the heather-bell's scrub wild and free,
May we soon see those blue hills again,
In the meantime I drink Tom, to thee.

For together we've harked to the hound,
And together we've sped o'er the plain,
Side by side at one brave, gallant bound,
We have flown o'er the treacherous drain,
And still as we crashed on abreast
Thou'dst a heart-cheering holloa for me,
And 'twas given with a true sportsman's zest,
Here's a health, dear Tom Riddell, to thee.

Together we've oft filled the bowl,
Aye, old friend, and have emptied it too,
We were young. If our youth lacked control,
Still our souls were unhackneyed and true,
And oft in thy fulness of heart
Thou hast quaffed off thy bumper to me
As, tho' thousands of miles were apart,
I would fain do, Tom Riddell, to thee.

We have pondered o'er classical lore,
And together have hung in delight
O'er those glorious bards that of yore
Have awakened the Patriot's might,
O'er those pillars of stone 'graved with flowers,
Each sentence a Delphic decree,
Tully's letters, we lingered for hours,
Here's a health, dearest Riddell, to thee.

And now tho' the ocean may roll,
And tempests between us may roar,
Yet still I am with thee in soul
And my heart is unchanged as before.
To our next merry meeting I quaff,
And quickly may that meeting be,
When our cares shall be choked in a laugh,
And drowned in a health, Tom, to thee.

G. J. W.-M.

Millais, the Sportsman.

Or the many distinguished Englishmen who have been sportsmen, and who, no doubt, owed not a little of their success in life to their love of sport, Millais stands among the most eminent. Had he been less of a fisherman, huntsman and shot, he would, without doubt, have been less of a painter, and might have gone the way of many infant prodigies; for in his youth he was a somewhat delicate, fast-growing, ailing child. Even in his earliest years he was gifted with an extraordinary genius for observing and transferring what he saw to paper, and no doubt the mental strain told severely on the strength of the weakly stripling.

That Millais was a sportsman all knew; but until the recent publication of his "Life and Letters," by his son, Mr. John Guille Millais, it was only the great artist's personal friends who were aware that he was as good a fisherman and shot as he was a painter. Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., gives perhaps the most vivid description of him of any contained in the book in question, a book which I may say is not only admirably illustrated and produced, but written in the most simple and charming way, and in perfect taste, from title-page to colophon. Prinsep first met Millais in the early 'fifties. He describes him as then being tall, thin and active, his eager, handsome face, his clustering curls of dark hair, and his keen bright eye, betokening a boyish energy which was quite remarkable. Through all the years that Prinsep knew him, he did not change in disposition; the same boyish heartiness which characterised him in 1854 mained with him until 1895, when the hand of death gripped him by the throat. He remained a boy to the last. A day's sport, a game of cards or billiards (though latterly he ceased to play billiards), any trifle where skill or pluck were concerned, he entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. Mr. Prinsep draws a penpicture of him making his first visit to Henley Regatta, and proclaiming aloud, with bubbling boyish good humour, his admiration of the rowing, of the scene on the river, and, above all, of the many pretty girls to be found there.

There was probably never an artist less like an artist than Millais. In London he looked like the successful, fashionable business-man; in the country he was the bluff, hearty, country squire. One day he went to see Donovan, the phrenologist, to have his character recorded. Donovan, who was a shrewd man, had round his room busts of eminent men, to whom he would draw his client's attention, often gathering from their remarks all he wished to learn about them. Millais was not to be drawn. "Who is the old cock?" he asked, when Donovan pointed to a bust of Maclise. At the end of the interview Donovan drew up the character of his subject, who, he said, was a shrewd man of business, with a great taste for mathematics, but was utterly deficient in imagination, would never make an artist, and probably could not tell pink from green. "Do you know whom I am?" roared the outraged painter, shaking the paper in Donovan's face. "I am Millais." Donovan tried to get the paper back, but his indignant client insisted upon carrying it away. So much for phrenologists, or, at any rate, for that one in particular.

Lord James of Hereford, who is connected with the Millais family, and writes a chapter in Mr. J. G. Millais' book, also has a good deal to say concerning the sporting side of Millais' character. having often been with him in his shooting and fishing excursions. During many years, he tells us, the early days of August would find Millais somewhere in the neighbourhood of Birnam, in the highest spirits, preparing for the Twelfth, and especially looking forward to the later period of the autumn, when grouse and black game having begun to fail, and partridges having become wild, he would commence fishing on the stretch of water he rented on the Tay. He was a fine rifle shot, and equally successful when after grouse and partridges. Many a good head was secured by him. Lord James of Hereford has an amusing anecdote of one of the painter's big salmon. was a fish of 42lbs., caught in the Murthly Water towards the of a chill October day, after a very long fight. Immediately it was brought to shore, Millais commenced to discuss to whom it should be sent. "It shall go to the best fellow I know, and that is Lord Granville," he said; and that night the magnificent salmon was despatched to the Foreign Secretary. But no acknowledgment came, and Millais, whose pride was hurt, thought that his present was not appreciated, and would make no enquiry concern-

ing it. In the following spring Lord Granville was told how proud Millais had been to send him an almost record fish, and how disappointed he was at receiving no acknowledgment. then transpired that when the fish was unpacked the label which bore the sender's name had been destroyed by the cook. Granville, anxious to find out who was the donor, wrote to most of his friends whom he knew to possess salmon-fishings, the only result being that they regarded his letters as a diplomatic suggestion that a large salmon in prime condition would be regarded in Carlton Terrace as an acceptable present.

Not many even of Millais' personal friends of his later years knew that as a young man he was a keen hunting man. It was John Leech, of Punch fame, who introduced the coming R.A. to the delights of the hunting field. wonder how many readers of Baily's remember Leech's picture in Punch of the thin young man going to be measured for his first pair of "tops." The understandings of the customer are of a decidedly thin order, and the shopman exclaims, with an air of admiration, "Ah, sir! what a fine leg for a boot !—" A pleased look appears on the customer's face, but quickly departs as the sentence is concluded—"Same size all the way up." This was, in very truth, an incident which happened to Millais in Leech's presence.

Millais, Leech, and their friend "Mike" Halliday" used to hire their hunters for the season, and followed the hounds with ardour in Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire and Leicestershire. By the end of his first hunting season, Millais had acquired a firm seat on horseback, and was known as a bold

rider across country. Leech made a sketch of him hunting, and depicts him as a handsome, slim youth, sitting well back in his saddle, just about to leap a somewhat formidable ditch. A year later he made a sketch of him fishing at Stobhall, and above it is written the familiar exclamation, "Oh, blow the midges!" Millais describes his hunting experiences in a letter to Mr. George Wyatt, written in 1853:—

"Every Saturday I accompany him (Leech) into Hertfordshire, where good horses await us. and we stay over night at a friend's and set off in the morning. I have been four times out, and have only had one spill, which did not hurt me in the least. I should not follow the chase, but that I enjoy it above all other recreations, and find myself quite fitted for the exercise. The first time I ever rode over a fence gave me confidence from the comparatively easy way in which I kept my seat. Since then I have ridden over pretty nearly every kind of hedge and ditch. Leech is a good rider, and we go together."

For the sporting incidents of Millais' younger days, suffice it to say that he was first of all a fisherman. Even as a mere child he devoted his leisure hours to capturing sea - fish at St. Heliers (pike, perch and carp, in the ponds of Roselle Manor), and when he came to London to study, made many excursions with his brother William to the New River, Serpentine and Round Pond in search of fish and health. The park waters were then very different to what they are now, and possessed beautiful sedgy banks, with bays where water-lilies grew. There seems no reason why these natural beauties should not have been preserved, but the modern improver has no eye for things

beautiful, as witness the gradual canalisation of the Thames at the hands of the Conservators.

Very soon Scotland claimed Millais for its own, and after he married, his wife's family living close to the Tay, Perthshire became his favourite hunting-Here he made ample ground. return to Leech for his introduction to the hunting-field, initiating the Punch artist into the mysteries of salmon-fishing, deer-stalking, and grouse-shooting. Leech himself, it is interesting to know, was the original of the great Mr. whose adventures, beautifully and humorously portrayed in Punch, filled all England with merriment in the early 'fifties. Mr. Briggs I venture to rank among the immortals. Who can forget that famous salmon-fishing expedition when, having been rowed about for some days, a salmon at last hooked itself; when Mr. Briggs is landed, and is dragged by the fish over a mile or so of what he describes as "a very difficult country"? fish sulks in the Devil's Hole, revives its exhausted strength, makes another dash for liberty, and finally, just as it is about to be gaffed, the line breaks. nothing daunted, and accoutred as he is, Mr. Briggs plunges in and seizes in his arms a tremendous salmon for which he declares he would not take a guinea a pound, ultimately having it set up and placed over the case which contains his late favourite spotted hunter. Mr. Briggs goes to sleep on the moor while the deer are being driven, and waking in a muddled condition, finds a noble stag calmly watching him, and is too alarmed to shoot. He is taken out deer-stalking with the keeper, and requested to hold the hind legs of a wounded stag, the said animal being as active as a racehorse, and twice as strong. On his way to the partridge fields he is taken through the park where his host keeps a herd of favourite bison, and timorously asks the keeper whether it is the season when these animals are usually considered dangerous.

These, and many more adventures, actually happened to Leech himself while on fishing shooting expeditions with friend Millais. Perhaps the most amusing of all was at Blair, where in 1855 Leech, who was wandering over the hills, unfortunately got into the forest while a deer drive was going on, and, to his dismay, found himself face to face with the Duke of Athol. The Duke waxed exceeding wroth at the sight of the trespasser, and without more ado, gave him what they call in Yorkshire "a bit of his mind," interlarding his speech with such terrible terms as "Rhoderick Dhu" and "Vile Sassenach!" Leech, needless to sav. beat a retreat, only too glad to escape with whole skin. months later a clever skit on the incident appeared in Punch. following year the Duke sent Millais and Leech an invitation to take part in the big deer drives at Blair then going on; but with that sketch in his mind, and fearing that the Duke might have recognised it as connected with himself, Leech could not be prevailed upon to go, until Millais dragged him by main force into the coach. The Duke of Athol had, as a matter of fact, seen the sketch in *Punch*, laughed over it as heartily as anybody, and now very good-naturedly went out of his way to put Leech at his ease and show him the best sport he could. But one day, when they were in a butt together, the Duke suddenly presented a pistol at Leech's head, crying out in theatrical tones: "Now I am Rhoderick Dhu on my native heath, and thou, vile Sassenach! art in my power." The suddenness of the attack so upset poor Leech's nerves that he let the deer go by without a shot. Eventually, however, he killed two stags by stalking, the recollection of which was a source of happiness to him for years afterwards. It was during this visit to the Duke's that Leech, overcome by the heat of the day, fell asleep in his shelter just as a herd of splendid stags passed by, which incident, as I have already mentioned, also found a place in Mr. Punch's amusing pages.

In 1865 Sir William Harcourt was renting a shooting near Inverary called Dalhenna, Millais was one of his guests. He writes eloquently to his friends of the hospitality of his host, the excellence of the cooking, and the beauty of the young Duchess of Sutherland, who had been visiting them. The grouse shooting was good. When the rivers were low the friends fished in Loch Fyne for lythe. During these Dalhenna days one of the party, whose name is not given (was it Sir William Harcourt himself?) spied a magnificent horned beast grazing passively among the hills. In the gloaming it loomed up as a stag of fine proportions. Without pausing to examine it through a glass, he rushed into the house, seized a rifle, and advanced upon the quarry with all the stealth and cunning of an accomplished stalker. The crucial moment came at last, the finger was on the trigger, the death of the animal a certainty, when a Highland voice belraucous lowed in his ear: "Ye're no gaen to shute the meenister's goat, are

In the last year of his life Millais, whom a short yachting cruise had apparently restored to health, shot with his friend, Mr. Julius Reiss, at Corrie Muckloch, and writing to his son John, relates how he had killed to his own gun seventy brace of driven birds. "Now," he added, "I am keen on the fishing, which ought to be good this year, as this last week has been one continuous spate. To-morrow I hope to be into them." But he subsequently described the back end as one of general 'disappointment, though he had taken forty fish, and had hooked what was perhaps the largest salmon which ever rose to fly in the Tay. It was his last visit to moor and river.

I am not able, within the short space of a magazine article, to do more than refer to a few of the incidents of the great painter's life as a sportsman. What I have written should only whet the reader's appetite for more of the good things in Mr. J. G. Millais' admirable biography. I may well conclude with a short passage from the book itself, which refers to the close of the salmon-fishing season of 1895:—

"And now the door of Bowers-well closed upon him for the last time. Never again would he see the green terraces and yew-hedges of his northern home; never again the fir-woods and the rushing Tay, which had been to him both his joy and his inspiration; never again the familiar faces of the many friends that he left behind. All were to be no more, for the Great Reaper had stepped across the threshold and marked him for the sickle."

JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Hunting Dress, Ancient and Modern.

This me of those who may the entraining which accomthe first lives may possess continued insends and relacalled, say, thirty or forty of 23. Very armsing these to this earl but only what as young as n and madens, the tast it embried are made to 19 1 - Sugartes de l'Act. Ladies tunz mere than a susarmoline, Follylisck - end priving of queer the ten were curiously . I cours, strepape hats of tree t and with flat brims, im to users and coats edged of a . ad buttoning well up A chin. Who will look at 3d protographs and say . e rs. a of men's clothes that sat all? Yet one as it a seried that there it all the alteration. Why. . Progression of five years . This sits are by its cut. ers however, no dress has and time than that worn by tin remark. People who and than middle-aged can them or their mothers and y earing habits of volumie, very neavy, and so long .:. :y were mounted on horses, the habits were m the ground. A habit κnd is depicted in the while if the hat was e silk affair, it was of rial scape, and adorned amer. Then again most are in perticoats, and tre Turkish pattern. lone authority on ladies' as saving, "It is not to ride in too many one or two at most worn." What on earth · irtist of to-day say if

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who rode in no more than one or two petticoats. One may here break off for a moment to relate a true story which happened in an Irish hunting-neld. A lady who had passed her first youth was nevertheless so enthusiactic following the hounds that the most ir tricate fences in the Sister Isie had no terrors for her. Sue. however, followed the advice of the above-mentioned authority. and rode in one petticoat—and that made of red flannel. A somewhat hairy fence caught the not too strong habit, and by the time she landed she was altogether minus her skirt, and was seen with a red garment chagin ? round her. In a moment she had steadied her horse, jumped off, and crouched in a small patch of gorse which happened to be not far away, and that is known as "--'s Gorse" to the present day. A cavalier was soon at hand to rescue the garment from the thorns, and with the aid of his scarf-pin the habit was again made fit for temporary use. But even when flowing undergarments are dispensed with, it is not pleasant for a lady to find herself, as did one well-known Diana, scurrying across a field in a pair of breeches and top-boots. This particular lady sat in a ditch till help arrived in the shape of a gentleman, who with averted head walked towards her with his hanting-coat in his hand, and so enabled her to commence her journey in search of her stend and the missing habit. But to resume.

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JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Hunting Dress, Ancient and Modern.

Possibly some of those who may see the engraving which accompanies these lines may possess photographs of friends and relations taken, say, thirty or forty years ago. Very amusing these old albums are: but oh! what frights young men and maidens, old men and children are made to look in those cartes de visite. Ladies with something more than a suspicion of crinoline, hollyhock bonnets and gowns of queer Men wore shape! curiously shaped collars, stovepipe hats of great height and with flat brims, pegtop trousers and coats edged with braid and buttoning well up Who will look at to the chin. these old photographs and say that the fashion of men's clothes hardly changes at all? Yet one often hears it asserted that there is but slight alteration. even the dress-coat of five years ago proclaims its age by its cut.

Perhaps, however, no dress has changed more than that worn by ladies on horseback. People who are no more than middle-aged can well remember their mothers and sisters wearing habits of voluminous size, very heavy, and so long that unless they were mounted on full-sized horses, the habits were not far from the ground. A habit of that kind is depicted in the engraving, while if the hat was not a huge silk affair, it was of some fanciful shape, and adorned with a feather. Then again most ladies rode in petticoats, and trousers of the Turkish pattern.

We find one authority on ladies' riding dress saying, "It is not advisable to ride in too many petticoats, one or two at most should be worn." What on earth would the artist of to-day say if he were called upon to fit a lady

who rode in no more than one or two petticoats. One may here break off for a moment to relate a true story which happened in an Irish hunting-field. A lady who had passed her first youth was nevertheless so enthusiastic in following the hounds that the most intricate fences in the Sister Isle had no terrors for her. however, followed the advice of the above-mentioned authority. and rode in one petticoat—and that made of red flannel. somewhat hairy fence caught the not too strong habit, and by the time she landed she was altogether minus her skirt, and was seen with a red garment clinging round her. In a moment she had steadied her horse, jumped off, and crouched in a small patch of gorse which happened to be not far away, and that is known as "---'s Gorse" to the present A cavalier was soon at hand to rescue the garment from the thorns, and with the aid of his scarf-pin the habit was again made fit for temporary use. But even when flowing undergarments are dispensed with, it is not pleasant for a lady to find herself, as did one well-known Diana, scurrying across a field in a pair of breeches and top-boots. particular lady sat in a ditch till help arrived in the shape of a kindly gentleman, who with averted head walked towards her with his hunting-coat in his hand, and so enabled her to commence her journey in search of her steed and the missing habit. But to resume.

Ladies hunted a long while ago, and no doubt horsewomen like Lady Salisbury, the Ladies Lonsdale, and Lady Frederick Bentinck, who were well-known

followers of hounds, some of them riding in red habits or jackets, must have endured no little discomfort if they happened to have taken the advice of another instructor, and put their nether limbs into Turkish trousers "made full and confined round the ankle with an elastic band." All these, together with a pair of thick woollen stockings, were to be forced into the legs of Wellington boots, made large, as was said, because "it is most unladylike to be seen struggling with a pair of wet boots with the help of a boot - jack and a couple of chamber-maids."

But we find yet another authority upon the subject of ladies' dresses. This was the author of a little work called "The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual," who in his day was a well-known riding-master and horseman. directed that his pupils should wear habits not only long, but full and flowing, and then he added, "To ride in a bonnet is far from judicious," and as a substitute he suggested "a neat undress military cap," while he further said that a veil was the "reverse of objectionable." first of the above-mentioned authorities was quite in favour of young girls wearing in their ridinghats "feathers of the ostrich, capercailzie, peacock, kingfisher, robin redbreast "-a choice, but a fashion far more honoured in the breach than in the observance, especially to-day, when the use of feathers is being discountenanced in many quarters.

Towards the close of the last century the hairdresser was not left out of account, as the "side and hind" hair was to be curled in ringlets, the hat was to be decorated with a golden band, while large gold drop earrings were, if not indispensable, at least desirable, and the whip-handle might be yellow, red or blue, as the equestrienne might fancy.

Whether ladies so habited presented themselves at the covert side, we do not know, but certainly any ladies who selected these manuals for information on dressing for horseback would appear something like guys in the eyes of present-day sportsmen, and if we compare the directions given by Mrs. O'Donoghue and Mrs. Hayes, we shall not be long in coming to the conclusion that ladies' hunting-dress has now vastly improved. Habits are no longer the cumbrous affairs they used to be, nor are Wellington boots half-a-dozen sizes too big now worn in the saddle, and we are glad to think that kingfishers and robin redbreasts no longer find place in a lady's hat, and that coloured whip-handles have happily gone out of fashion.

Having given pride of place to the ladies, let me now say a word or two about men's hunting dress.

Just as a good judge begins to look at a horse's feet and legs before he takes into consideration his head or his shoulders, so let us begin on the hunting man's dress with his boots. Somebody once wrote that "the top boot hath a fashion which changeth not," but he would have hardly penned that passage had he lived to the present day, for without being an octogenarian he might have seen for himself that the fashion in top boots not only can change but has changed very considerably. Time was when they were thrust rather far down the leg and crinkled like a concertina, then they were gradually pulled up, until at present the leg can scarcely lie too straight, while the stiffened leg takes out practically all the wrinkles except just at the ankle. Many sportsmen must have seen the twin pictures of Charles Davis (the huntsman to the Royal Staghounds) on Traverser, and "Bill" Long, the Badminton huntsman, on the fired grey mare Bertha. Both of these worthies wear top boots, with tops very nearly twice the depth of those worn by the smart men of to-day, but a few years ago they were what Mr. Waffles called "parsimonious tops," for they were little more than a band of light leather on the black.

In colour the tops have undergone a wondrous change. writer can well remember when many of the best dressed men wore tops of a dark mahogany colour, while not long afterwards came pure white. Pink tops, too, had their turn, and were supposed to owe their colour to champagne forming one of the ingredients of the cleansing fluid, though perhaps an inquisitive employer might have found that any champagne he allowed for the purpose went down the throat of his valet. whose ingenuity was equal to finding an excellent substitute for the purpose of boot cleaning. Then what is known as "self" colour came in, and that and the light nut-brown are perhaps the most in vogue to-day.

There have been good sportsmen who eschewed tops altogether for hunting dress. Lord Henry Bentinck, if I remember rightly, always hunted his hounds in Napoleons, and General Burnaby, in Leicestershire, usually affected this particular cut of boot, while we need go no further back than Mr. Egerton Warburton to find out how completely hunting dress has changed since his time. Many readers of his lyrics will remember the lines:—

Buckskin's the only wear fit for the saddle,

Hats for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chase:

In tops of black leather let fishermen paddle,

The calves of a foxhunter white ones encase.

And the mention of buckskin brings me to the foxhunter's At the end of last breeches. century buckskins, or leather breeches, as they were then called, were perhaps more common than they are now, and White of Torporley had quite a name for the excellence of his cut and material. It was not, however, everybody who could afford leathers, or have a man to clean them, so other material was adopted, but from about 1820 the best turned out Leicestershire men wore nothing but cords, and they might have remained in fashion till to-day had not Lord Wilton, Mr. Maxse, and Lord Forester brought in leathers by wearing them at one of the Croxton Park Meetings, of which they were stewards. modern tailor has certainly done us a kindness by making our breeches tight just below and just above the knee, where we can dispense with wrinkles, and giving us plenty of room in length and breadth above.

But in the last century and early in the present, in fact up to about the "'twenties," or even later, breeches were made so short from the knee to the hip, and so tight that it was said of one Leicestershire dandy that his legs must have been melted and run into his cords, and he was considered the best dressed man who could put up with the greatest compression in the matter of breeches.

There is, however, a point beyond which neither leather, cord, nor tailor's thread can compete with a well-developed muscle, and in Northamptonshire a welldressed man whose breeches had been the envy of nearly all the hunting-men of the time, one day found his creaseless breeches completely "gone." Other men took the hint, and reefs were forthwith shaken out—this, at least, is the

story of looser breeches.

I must not, however, forget the spur; for if we look at some of the old pictures of the time of Alken and Sir John Dean Paul, we find that they were short in sometimes with the neck, considerable droop, sometimes straight, but always short. heel-strap—that is to say, that which goes from the stud of the spur under the foot—was very short, while the instep strap was allowed to run loose, with the result that the arms of the spurs hung down, and the "business end" of the spur itself was about on a level with the lower surface of the heel of the boot. Now the fashion has run completely the other way. Whyte - Melville, in "Riding Recollections," in speaking of some awkward place over which a fine horseman handed his horse, says: "My own spurs were four inches long; but I do not think I would have had the place at any price "-or something to that effect; and now we find spurs very long in the neck and worn up as high as the anklebones. But, as a set-off, the majority of hunting spurs are innocent of sharp rowels, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are simply worn as a set-off to a well-made and well-hung boot.

In similar manner has the hunting coat run the gamut of fashion in its length and breadth. Our ancestors and their huntsmen wore long affairs, almost like the Newmarket coat of to-day. They buttoned rather low down in front, and had enormous roll collars, and when the time came for the very tight breeches the coat was contracted until it became a terribly skimpy affair. The sleeves

were tight, it was closely buttoned, fashion ordained that should be very much shorter, and the ample skirts of former years were snipped into nothing. Somewhere about the "'sixties" the old dress-coat pattern was revived. and one saw plenty of men buttoned - up swallow - tails. Double-breasted cutaways have had their day, also the singlebreasted pattern. Thirty or forty years ago it would not have been considered the correct thing for anyone who was not a Master of Hounds to have worn a coat of the huntsman's frock pattern, yet now they are common enough, both in red, black, and steel grey. The writer did once, when out with the Queen's Hounds, see a scarlet pilot coat; but such vagaries have happily been rather

Nothing, perhaps, can be better than the present fashionable hunting ties. Those most in fashion combine collar and tie. They are neat and workmanlike in appearance, but require careful tying, and it may be remarked en passant. that so many ties fail for want of being properly pinched. Whether the tie be of the stock and scarf pattern, or whether the scarf be worn with a collar, it is imperative, if neatness be desired, that when one end has been thrown over the other, and the scarf hangs down in front of the wearer, that a considerable amount compression with the fingersclean fingers, of course—should take place at the top by the collar stud. The upper and lower parts should be drawn, the one to the right and the other to the left. until the proper tension is secured. and then the fold may be pressed until it will remain there by itself without lessening the set of the Then a loop is made, and the ends passed through to prepare it

for the reception of the pin, and here again pinching should take place at each side, wherever there is a fold, for the aim should be to make the tie keep in position by itself, and not need the pin to retain it in place.

Years ago black satin bows, green ties and other colours, were worn, while it will be remembered that the late Lord Macclesfield invariably wore a blue bird'seye tied in a bow to the last day of his life, and if I am not mistaken, there is another Master of Hounds of long standing who affects the same neck gear.

Time was when nearly all hunting men wore caps, and it may be remembered that the illustration in Mr. Mills's "The Flyers of the Hunt," represent the stranger from a distance wearing a hunting cap. The tradition is that caps went out of fashion when the Marquis of Waterford broke his neck over a small fence, as it was said that the cap saved the head at the expense of the neck. At any rate, for something like forty years, if not longer, the fashion has been to wear a silk hat, though here and there a few people are found who cling to caps. Possibly some readers may not be aware of the fact that at least one hunting staff used to wear hats in lieu of caps. This is related in Mr. Birch Reynardson's book, in which he says that "about the year 1825, the Cottesmore Hunt servants petitioned to wear hats instead of caps, upon the plea that the cap let the rain trickle down their necks, whereas the brim of the hat would help to keep it out. The hats cannot be better described than in Mr. Birch Reynardson's own words:— "The said hats were wonderful to behold, not only from their weight and shape, but also for their marvellous discomfort; for when they were wet through they became as soft as tripe, as heavy as though they had been made of sheet lead, and a mixture something after the manner of gum or glue would trickle down one's face and neck." The silk hat, it must be confessed, is an awkward affair on a windy day, and many have been the petitions from hunting men that some one of weight in the social world would set the fashion of going out in a cap, but nobody has as yet seemed inclined to set the fashion.

One other small thing I forgot to mention, and that is that the boot-garter, which is now so often worn, is but a revival of a very old fashion, for the boot-garters were worn before breeches tapes. with their bow at the knee, were

even thought of.

This, I think, about exhausts all that can be said about hunting dress, which has gone through as many fashions as walking or evening wear has. Time was when somebody described the ordinary male dress as "a Spencer at the top, a pantaloon at the bottom, and a fool in the middle," yet the everyday dress of the time scarcely differed in sundry details more from that worn to-day, than did the hunting dress of the last century differ from that turned out by our chief tailors at the end of the year 1899.

W. C. A. B.

Cavalry Horsemanship.

While we have among our cavalry officers some of the finest horsemen in the world, it is very generally admitted that the average standard of horsemanship among the officers in the mounted arms of the service leaves a good deal to be desired; and in this connection it would seem, from a paper recently contributed by Major F. L. Dashwood, late of the 16th Lancers, to the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, that we might with advantage take a lesson from our French neighbours. Until within recent years the standard of equitation among her cavalry officers was distinctly a low one. was it that M. Victor Gerruzey, writing in 1884, said, "a few years back there was very great difficulty in finding riders for the Concours Hippiques who could jump their horses over fences." was a condition of affairs unknown among ourselves; for however poor the average standard of horsemanship in the British army, few indeed are the regiments. horse or foot, which cannot produce several officers capable of rendering a good account of themselves across country or between the flags.

There are now six principal and twenty-eight Departmental or district Concours Hippiques in France, very interesting features of which are the jumping competitions for officers; and in connection with these examinations, oral and practical, are held to test the knowledge of competitors in riding, driving and the management of horses. These meetings, as far as concerns the officers, and all military races, are under the control of the Minister of War. Commanding officers are held

responsible for the capability of the officers and horses belonging to their regiments, that none may enter for a race unless both man and horse can make a respectable show over fences. In addition to the Concours Hippiques, there are the average 160 military steeplechase and cross - country meetings at which the distance, size and character of fences, &c., prescribed by regulations of the societies. The stewards of any race meeting which includes an eyent or events open to officers are bound to submit their programme to the officer commanding the district two months before the date of the fixture, who transmits it to the War Office for approval. So recently as July last, General Gallifet issued an order whose chief points are worth quoting. It forbade officers to ride for money prizes, required that only officers on the active list should ride in military races, that these should ride in uniform and ride only their own chargers. They might ride in races open to gentlemen riders, but when doing so, must not wear uniform, and must not ride their chargers, and their rank must not appear on the programme. The object being, of course, to keep the military races strictly apart from others.

The riding school at Saumur is an important preliminary. Every cavalry and artillery officer, after spending the first year with his regiment, is obliged to put in twelve months at Saumur; if he can be taught to ride at all the course of instruction there will make at least a passable horseman of him.

The system has produced eminently satisfactory results; in the words of the late General

Keith Fraser, Inspector-General of Cavalry, "it has changed the French cavalry from being very inferior as regards equitation and training of horses into probably the second best in Europe, and also a great number into good instructors." This opinion was expressed by the General in his report after visiting Saumur, the French cavalry headquarters, in 1893.

With this object lesson before him, the Briton is tempted to inquire what obstacles exist to prevent the Horse Guards from adopting a similar system with

such differences of organisation and detail (riding in uniform, for instance) as our ideas require. Hunting and polo are unapproachable schools for horsemen, but the hunting men and polo players among our cavalry officers are not those who stand in need of encouragement. It is the average man, who from insufficient means or other causes, seldom crosses a horse save on parade, who requires instruction as to the scientific as well as the practical knowledge of riding-which now appears to be wanting with some of our trainers of racehorses.

Rattler.*

Oh! Rattler can hunt when the morning is waning, Yes, Rattler can hunt in the heat of the day,

And Rattler's good sons are for ever maintaining
The worth of his sort when it's "For ard away."

A rich black and tan with a bloom that falls brightly.

A face full of wisdom, a note like a bell,

A long telling stride that falls firmly and lightly,

Oh! Rattler's a good one, they know it full well.

Oh! where are they gone to, those old-fashioned breeders,
Those men who bred hounds that could stoop to the line,
Who cared not for looks, but who looked to the leaders
To guide them along the cold scenting incline.

Yes, where are the breeds that our fathers confronted,
The Fell and the Southern, the Welsh and the Tan,
As ugly as sin, if you like, but who hunted

Each yard of the way, and who spoke as they ran. Go on, modern breeders, go on and retain them,

Your theories of breeding, go on and succeed, But do not despise those who do not attain them, But breed for work only, and work with the breed.

So here's to the hound that can hunt on the fallow,

That need not be lifted and need not be taught:

Don't look at our brains as diluted and shallow

Because we have proved him so good, and his sort.

Long live the two systems, let both be respected,
Long live the two theories of breeding, we say,
Let each in his turn prove the theory selected,
And give his companion a cheer by the way.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

A hound bred by the author, and now in possession of Mr. Frank Sutton, of the Penton Harriers.

Coaching.

IT will be universally admitted that the new "Manual on Coaching "* is a most comprehensive work, and reflects the greatest possible credit on the gentleman who has written and compiled it. In fact, we are free to confess that the American books on driving, so far as practical instruction goes, are superior to our own, Mr. Swales's "Driving as I Found it" being an exceedingly useful treatise and embracing some of the best maxims of the various professors of the road. In the present book a good deal of work is devoted to what may be termed technical coach-building, that is to say, the various parts of the vehicle are both described and illustrated—springs, splinter bars, axles, wheels, pole heads, brakes and skids all coming in for detailed notice—and the information appears to have been derived from very good sources.

Foreign vehicles are dealt with, while the difference between a coach and a drag is pointed out, and a good deal of attention is given to their details. There is a chapter on the weight of a coach, and this is certainly difficult subject. Vehicles of 17, 18 and 19 cwt. are spoken of as about representing the weight of a coach, but our own belief is that few drags or coaches are built under a ton, while we are perfectly sure that many stage coaches run to about 24, 25 and 26 cwt., at least with all the fittings on board. Many years ago, when the late Mr. Wyndham, the friend and patron of fighting men and an eccentric character generally, started a stage-coach between Norwich and Cromer; it was a substantial vehicle, which weighed something like 31 cwt., and this "machine," as some of the old coaches were called, found its way into Cornwall and was run between Bude and Holsworthy, and as the writer of these remarks drove it on more than one occasion, he is in a position to state the extraordinary sensation to which such a heavy vehicle gave rise when comparatively empty.

There are some carefully compiled tables showing how the weight is distributed, and we are very glad to see that Mr. Rogers has gone in for a subject on which almost every English book is He gives a section on the subject of gravity, which may be read with advantage by almost every coachman, for few people perhaps realise what very careful driving is needed when all the passengers are on the roof and there is no weight down below. In olden days the inside of a coach was nearly always tenanted, and luggage was frequently slung low down in a "cradle," serving in some degree to counteract the top hamper of the passengers and luggage on the roof. Centrifugal force is treated of, though we are not quite so sure that all the calculations are quite correct. The tenth chapter in the book deals with draught, a subject on which we at the present moment prefer to say nothing, since so many theories have been broached and so much discussion has taken place on debateable points. has always seemed to the writer that for the draught to be perfect in any particular vehicle it can only be suited for one size of If the team be larger horse. or smaller than that for which

^{*} By Mr. Fairman Rogers. London: Lippincott Co., Southampton Street, Covent Garden. 1899. Price 24s. net.

the coach was ostensibly built, it would appear that the line of draught must be either higher or lower, yet on a coach it was in olden days (or for that matter is now) common enough to see big horses of 16 hds. 2 in. or thereabouts put into a coach for a heavy stage, while over a flat country horses of 15 hds. 2 in. or thereabouts were considered large enough, but the line of draught from the hames to the roller bolt must differ with each fraction of an inch in the height of a horse, and surely they cannot all be right. We content ourselves, however, with pointing out this fact, but do not pretend to dogmatise upon

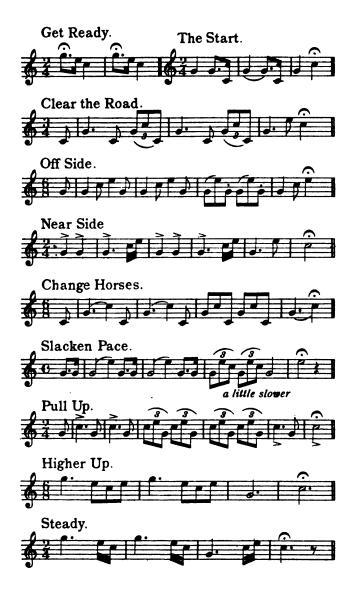
Mr. Rogers also touches upon the pneumatic tyre, and he very appropriately says that it "has given results at first somewhat unexpected to the mechanician." This certainly is so, for although we must admit that according to the experience of our many cyclists, a pneumatic tyre certainly adds to the pace of a cycle, it is by no means so firmly established that it is an advantage to a heavy carriage, but this, again, is a point on which we do not feel ourselves called upon to devote much space. The writer has on more than one occasion asked those who advocate pneumatic tyres for carriages, omnibuses and coaches to explain why with a greater surface on the ground and with a necessary increased friction the draught should be lighter. The reply generally is that the column of air inside the tyre acts as a kind of stimulant, but those who have used pneumatic tyres on heavy vehicles are often against them, though on cycles and light machines, like trotting sulkys, they may answer well enough. Some day, perhaps, the matter may be thrashed out

and more light thrown upon it. However, we are extremely glad to see that the question of draught, if but imperfectly understood, as is no doubt the case at the present day, has been taken in hand. In the columns of Baily allusion has before now been made to Mr. Briggs's inventions and his theory of draught, and if these are somewhat complicated there is doubt that there is a good deal in what he says, and it is understood that at no distant date a treatise will be published by him. In connection, of course, with the subject of draught, is the angle of the trace, to which allusion has already been made.

The notes on the harness, bits, &c., are sufficiently orthodox and may be passed over with the remark that there is little or nothing to find fault with, and we would commend the remarks on bearing reins to the notice of those who are uncompromising opponents of this occasionally useful piece of The directions for driving cannot, of course, be particularly new, and they do not materially differ from those which have already been put forth, but there are one or two points to which notice may be directed. On page 312, for example, the reader is taught how to turn a corner, and in turning to the left, in looping the near lead rein, it is said that the rein should be taken tween the third and fourth fingers of the right hand. Personally, we prefer every rein to be taken with a full hand, that is to say, in turning to the left we would prefer that all the four fingers should be outside the rein and more or less grasp them. handle each particular rein with a full hand is, as a rule, more effectual than using one or two fingers, but if a full hand be used sometimes and the fingers

(REPRODUCED FROM THE "MANUAL OF COACHING.")

COACH CALLS ON THE HORN





at another there is no uniformity of procedure. Then, again, we scarcely agree with Mr. Rogers on his directions for turning to the right, for he would loop the off rein between the first and second fingers instead of under the thumb, as in turning to the Here, again, we have a slight departure from uniformity, and without going so far as to speak with any certainty, we are inclined to think that it is better to loop the off rein between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand than between the first and second fingers, as the less the fingers are interfered with the less chance there is of the reins slipping.

The illustrations in the main are good and are liberally distributed throughout the book. A good deal is said about whips and the use of them, but on the balance of whips each man must be a judge for himself. Some men, especially those who are not clever at "catching" their whip, prefer a thong which is rather heavy for the stock, while others like a stiff stock and a light thong. A heavy whip, however, is a perfect torment when driving a team, and we would suggest to every coachman who has a whip which suits him, and which he values, that he should be very careful of his thong and take care that whenever a new one is required it should be of exactly the same If a whip has been used on a succession of horses in hot weather the thong becomes quite wet from the sweat of the horses, and on returning home it should be immediately washed with soft soap and water and rubbed as dry as circumstances permit, while beginners will find that the application of a very little soft soap facilitates "catching."

Shooting in Egypt.

EGYPT having become during the last few years one of the most fashionable winter resorts, and as the Britisher has the reputation of always being anxious to kill something, in Egypt he is no exception to the rule. I must myself plead guilty to this blood-thirsty craving, and a few of my personal experiences this last winter in my endeavour to keep up the Britisher's reputation in this line may be of interest.

In the first place, the shooting is deteriorating from all accounts, the reasons being that more ground is being brought under cultivation, which interferes with the duck and snipe ground; and the number of gunners, armed

with every description of weapon is increasing, as the people have begun to realise that duck, snipe and quail are marketable commodities. A duck costs to buy in the Cairo market from 10d. to 1s. 4d., a snipe from 5d. to 7d., and a quail from 5d. to 10d. Deduct the middleman's which is the same as elsewhere, and you will get the real value. A heterogeneous band of sportsmen, chiefly Greeks and Italians, are out daily during the season, and are very good shots, so that as there is very little preserved ground in Egypt, the game is not likely to increase.

The first thing to be done is to find a reliable shikari. There are

quantities of quasi-shikaris with round beaming coffee - coloured faces and blessed with well-fed figures covered with white flowing garments, turbans and big sticks; a well-known type of man who for some months daily worries you in the streets of Cairo, generally outside the hotels. His usual form of address is, "You going shooting sometimes?" You say "Impshi," or go away, and he retaliates with "You no sportsman."

You may laugh, but if you happen at the moment to be pestered by flies, heat and dust, you probably rush at him and beat him with whatever you have in your hand, for the man who thus insults you with a smile on his face can scarcely be endured, even in a cooler climate.

The visitors on the verandah of Shepheard's or elsewhere, thereupon remark on the rude domineering behaviour of the Britisher abroad, and the ladies fail to understand how this polite, obsequious - looking man can have merited this apparently unprovoked attack. The vast majority of these shikaris are rogues who live on the proceeds they make in a few weeks out of the tourists, to whom they show very little sport, but who are quite pleased with the novelty of their surroundings. But chaque à son gout, and this helps to prevent the game from being exterminated. As one of the most important personages in a country house at home is the keeper, this must be my excuse for dilating on his prototype of There are a few good men, and one I can recommend is named Mahommed Marbruck, who resides near the Pyramids; an excellent shikari and an intelligent man.

Duck-shooting has a charm for many not equalled by any other

form of shooting (big game excepted). It entails early rising, bad walking probably, and a taste of hardship which appeals to a good sportsman. Again, the duck is essentially a wild bird, here today, gone to-morrow, and the harder the weather the more chance you have of finding him. The hand-reared duck can be classified with the hand-reared pheasant, and comes under a different category. In Egypt circumstances are different, and all the duck requires is a sanctuary. His haunts are limited, but the few places where he is to be found is made up for by the quantity of birds.

One of the best shoots in Egypt at present belongs to Prince Kamel-el-Din, a cousin of the Khedive's, who is a good shot and sportsman, and gets up parties to shoot his ground, which is about twenty miles from Cairo to the west of the Pyramids.

Starting from Cairo one morning about 7 a.m., I formed one of a party of twenty guns, each attended by a servant or shikari to carry lunch, &c. The journey takes over an hour. Crossing the Nile, we pass through several miles of arable land, till the train brings us to the edge of the Desert, where there is a long narrow strip of marshy ground between a canal and the wastes of sand which stretch away into the There are four centre of Africa. pre-arranged stopping places where each party is dropped in The guns are thus divided into four lines about three-quarters of a mile between lines and a quarter of a mile between the guns. Having reached our places, previously drawn for before starting, we wait for the signal to commence shooting. Duck and geese are probably all around you within easy shot. Upon the signal being given everyone commences firing, and the duck rise and fly round, making a tremendous noise in their alarm, the geese cackle and for an hour or so a regular fusilade is kept up. The duck coming from all sides and at different heights and pace, makes it very difficult shooting, you are also, probably, crouching in wet sand, with a few rushes for cover, which does not tend to improve your shooting. After about two hours' shooting the duck fly away and you have a wait of two hours or so. A walk round after a snipe, a talk to the next gun, an occasional shot at a duck and lunch soon makes the time pass. Other incidents occur. A lynx stalking a bird one of us had shot, was disposed of with a charge of No. 4 shot at 15 yards. He was a very fine specimen. A flock of ibis flying over high in the air look a pinkish hue against the blue sky, though really they are snow white.

The geese seldom come within range, but fly backwards and forwards, cackling the while and

keeping at a safe distance.

About 2 o'clock the duck begin to return, single birds or in small flocks, making it easier shooting. This goes on till about 4 o'clock, when we all make our way back to the railway line, shooting an odd bird en route. I shot a hare one day resembling a well-bred rabbit. They are very uncommon here.

The train picks up each party in succession, and upon the bag being counted up, we find it totals some 700 duck, and teal of various

kinds.

Each gun keeps what he has killed, and thus laden we return to Cairo, having had an excellent day's shooting, and whether we have been lucky in our places or held straight or not, everyone appears to have enjoyed himself.

Snipe arrive in Egypt about the end of November and remain until February. Going out for a day from Cairo to the "Barrage," a favourite place, you ought to kill about twenty couple to one But in order to make a good bag it is essential to send a man out to mark the birds down; the great secret is to take the ground at exactly the right time. when there is just the right quantity of water on the ground. Even then a heavy shower of rain, which is of common occurrence in the winter, may make the birds leave the ground in a few hours. Thus snipe-shooting, i.e., making a good bag, is a great deal a matter of luck.

I spent two days last Christmas at a place called Sherbeen, on the river, near Damietta. The ground was not in good order, as we had a lot of rain and there was too much water, and we only got about 50 couple. It is, however, an ideal place for snipe, large marshes stretching for miles. is very bad walking, as you sink up to your knees in thick mud every other step, and there are several ditches intersecting the ground at intervals, which take you up to the waist if you try to cross them, which to avoid a long circuit you frequently do. makes the shooting very hard work and also difficult. snipe, as a rule, sit close, unless there is a wind. You find a large percentage of jack snipe. people think le jeu ne vaux pas la chandelle, but the same arguments in its favour apply as they do to duck shooting. The largest bag heard of this year was couple to one gun, an ex-Lifeguardsman, who is an excellent shot.

The usual plan is to walk in line, and it is exactly the same as shooting at home, except that you often find snipe among the cultivation, chiefly in the cotton, provided there is water on the

ground.

Quail arrive in February and leave about the middle of April. A licence, costing £1, is required to shoot them in the districts around Cairo, as so many people go out that the damage they do walking through the crops is considerable. The money thus collected is distributed among the villagers over whose ground you shoot. Some of the best shooting is round Ayat, and from the Sykara Pyramids to Ghizeh.

This season was a bad one, and thousands of quail are annually netted and sent alive to Europe. This traffic is increasing, and there are undoubtedly fewer quail

than formerly.

You shoot quail in the same way as partridges, in turnips, walking, however, through the standing crops of barley, &c., when they are nearly ripe. The beaters walk close together and keep an excellent line, making the whole time a guttural noise which resembles a person gargling. they keep up incessantly, and it is rather apt to get on one's nerves. The object of it is to make the quail rise, as they sit very close. Until you get into the way of them, quail are not so easy to shoot as you might expect; they offer a very small target and they fly at a great pace. A friend and I killed 110 birds in about four hours one day this year, but we lost a great many, as a winged bird almost invariably escapes, the ground being full of large cracks big enough for one's foot to get into, which are caused by the heat after the water has drained off the land. The quail creep into these holes and they can also run a long way, and you might as well look for a needle in a haystack as a winged quail in standing corn.

Visitors are very apt to overpay their shikaris and other retainers. By so doing, they spoil the market, and it is as inexcusable as the rich man at home who in a bad season makes deductions in his rents out of all proportion to the circumstances; which his less fortunately endowed neighbours are unable to do.

Dogs would be of little use as there is no scent, and they could not stand the heat. You pay the beaters one shilling each and shikaris five shillings. Cartridges cost fifteen shillings per hundred out here, as one man has a sort of monopoly for selling them. But lately Messrs. Cook have started as agents for a well-known firm of makers, and I have no doubt they will soon get most of the custom, as they are sold at a cheaper rate and seem to be perfectly able to stand the climate as well as any other, and are better loaded, to my mind.

The best shooting, I think, out here, is pigeon-shooting. In many villages thousands of these birds are kept, not for food, but for the deposit they collect from the pigeon-houses, which forms a very valuable manure. I really doubt if this can recompense the people for the amount of corn these pigeons consume. The pigeons are a small kind, rather like a Blue Rock. In some villages the inhabitants object to your shooting them, but if you make your arrangements well, and make friends with the sheik or headman and treat the people in a civil manner, you do not have That, at any rate, much trouble.

is my experience.

You take up your position about a quarter of a mile from the village and catch the pigeons flighting, on their way to feed and returning. At Wasta three guns killed about 200 in a short time; in fact, our cartridges ran out, and we had our lunch with birds simply swarming over our heads by the thousand in a perpetual stream. I should think there must have been at least 10,000 birds in the village.

At another place, in "Fayum," I stood behind a belt of tall palm-trees, and the birds came over them and were fully as difficult to shoot as the tallest pheasant. In two hours I killed about ninety birds, every one coming over my head. I shot with Ballistite and No. 8 shot, which was too small, but I had run out of other cartridges. This was the evening flight, and the next morning at the same place I killed seventy more. There was a wind blowing, and the birds were not easy to bring down.

This may be a tame form of shooting, in that the birds are tame pigeons; but you can arrange to have the most sporting shots, and the practice is excellent. You can rectify your mistakes and judge how far behind a bird you are, which is the most

common error.

I had an audience of over one hundred people who crowded round and scrambled for the 400 odd empty cartridge-cases I threw among them, so that now Ballistite cartridges decorate every chimney-piece, or, as there are none of these fixtures in an Arab house, are to be found stuck in the mud walls of every house in this village. I doubt the firm in question receiving many orders from this source of advertisement. My audience were most enthusiastic when a tall bird was killed, and showed equal sympathy by their silence when I missed.

Apart from the shooting, spending a few hours in a village away in the districts gives one an insight into the life of the people; and by making inquiries and by observation you find what a wonderful change for the better has been wrought in the last few years. The majority of the villagers have very vague ideas of whom the English are and where they come from, but they look upon us as benefactors who have lightened the burdens under which they used to suffer, and who have released them from the practical state of slavery in which the were fifteen years ago. As the old sheik told me, "Now everyone is getting rich," and he met the suggestion that we might leave the country now to look after itself by throwing up his hands in horror and exclaiming, "Mafeesh!" which is the equivalent of the end of all things. daresay he was not far wrong, and he was an authority, as he had been for thirty years at the head of a group of five villages, and he expatiated at length on the wrongs they had endured up to our arrival in Egypt. He told me many more things which, however, have nothing to do with the subject in question. He refused to believe that shootings in England and Scotland let for more than the value of the ground in many places. It may strike him one day as a good plan to let out his pigeon-shooting. I did not suggest this to him.

The villagers do not eat the pigeons, so I returned to Cairo with a sack full of them. They were not wasted, as the British soldier, who in India rather appreciates a curried flying fox, will not turn up his nose at a pigeonnic.





Fair Play.

"FAIR PLAY" all round is a common maxim among Englishmen. I propose to deal only with one aspect of it—Fair Play at Cricket.

When I was in my "teens" some fifty years ago, and for some twenty years later, cricket as a game was a fair stand-up fight between the batsman and the howler. It is true that the same law as to leg before wicket as now was upon the Statute Book, but it was of recent date, and in its more technical and mathematical sense it had hardly begun to operate. The great umpires of the time interpreted its rigid formula with considerable regard to what was intended by the alteration, and did not feel themselves bound to the impossibility which it involved, viz., of bowling a ball which shall be properly pitched and at the same time perfectly and mathematically straight both from the centre and from the corner of the base to the apex of an isosceles triangle—i.e., a triangle which may be described from either extremity of the bowler's crease to the middle stump of the wicket opposite.

That mathematical impossibility has stood in the way, however, of every bowler from the leg-side since the days of Lillywhite and Hillyer, and has constituted in itself the proof that the law of l.b.w., when rigidly interpreted, is a bar to fair play as between the batsman and the bowler.

It is sufficiently evident, from the free use of legs and pads, which has become chronic; from the style and habit of the largely preponderating number of batsmen; from the deliberate and ostentatious kicking and shuffling of some who shall now be nameless, that the *leg* has to a very considerable extent superseded the bat in the game of bat and ball. It really might even be suggested to the Legislature at "Lord's" that a supplementary addition to Law I. as to what the game really is would be a useful reminder; otherwise the thickness of a man's legs may some day assume the dimensions of a crinoline, and the defence of the stumps cum the non-necessity of running out boundaries—in fact, a standing-still batsmanship constitute the ne plus ultra of the champion-

ship in the future!

There can be no question that the good old game is rapidly losing much of its interest from the plethora of centuries and the absolute helplessness of the bowlers. Both for the sake of the sportsman who wishes to see every match played out and finished; for the sake of every ordinary man of active pursuits and business who cannot afford to be a slave to one thing all the week long; from the point, too, and for the sake of the cricketer himself —be he amateur or professional who needs the fair chance of a rest on the third day announced for a match; the game of cricket in this busy country should be so reformed and regulated—to use another phrase, "dressed up to" what it used to be forty or fifty years ago—that any match should be played out easily, as a rule, within the three days.

The failure to make the game fair as between bat and ball, and to secure as a general result the playing out of a match in three days, must involve the more or less rapid degeneration of cricket into a pecuniary and mercenary speculation; and we may expect ere long a race of gate-money promoters of public companies to

take the places so long honourably filled and held by the Frederick Ponsonbys and Grimstons, the Frederick Beauclerks, the Aislabys, Wardes and others, whose names are upon the cricketing roll of heroes, or whose portraits adorn the walls of the great Marylebone Club House at Lord's. It may

be that "centuries" will roll on and prevail till bi-centuries or tricenturies or even 500 runs per innings become the rule, and the hits off the bowler be as numerous per man of the future race of bat-giants as the pheasants at one of our great and—as an old "shot" myself I take the liberty

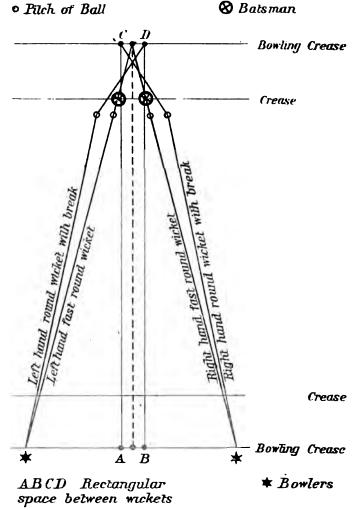


Diagram showing how Batsman can not be out l.b.w. under present rule, which prescribes that Ball must pitch within the rectangular space; but how he would be out under an altered rule substituting himself (the Batsman) for the pitch.

of qualifying en passant—our senseless battues of the present day. It may be that the £ s. d. taken at the turnstiles of Lord's or at the Oval, or at Leeds or Manchester, will turn over enormous fortunes to the clubs or individuals chiefly interested in them. It may be that first innings es will, as the rule, not be completed within the hitherto radius-es of the three days, and that the great matches of the future will last through a whole week; but it is safe to predict that the general features of the game will meanwhile entirely change, and its due proportions as to time and place and character well-nigh lost altogether.

There is comparatively little to complain of yet, so far as results have gone. The aurea atas of cricket, which includes Pilch, Parr and Grace, has not yet given way, like the Roman Empire of old, to an inferior metal; but there are not wanting symptoms that cricket has in some respects become a dangerous luxury, and that proficiency in its higher attainment, has become a much easier science than it was in rougher and readier times of less level pitches and bumpier wickets, longer grass and shooters. But lest I seem to pose too much as Laudator temporis acti, I desire to testify my belief that the great W. G. G. would have been as conspicuously first and foremost among these difficulties as he has proved himself to be a generation or two later. I take leave, however, to doubt if the majority of our present first-class bats would have been so recognised then, when the ground was ever ready to come to the assistance of the bowler. The first class of cricketers was then thinly and sparsely There were few AI in those days; one could number them pretty well upon the ten fingers. But first-class Bats, so reputed, are legion now-quite one hundred where there were ten formerly—and if nothing is. done to give some advantage or at least fair play to the bowler, one hundred may soon become one thousand—in these billiard lawn table and mechanically scientific

I observe that the M.C.C. have put forth certain suggestions as regards "declaration" on the second day, and "following on," and it would seem that these will tend towards the desired result; but experience and observation alike induce me to utter a "Caveat" against the too ready acceptance of the proposal to increase the over from 5 to 6. When the alteration was made from 4 to 5, it was a very happy one. smaller number was undoubtedly too small, and much time was wasted in crossing over. But from the point of view of the bowler, five balls at a time are quite sufficient; and from that of the spectator, I should say that six balls are somewhat tedious. I would take leave, therefore, to suggest, in re the over-let well alone! Do not additionally handicap the unfortunate bowler. Rather study his in some respects deplorable position; remedy the mathematical impossibility which has been imposed upon him, and do all that is possible in this and in all other respects as, e.g., running out boundaries to secure "Fair Play." E. V. Bligh.



Photo by J. T. Newman.1

The Zebra in Harness.

It was in the summer of 1895 that residents in Kensington, who were astir betimes of a morning, might any day have seen the Hon. Walter Rothschild's team of three Burchell's zebras and a pony tooled gaily along the streets by the competent hands of their trainer, Mr. Harding. Mr. Rothschild's ambition was to possess a complete team of zebras, but one of his four purchases died on the voyage home from the Cape, and the pony (which never showed much concern at being harnessed in such strange company) was put in the near lead to act, if required, as schoolmaster. zebras were very wild when shipped; it was necessary to sling them on board in horse-boxes, and those whose duty it was to lead the three survivors, a stallion and two mares, down to the mews off Queen's Gate had a task to remember. In the stable they were fairly quiet, but when Mr. Harding and his helpers began to "handle" them, they found that their new pupils not only kicked with science and freedom, but were always ready with their teeth, and had the nasty trick the camel affects of striking with the head. By patience and firmness, however, they were reduced to order, and, when the writer had the pleasure of sitting behind them, were as steady and handy as thoroughbreds, paying as little attention to the clashing of milkcans, to lumbering water - carts and other noises of the London streets as any seasoned old 'bus horse.

The Burchell's zebra some years ago was pressed into service in South Africa and "inspanned" with mules to work the coaches running between Pretoria

and Fort Tuli in Mashonaland. The zebras thus employed had been lassoed by a Boer, who sold them "in the raw" to the coach contractors. In a month four of the mob were sufficiently broken to go in a team, and, though they were somewhat difficult to harness, owing to their timidity, when once inspanned they pulled well and were perfectly amenable to the bit. Like Mr. Rothschild's zebras, however, they retained for long the vice of biting. Messrs. Zeederberg and Co., the contractors, professed themselves so well pleased with the result of their experiment that they announced their intention of gradually replacing their mules with zebras; but I understand that they found reason to abandon the There was much to be said in favour of the zebra for such work; it is sound of constitution and limb, is a good worker, and, above all, enjoys immunity from the poison of the tsetse fly, though Mr. Selous has expressed some doubt as to whether zebras from a district free from "fly" would prove immune when introduced to a district where the pest exists. Major Alfred Gibbons, the well-known African explorersportsman, gave the reason why we may not look to the zebra to furnish the transport animal of the future in Africa. He says that, after a period of work, it loses spirit in such degree that it becomes practically useless. This can be well understood in the case of adult animals noosed on the veldt and brought under control; it is possible that zebras bred in confinement would not be liable to lose spirit, but experiment has not, to the writer's knowledge, been carried so far.

Though the zebra fail to fulfil the hopes of those who trusted in him to supply African transport, it is possible that horse-zebra hybrids might prove valuable for the purpose. Professor Cossar Ewart has at Penycuik material for practical experiment in this direction, and he would increase the debt science already owes him were he to take advantage of the opportunity.

C.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

THE able editors of the Badminton volume on Steeplechasing lament their inability to give details of the exploits of famous chasers and the riders with whom their names are associated. stern limitations of space prevented them from utilising much interesting material which lay ready to their hands. As I am not thus hampered, I propose to avail myself of the opportunity to give some biographical anecdotes of one or two of the most noted heroes of this fascinating branch of sport, which just at this time of the year has so many votaries. I have already written of Tom Olliver, and in the present article I shall give some recollections of the famous gentleman rider, Captain Becher, for whose prowess in the pigskin Olliver had the profoundest admiration.

My own recollection of Captain Becher as I saw him in 1862, a couple of years before his death, is that of a short, thick-set, sturdy man, with bushy beard and thick grey locks protruding from under the brim of his hat—a shrewd, kindly, somewhat rugged face enlivened by small, but bright and penetrating grey eyes. There was something very resolute and

vigorous about his bearing even then, when he was getting on for three-score-and-ten, which was quite in keeping with the stories told of his daring in the saddle.

He had served with Wellington in the Peninsular War, I believe, in the Commissariat Department, and was afterwards with the Army of Occupation in Paris. When the piping times of peace set in he returned to England, but it was not until the year 1823 that he made his first public appearance in cap and jacket. The famous Tommy Coleman of St. Albans (of whom I have many racy stories to tell), who had an eye like a hawk for a good horseman, spotted Becher, and then commenced the Captain's brilliant career as a cross-country rider.

The first St. Albans steeple-chase came off in the spring of 1830. Sixteen started from Arlington Church to the Obelisk in Wrest Park near Silsoe. Coleman's general idea of a steeple-chase was two miles out and two miles in, and keeping "the line quite dark," so he concealed men in the ditches with flags, which they raised at a given signal as soon as the riders were ready.

Other managers liked four miles straight; and after erecting a couple of scaffold poles with a couple of sheets to finish between, they left the riders to hunt the country for their line, with no further directions than—" Leave that church on your right and the clump on your left, and get to the hill beyond."

The March of 1831 saw the St. Albans steeplechase established in real form; and the carriages and horsemen poured in so fast for hours that there was quite a block in the outskirts of the town. Tommy Coleman, in blue coat and kersey breeches, proclaimed martial law among the riders that day. They saddled at his bugle call at the paddock of his inn, the "Chequers," came out of the yard three deep, like cavalry, and marched up the town. If their general caught any even peeping over the hedges he was down on them at once, and declared he would sentence the culprits to "run as a dead letter." Becher was mounted on Wild Boar, and was making fast for victory, when the horse fell close to home, and was so severely injured that he died next day. The conqueror, Moonraker, who beat a field of eleven, had been bought out of a water-cart, his sinews quite stiff with work, for £18.

Becher had had one narrow escape of his life that day, but his dangers were not over. The demand for beds in the town far exceeded the supply, and Becher and his father had not long retired to a double-bedded room when they were aroused by a furious knocking at the door. "Sir," said an angry voice, "you have my bed-room, and I insist on your vacating it at once." "I don't move out of this to-night," replied

Becher. "Then you are no gentleman, and I shall insist on you giving me satisfaction in the morning." "All right," replied the sleepy steeplechase rider, not giving himself the trouble to pick up the card that was thrust beneath the door. When Becher arose in the morning he had forgotten all about this visitor, until, in the coffee-room, he was confronted by a round-faced little man, who inquired what he had to say for his conduct last night. The Captain quietly replied that he was ready to give the gentleman—who was a lawyer—the satisfaction of punching his head, or blowing his brains out. Upon which Six - and - eightpence expressed his intention of seeking a friend, and went hectoring away to Tommy Coleman, at whose inn the scene had taken place. "Well, I'd advise you to let the Cap'n alone," said Tommy, with a grin. "He chucked two men out of winder yesterday, and as for exchanging shots with him, you're a dead man if you try that on; why, bless 'ee, he's killed three men already, and if you go out with him the coffee won't be for you." There was a fading of the lawyer's rubicund complexion after that; yet he still expressed his intention of finding a second. He must have gone very far afield in his search, and, as Tommy said, "Dang his eyes, he never paid his bill."

There were times, however, when the Captain was not particular about the feathers. One winter's night he arrived at a country house unexpectedly. "What the devil shall we do?" the host exclaimed; "we're full up; haven't as much as a shakedown to give you." "Have you got an empty stall in your stables?" the Captain asked.

"Yes; but my dear fellow—"
"All right, I am an old campaigner, and have made myself comfortable under worse conditions." And with a good truss of straw, and plenty of horsecloths, "the old campaigner" said he had a bed fit for a king.

In the famous match between Colonel Charritie's Napoleon, a slow, half-bred horse, but a magnificent jumper, and Squire Osbaldeston's Grimaldi, for a thousand a side, Becher rode Napoleon and the Squire his own horse. At St. Albans Napoleon had been nowhere against the "clown" but here was a six-mile course over a stiff country and the River Lem to swim. The Pytchley, of which the Squire was master, met at Dunchurch, and a regiment of scarlet coats lined the Lem side, which was the thirty-eighth jump and sixth from the nnish. Osbaldeston was not a good swimmer, the Captain was; but when they arrived at the river both went in headlong, and disappeared. long was the immersion that it was thought Napoleon would come up no more, but at last Becher's cap was seen, then his horse's ears, and the pair floated down stream, Napoleon fighting against it with all his might, yet upon landing he got the best of it by a hundred yards, but he was fairly done up, and a wrangle ensued. A man was sent back to see if the Squire had gone the right side of the flags. "You had better send for the Coroner for me," said Becher, whose teeth were chattering with cold. mately the stakes were withdrawn, the two competitors rubbed down and dressed, when they went out hunting and got another ducking in the Lem.

About the time of the match

with Squire Osbaldeston Becher's connection with the famous horse Vivian commenced. Taken out of an Irish car, this animal originally belonged to Lord Vivian, and from him passed to Captain Lamb, who gave him the name of his former owner. When Osbaldeston challenged all the world with Cannonball, Becher had never seen Vivian and came f.om Market Harboro' to ride Vanguard, but in the end he was put on Lamb's horse. A saddle had to be borrowed, and stirrups and leathers to fit him to the exact weight. The finish was up a most tremendous hill, but Becher, by jumping a very big fence, contrived to come up the incline on a slant, thus keeping more in his horse to finish with, and won a splendid victory.

A month later the Captain again found himself saddling Vivian to ride against the Marquis of Waterford on Cock Robin over the Harboro' country for £1,000 a-side. Cock Robin was thought one of the finest hunters Ireland ever produced, and fenced so well and went so fast that he got three hundred yards in advance. once in his life, however, the Marquis had a "prudence fit," and in trying to avoid two big jumps which Becher took, got stuck in a dingle. The Captain saw his difficulty, and following some wheel-ruts to the left, closed with him against a steep hill at the finish. The Marquis was very savage over his defeat, and said he was beaten by the best horse. "Very good," said Becher, "I'll race you the whole distance back, and change horses." The Marquis, however, did not accept the challenge. This was only the first of many trials of skill between these magnificent horsemen, but the Marquis was as good as an annuity to Becher, as the latter almost invariably came off the winner.

Becher, with his ruddy weatherbeaten face and short thick frame, was by no means an elegant horseman, but he had great power and fine hands, with a courage and headpiece that never failed him in any difficulties. Then Vivian, with his magnificent shoulders and great ragged hips, had rare points, for all his plain head and rat tail; but once set them going together, and the secret of their success was out. There was once a big race at Hartwell—the Marquis on Lancet, Mason on Prospero, Powell on Norna, Weston on the Flyer, Rice on the Poet, and Fred Nicholson on the Cottager were all in that brilliant charge. On coming to the double in the lane leading to Hartwell, the white mare Larestina got over cleverly, as she did also over the fence into the next field. Vivian in attempting to jump the double, got entangled in the briars and was apparently beat. But instead of spurring and bruising his horse, the Captain allowed him a few seconds to get wind, and waited for him to struggle and extricate himself, which he soon did. mediately on landing in the lane the quick eye of Becher discovered a very thin place in the next hedge through which his nag walked, Larestina being one hundred and "You're fifty lengths ahead. beaten," said someone to Becher, who replied. " Now I can come on and win!" Which he did, by several lengths.

It was in 1839 that Liverpool began its Grand National in earnest. Becher was on Conrad and started first for a fence with double rails and a large ditch dammed up on the off-side. The horse made a mistake and hit the rails, and in an instant the Captain was over his head. The place is called Becher's Brook to this day. "Place Becher on any horse and he is sure to win," was the saying of a notable sportsman, and he certainly won at times under extraordinary circumstances. When riding Grimaldi at Waltham Abbey he was thrown upon his stomach on to some stubble, yet he contrived to catch the horse, remount, and overtake the field at the last fence. Yet such was the severity of the fall, that for hours he lost the use of speech.

There was a good deal of jealousy of "the amateur" among the professional jocks, who were in the habit of pooh-poohing the Captain. "Now we'll see what the gentleman jock can do," said a very confident specimen once, when the two were in the weighing room. What the "gentleman" did was to drive Master Jock into a furze bush and leave him there.

Becher was hale and hearty to the last, and his closing years were spent in affluence and comfort surrounded by staunch friends, till "the common lot" fell upon him, in November, 1864.

The Sportsman's Library.

LIKE the author's "History of the Bramham Moor Hunt." this second contribution to the records of foxhunting in Yorkshire* will appeal most nearly to local sportsmen, though when we remember how many and how famous are the hunting men who have made their names in the county, we approach the book with the certainty of finding much of general interest. Mr. Scarth Dixon has done his work well, and has made the most of the material available. The extracts from old diaries given to illustrate the sport enjoyed in the earlier years of the hunt are, perhaps, too strictly geographical to interest those who know not the country; but it must not be forgotten that the author writes for those who do know the country, and to them these excerpts will welcome. The York Ainsty Hunt was founded in 1816. and if a "rough and ready" system characterised the management of affairs for the first few years, it came to an end when Mr. George Treacher took over the pack in 1821. The early records of their doings are meagre and few; "Nimrod" paid the country a visit in 1826 when on his "Northern Tour," but he seems to have been unfortunate in the sport he saw, and the accounts he rendered are not to be counted among his happiest He spoke well of the as, indeed, they deserved; for if the quotations from diaries referred to above were more precise than descriptive, they show that Yorkshire foxes in the thirties and forties were stout and straight running, and that good hounds were needed to kill them. The number of long and fast runs recorded makes the reader's mouth water. There are blanks in the history of the York and Ainsty, as, indeed, there must be in every hunt, but these do nothing to impair the value of the record as a whole. Mr. Bateman's term of office, 1844-1853, was productive of good sport; but perhaps the "Golden Age" of the hunt began with the accession of Sir Charles Slingsby, who succeeded Mr. Bateman. horseman and good master, he had few equals as a huntsman and no superiors:—

"He was patient and persevering, and would never leave a fox if a hound could own a line. Lifting hounds was a practice which he never resorted to save in the direst necessity, and as he trusted his hounds implicitly they trusted him; and the result was he soon had a close hunting and killing pack of hounds who rendered a good account of themselves over the ploughs which prevailed in the York and Ainsty country in Sir Charles Slingsby's day."

He built the Acomb Kennels, and devoted great attention to breeding; and as he was among his hounds summer and winter, his influence over them is in some measure explained. Mr. Dixon has done well to include the most detailed accounts of that fatal day at Newby Ferry when Sir Charles, his huntsman Orvis, and other good sportsmen were drowned. This terrible disaster formed the beginning of a series of fatalities in the country; the next cubbing season saw the death in the field of Will Powter, the first whipper-in, and the following season that of Tom who had succeeded Collison as huntsman.

With the season 1873-4 came

^{*&}quot; History of the York and Ainsty Hunt." By W. Scarth Dixon. (R. Jackson, Leeds.)

Colonel Fairfax, whose five years' mastership was an important epoch in the history of the hunt. Like Sir Charles Slingsby, he was a keen hound man, and devoted both judgment and attention to the task of improving the pack. He was among the first to recognise the merits of the Belvoir Fallible, and the York and Ainstv pack owed much of its improvement to that hound and others from the Belvoir. Colonel Fairfax's diary shows how closely he watched his pack in the field; nothing escaped him, and the bound, old or young, that failed to come up to his high standard was drafted remorselessly. sometimes disposed of hounds which many masters would have hesitated to part with; but five years of his rigorous rule in the kennel wrought results which made them memorable in the annals of the hunt.

The country was heavily stocked with foxes in the thirties; there were, indeed, too many for sport in some parts, as witness one March day at Askham Bogs, where there were so many on foot that hounds divided in all directions. True, Askham Bogs was favourite lying, and was often drawn twice successfully on the same day. Not until the spring hunting of 1875 do we hear of scarcity of foxes, and at the same time occurs mention of mange in the person of a dog-fox killed on March 25th. At this time the scarcity was only noticeable in the northern parts of the country, and the cause, or one of the causes, is reflected in the account of a meeting called by the master to investigate a charge of trapping foxes. As might be anticipated, the history of the last few years, under the able rule of Mr. Lycett Green, is more complete and detailed than earlier periods. Mr.

Dixon has rendered an account of the good things enjoyed from 1886, when the present master took command, down to the end of the season 1895-6. That, like the preceding season, was a short one, and during the latter part the hunting days had to be reduced from four to three, owing to lack of foxes. Stringent measures had been taken to stamp out mange, and it is satisfactory to remember that since 1895-6 this disease has been less in evidence.

There is abundance of anecdote in the book, which is written in the straightforward and sportsmanlike fashion we are justified in expecting of a good man to hounds. Mr. Dixon had his first day with the York and Ainsty on December 26th, 1871, and much that he describes during the subsequent quarter of a century is necessarily from personal knowledge; under these circumstances, "the first person singular" might have appeared with frequency, but with the modesty that proves the sportsman, the author describes events in which he must have taken part without a trace of egotism.

We have one complaint to make against him, or, perhaps, against his publisher. Not one of the twenty plates in the book, portraits of men, horses and hounds, groups and hunting scenes bear a word of description. The local man will, of course, recognise the portraits at a glance, but Mr. Dixon may be sure his work will be read by men who know not the scenes of which he treats, and these must refer for explanation to the "List of Illustrations" whenever a picture confronts them. The book is got up in a style worthy of the contents, and the author has not forgotten

to add an index.

"The Live Stock Journal Almanac" for 1900 * is larger and better than ever, and for the variety and authoritativeness of its contents it is unsurpassed. The breeders' tables, lists of societies, fairs, statistics, &c., make it invaluable for reference in country house, while there are no fewer than fifty special articles and numerous illustrations. more prominent papers include the following - "Stout Horses: the Stayers of the Century," by Mr. G. S. Lowe; "Some of a Cavalry Officer's Troubles,' Mr. C. Stein; "Breeding Polo Ponies," by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart.; "Agricultural Shows; How to Maintain their Popularity," by Sir R. D. Green Price, Bart.; "Fractures in Horses' Limbs," by Dr. G. Fleming, C.B., F.R.C.V.S.; "Popularising the Hackney," by Mr. Vero Shaw; "Shire Horses in 1899," by Mr. A. C. Beck; "Thoroughbreds in 1899," by Mr. C. B. Pitman; "Cleveland Bays and Yorkshire Coach Horses," by Mr. W. Scarth Dixon; "Hackneys in 1899," by Mr. H. F. Euren; "Ponies in 1899," by Mr. John Hill; "The Utilisation of the Mule," by Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier; "Shorthorns in 1809," by Mr. John Thornton; "Show versus Working Dogs," by Mr. Frederick Gresham, &c., &c. The book extends to over 350 pages, the section devoted to breeders' announcements being very profusely illustrated. It is a wonderful production at the money, and no reader can regret investing in a copy if he is in any way interested in improved breeds of live stock.

Mr. Fox Russell's book had been more attractive were his

* "Live Stock Journal Almanac," 1000. Published by Vinton & Co., Ltd., 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. Price 1s., post free 1s. 4d. Specially bound copies 2s., post free, 2s. 4d.

Colonel Botcherby a less perfect "bounder." It is difficult to work up any interest in the doings of a coarse, snobbish, mean and vulgar old cad who bullies when he dares and toadies when he can, who uses the millions acquired by company-mongering to make display and nothing else. The story would have gained materially, if this deplorable old person had been endowed with a few of the redeeming qualities which are rarely lacking in any creation of nature or art. This Colonel of City Volunteers has not even the courage of the orthodox villain of melodrama to recommend him; he becomes a "sporting gentleman," in his own phrase, for no other reason than to obtain the place in society for which he is utterly unfitted, and when eventually he leaves Haughtyshire to return to the more cheerful wall papers of his house at Clapham, we feel that he is doing the only sensible thing he has done since we opened the book. His manifold imperfections ought to inspire us with sympathy with the Hon. Jack Alister, who is compelled by poverty to become his secretary. Mr. Alister is a gentleman by instinct and taste, as well as by birth; but until Miss Harkness comes upon the scene, the readers' sympathy for the hero is overshadowed by surprise that any self-respecting man could accept Colonel Botcherby's salary while there was a crossing in London to Miss Harkness furbe swept. nishes Jack with sufficient reason to stay on writing his employer's letters, and training and riding the chasers he has persuaded the Colonel to buy; and from the hour of her appearance, we read on in the desperate hope that the

^{* &}quot;Colonel Botcherby, M.S.H." By Fox Russell. Illustrated by R.T. Richardson. (Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited.)

incongruous tenant of Vauban Abbey will discharge his duty to mankind by breaking his fat neck in one of his equestrian exploits. He disappoints us; but as the curtain is rung down on Jack in a position to marry, the ending is quite satisfactory.

There are some capital descriptions of fox and stag-hunting, and of jump racing, in which we are glad to follow the fortunes of "Mv Sec., Honourable the Alister," and the lady, leaving the welter Colonel behind. Life and "go" distinguish all the sporting scenes, and the author's dry humour enlivens many of his pages; one of the funniest things in the book is the Mudbury Monocle's account of the run which followed Colonel Botcherby's breakfast to celebrate his acceptance of the mastership of the staghounds. It is a capital parody of the sporting effort of the igno-Many of Mr. Richardson's pictures are excellent, but all are not of uniform merit. In "A Swim for Hairy Heels" (p. 266), for instance, the horse is not swimming.

Mr. Snaith may not be uniformly successful in creating the eighteenth century atmosphere appropriate, and he may handle the probabilities with a hand rather too daring, but these are shortcomings we can readily forgive, since there is much deserving of hearty praise in this spirited and entertaining "romantic comedy." • His characters are well drawn, and the events of the two or three days in which the main action takes place are exceedingly well told. The high spirited young rebel whose cause Lady Barbara espouses, wins reader's sympathy very early in the story, and retains it under circumstances at least trying to the hero of a novel: a point which says much for the skill of the author's handling.

The new "Erasible Scoring Card"* may be warmly commended to the notice of golfers. The usual form is legibly printed on a card made of a glazed material which allows pencil marks to be quickly and completely wiped

out with a damp rag.

The "Agricultural Handbook and Diary" for 1900,† is a new publication to be issued annually, and is edited by Messrs. C. Adeane and Richardson Carr. The book is designed specially to meet the requirements of country gentlemen, estate agents, and all interested in country pursuits, and contains articles written by experts in their several departments. A prominent feature is coloured maps of the world showing the sources from which our food supplies are derived, accompanied by tables giving the value of agricultural imports from each coun-There is also a map of England showing approximately the proportion of arable and pasture, with particulars of live stock, in the different counties; notes on Acts of Parliament affecting agriculture passed in 1899, tables and statistics, &c. The size of the book, which is published for the editors by Vinton and Co., 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., is royal octavo, price 3s., and the diary is arranged two days on a page, with ruled paper for cash memoranda, &c., &c.

"Thomas's Hunting Diary." :-This beautifully got up book, published by the well-known sporting

[&]quot;"Lady Barbarity," by J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co., Led.)

^{*} Educational Appliances Co., Ltd., of 13 & 14,

⁻ Educational Appliances Co., Ltd., of 13 & 14, St. Paul's Churchyard. rd.
† "Agricultural Handbook and Diary," 1000.
(Vinton and Co., Ltd., 9, New Bridge Street, London.) 35.
† "Thomas's Hunting Diary." Edited by the Earl of Rosslyn. (Thomas & Sons, 32, Brook Street, New Bond Street, W.)

tailors, makes its second appearance with the season of 1899-1900. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the work, whether of the letterpress or of Mr. Smeetham Jones' spirited and accurate drawings. A novel feature, and one which has an interest of its own, is the series of facsimiles of the distinctive hunt buttons worn by the principal hunts of fox and stag in the kingdom. The articles on "The Horse to Ride and How to Ride Him," "Hunting Accidents," "Dress," and "Sportswomen in the Field" are all excellent, and a word of special commendation is due to "Hints on Cleaning Hunting Things." For the sake of the last named alone, many hunting men should send for a copy of this really excellent production.

"Holloas from the Hills" * is an appropriate title for a collection of verses composed by Mr. T. Scott Anderson, master of the Foxhounds. led Forest Our readers have already had opportunity of appreciating Mr. Anderson's muse, as several of the verses included have appeared in Baily, "The Grey Fox of Rubers Law," to wit. The author, in his prefatory note writes :-- "The verses were mostly made while coming home at the close of hunting days, with a good horse under me, an honest pack of hounds round me, and the most picturesque countryside in the Borders to ride through, although often chilled to the bone and wet to the skin, yet with the after-glow of a gallop still tingling in my veins and the music of the pack still ringing in my ears." Composed under these circumstances, "Holloas from the Hills" will appeal to all followers of the chase, and Mr. G. D. Armour's illustrations greatly enhance the value of a well got up book.

The "Englishwoman's Year Book," 1900*, will be a very acceptable volume to all interested in women's work. The scope of the contents is remarkable; beginning with education, it includes employments and professions, literature, the arts and sciences, public work, philanthropy, religious work, and a host of other information likely to be useful to women. A section is wisely devoted to sports, pastimes and social life.

"Who's Who?" for 1900,† has reached us, and is as usual remarkably complete in its information. The biographies extend to close on a thousand pages and are very comprehensive, not only as to the selection of names, but also as to the particulars given. The volume is practically an indispensable reference book for the library table.

^{*&}quot; Holloas from the Hills." By T. Scott Anderson, master of the Jed Forest Foxhounds. With illustrations by G. Denholm Armour. (T. S. Smail, Jedburgh. 5s. nett.)

^{* &}quot;The Englishwoman's Year Book," 1900. 2s. 6d. (Adam & Charles Black, London.) † "Who's Who?" 1900. 3s. 6d. (Adam & Charles Black, London.)

Cross-Country Meetings.

To the Editor of "Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes."

Sir, — I venture to adopt the somewhat unusual course of writing you personally this letter, in the hope of being able to enlist you actively in some of the suggestions I am about to make, the outcome of much consideration, and as I believe for the promotion of true sport.

You are aware that the N.H. Committee, the rulers over the present steeplechase courses, have sounded the death knell of pointto-point races by their recent proposition that there shall be no race with more than £20 added money, except it be a cup given by an individual, and that no stand or enclosure shall be permitted, and no entrance money charged for any person or carriage to any field where such point - to - point race takes place. Of course, this means that such hunt gatherings cannot be conducted with comfort and respectability, that no police can be employed, and no stand or weighing-room erected where a view of the run in can be seen, or even a roped-off place for horses and carriages. Yet the M.F.H. has to sign a certificate that the meeting has been conducted to his satisfaction. Now, sir, why should these unfair conditions be submitted to by the hunting men of England, Wales and Scotland? Why should not we be able to conduct local hunt meetings without interfering with, or being interfered with by, the N.H. Committee? It is threatened that all horses running for races under any other rule now laid down by them will be for ever disqualified from running under N.H. Rules. Let us, therefore, consider whether

this is altogether such a barrier as should dissuade us from an attempt to free ourselves from the dominion of N.H. Committee management. By far the greatest proportion of horses competing in the present point - to - point races are bona - fide hunters that their owners do not care to have schooled over the regulation artificial courses which are made for steeplechasing, and which are not such as hunters without long practice can negotiate successfully. The mere idea of straight point-topoints has already exploded, as it is next to impossible to fix upon a straight four miles of country not intersected by roads, rivers, canals or railways, and circular courses have to be chosen. Of course opinions differ as to how these meetings are to be arranged, but I agree with the statement in your article in "Baily's Hunting Directory" for this year, that they should be under the agis of the M.F.H. Society, rather than that of the N.H. Committee.

What I would suggest is, that these meetings should be called "Cross-Country Meetings," with the prefix of the hunting country in which they take place. they should be confined to steeple-That the fences chases only. should all be natural ones, except, let us say, two flights of gorsed hurdles—one to start with, and the other to finish over. there should be no enclosure or entrance fee for either foot-people, horses or carriages, except into the winning field. That steeplechase shall be less than two miles, and no weight less than 11st. 7lb. That no horse that has run under N.H. Rules shall be eligible to run, and that no horse that has won under the Rules of Racing shall be eligible That a strict record shall be kept of every Cross-Country Meeting and duly published, and that a certified programme of each meeting shall be sent to the keeper of such record at least fourteen days before such meeting, and shall be evidence (as the Racing Calendar is) of the conditions of each race. That in the event of the decision of the stewards of any cross-country meeting being impugned, the question in dispute shall be forthwith decided by a Committee of at least nine members nominated by the M.F.H.'s Society, of which three shall retire every third year, and which Committee shall draw out all the rules regulating such meetings. In case that it might turn out that a horse running in cross-country meetings is of a promising description, I would venture to throw out the idea that on payment of a fine of—say £50, he should become eligible to run under the N.H. Rules. The N.H. Committee is none too rich, and by this means a modus vivendi might be established between cross-country sports and the regular steeplechasing, and I do not for a moment believe that the one sport would seriously interfere with the other. There is plenty of room for both. It must not be forgotten that the conditions of a race bring together the different classes of horses, more than the class of course to be run over; and, from what I have seen of point-to-point races, I believe that there is more "follow my leader" in these races, where there are no flags, than in a regular flagged course. After the first race, they all race through gaps which ought to be mended after each race.

And now, sir, I come to the

point of my reason for addressing you personally. Who is so well fitted to be the keeper of the record to which I have alluded as you are? All hunting men would recognise your fitness for this position, and you would publish the record as an appendix to the MAGAZINE. In the early days of the MAGAZINE, the late Mr. Baily used to publish a racing record before it was taken up by Ruff. Of course there would have to be fees paid by the Committee of the Cross - Country Meetings to meet the expenses these records. By aid the nucleus of management might be speedily set in motion, and I feel sure that genuine sport will be permanently established. Looking at the fact that there are at least one hundred and fifty packs throughout the country, it is fair to calculate that at least fifty of these would patronise Country Meetings between the middle of October and the middle of May, the exact dates to be fixed by the Cross-Country Committee.

No doubt many other practical suggestions will be forthcoming, which will aid the accomplishment of what we have in view. Everything must have a beginning, and I have, therefore, been bold enough to launch my ideas in a crude way, with the hope of enlisting your valuable aid towards bringing about a successful issue.

I am, Sir, Yours obediently, Borderer.

The Nimrod Club, Dec. 5th, 1899.

P.S.—Since writing you the N.H. Committee have published their decision adhering to their already published proposals. At the moment when it is being

agitated that no race or steeplechase meeting should be allowed to be held without proper police protection, the N.H. Committee are expressly providing that the hunting men and women sha'l be obliged to do without it. What remains to us but vi et armis?—B.

"Our Van."

Derby November Meeting.—The Derbyshire hills and dales were hung with curtains of mist, and although the county town of Derby is not able to boast of picturesque surroundings, it was scarcely to be expected that it would escape the visitation. needs some compensation for having to stay in so dreary a wilderness of bricks and mortar; and where the intelligent section of Derby's population go for their amusement I have not yet discovered. I fancy they have to do The feature of the without it. autumn meeting is the size of the fields, and the first day, by comparison with the corresponding day of last year, promised the eclipsing of previous records, ninety - three horses starting against seventy-seven in the card being precisely the same on each occasion. As many as twenty-eight ran for the Chesterfield Nursery; but Mr. Ford tells me that this is not a record for Derby, thirty-three having started some years ago. The straight course is one of the few in the country that can accommodate these huge fields. Last year the phenomenal day was the third, twenty or more starting for each of the first four races, the aggregate of runners for the four being eighty-seven, and for the day 103. This year no true comparison could be struck. On the first two days 169 started against 163

in 1898; but fog upset matters on the last day. It was thick enough to render racing doubtful, but fortunately the first four events were on the straight course. the time came to begin there was no starter—delayed by fog. reflection that occurs to one is, When there is fog, start earnier. Substitute starters are rarely a success, nor is it reasonable to expect that they should be, for it is a game at which one can scarcely have too much practice. Nothing could be seen of the racing, and when the fourth race was finished, Mr. Coventry and a steward inspected the course, their report being that racing round the turns would not be safe, so the meeting was stopped there and then. We were thus denied a sight of Chaleureux, who was to have run for the Queen's Cup—not that we should have seen much of his paces in the fog. The war fund was an appreciable loser, for several jockeys had agreed to devote the whole of their fees for the day thereto. Something over a hundred and fifty pounds (which included a "tenner" from Mr. Coventry) were obtained, as it was, and by a fortuitous coincidence the brothers Loates, whose native town Derby is, were able, by their successes, to contribute thirty guineas between them.

The Derby Cup was this year increased from a mile to a mile

noticeable, especially in the case of three-year-olds, was prominently in evidence in the two principal races. The first of these was the Lancashire Handicap of a mile, and it was won by the four - year - old Sirenia who, a couple of days before, had won the Midland Counties Handicap at Warwick, after running five times in thirteen months without being placed. She had always been sent for good races, however, and it might have been this quite as much as greater suitability of season. At the same time, the fact that she was carrying a 10lbs. penalty must be borne in mind. The other big race was the November Handicap, and picking the winner of that did seem easy. The week before, at Derby, we had seen Invincible II., with none the best of the race, give Proclamation 16lbs, and run him to a head, Proclamation having had a clear course the whole of the way. Oppressor, giving Invincible II. 1lb., was beaten by him a bare two lengths.

At Manchester Proclamation was called upon, by the different handicap and a 10lbs. penalty, to give 2lbs.—a difference of 20lbs., reduced to 18lbs. by the 2lbs. over-weight carried by the jockey of Invincible II. Oppressor had to give 5lbs., reduced to 3lbs. What was to beat Invincible II. was the puzzle to which there seemed no answer. Some quite unsuspected runner might do it. but if one seemed certain to have no chance that one was Proclamation. Yet anyone not knowing the circumstances of the Derby race, and seeing Proclamation in the paddock, would have found it difficult to refrain from backing him, so exceedingly well did he look. But 18lbs, for a neck beating was too much, and Proclamation started a 25 to 1 chance. The run on Tom Cringle was prodigious, although the connections thought he had too much weight; and they were right. Proclamation was ridden by Sloan, and this fact was not thought to be in his favour, so completely had faith been lost in this once jockey-god; but he never rode a better race, and, of course, got much more out of the colt than Wetherell or any other boy could have done. In the sequel the finish was almost a precise counterpart of that for the Derby Cup, Proclamation winning by a neck from Invincible II., with Oppressor a length and a half away. As there was a bump in the Derby race so was there in this, to thoroughly complete the similitude; indeed, there were two bumps, the winner treating both Invincible II. and Oppressor impartially. Thus the two principal handicaps were won by horses carrying the 10lbs. penalty. That Proclamation had come on extraordinarily needs no placarding. That he had done so to a considerable extent his trainer was aware, but even he was alive to the very altered terms on which he was meeting Invincible II.

In 1808 the record of runners at the three last meetings of the season—at Derby, Warwick and Manchester was a wonderful one, and that of this year did not approach it. The largest field at Manchester was twenty-four for the Farewell Handicap. This is a race of six furlongs, and started on a bend. Fancy twenty-four runners starting on a bend! Yet Boris was unhesitatingly made favourite and, moreover, won. Entries for six-furlong races at Manchester always are good, I am told. I would as soon see my horse's name drawn out of a hat; I should then dispense with the expense of sending him to Manchester, and the lottery could not be greater. However, it will be

all right at Castle Irwell. The Flat-Racing Season's Statistics.—The season was not very far advanced when it became apparent that the contest for the position of largest winning owner lay between the Duke of Westminster and Lord William Beresford. Chief honours, of course, lie with the Duke of Westminster. not only as the winner of the largest sum in stakes, but also as the owner of the animal that won all three classic races. With sixteen races his Grace won £43,965, (Flying Fox won £37,415 of this), Lord William Beresford, with as many as sixty-nine races, winning £42,736, 10s. Between Lord William and the next on the list is a big jump, Sir R. Waldie Griffiths coming third with £14,805, the only others gaining double figures being Mr. Leopold de Rothschild (£11,444, 10s.), and Mr. A. James (£10,655). Huggins having trained nearly all Lord William Beresford's horses, naturally enough heads the list of winning trainers with seventy-two successes, gained with the aid of thirty-two horses, of the value of £42,798, 10s. W. E. Elsey, first last season, has another great season to boast of, thirty-three horses winning sixty-eight races. But the game flown at is not so high, the amount won being but just over £10,000. John Porter comes third with forty-two wins with twenty-six horses, and, of course, he heads the poll in the matter of values, his amounting to £56,546, an average of nearly £1,350 for each of the fifty-two winning races. Robert Sherwood's cleverness has been rewarded with forty-two races, won by means of seventeen horses, for a total of £16,755. Richard Marsh fills third place

with £21,344, twenty-one horses having won thirty races.

Just as Flying Fox placed the Duke of Westminster and John Porter at the head of the winning owners and trainers respectively, so did he elevate Orme to first place amongst stallions. £37,415 went a long way towards Orme's total of £46,703 for the season, the result of twenty-nine races, Harrow being the next largest contributor with £3,375. An American sire occupies the unusual position of second, twenty races bringing Sensation £20,188. Of this, £13,080 came through Democrat, and £3,641 through Dominie II. St. Simon, siring nothing in the very front rank, wins thirty-one races for £17,505; Royal Hampton with Forfarshire (£5,832) as his best wins £13,530 with thirty-nine races, Donovan £11,240 with thirty races, and St. Serf £ 10,802 with twenty-five

According to the system of reckoning jockeys' winning mounts, regardless of the number of times they ride, Sam Loates is an easy first with 160 wins out of 731 mounts. His riding was one of the features of the second half of the season, and no one who witnessed them is likely to forget the matches he rode against the jockeys, American especially Sloan. Madden, first in 1898, is this year second with 130 wins in 807 mounts. M. Cannon is third with 120 wins in 468 mounts. T. Loates, whose principal stable did not give him much chance, fourth with 112 in 693 mounts, and Sloan fifth with 108 wins in 345 mounts. When one calculates the winning percentages, the four American jockeys come to the front, Sloan being first with 31'30 and L. Reiff second with 29.88, all four being in the first seven. One mode of reckoning is as good as another, for the jockey who rides often is one who takes everything as it comes along, whilst the jockey who rides comparatively seldom, picks his mounts more.

The December Sales.—This annual function, presided over by Mr. Tattersall, always tells its own tales, some of which provide food for reflection. Under the hammer there is no sentiment, and the sharp rap of that implement puts an end to many a fond vision. But other valid reasons than failure and disappointment brought some well-known animals into the sale ring. As is the case whenever brood stock is to be sold, the foreign element was there, and Germany and France will be the richer by some of our best blood. Airs and Graces, named from the way she paced the paddock in her early youth, fetched 3,000 guineas, and goes to France, M. Blanc being the purchaser. This very handsome mare one was able to contrast with another fine specimen in Eager, who fetched 3,500 guineas, and is to be seen out again at from five to seven furlongs. The putting up of Mr. Jersey's lot seems to suggest that the racecourse will no longer compete with the stage for her favour, although Merman was not for sale. Aurum we knew was to be relegated to the stud. The reserve of Maluma and Uniform was not reached, but five others were sold. Several owners were weeding out, the Duke of Westminster, as usual, being one, and Royal Emblem passed into the hands of Mr. Weatherby, for stud purposes, of course. Brio should fetch 1,450 guineas surprised me. The purchaser was M. Ephrussi, so, in future, French money and not English will be lost over him, if he is ever raced again. Count Lehndorf, whom I saw described as "that

well-known sportsman,'' as though the Count bought for himself in stead of for his Government, for breeding purposes, always had something to say when a good brood mare was up, and his chie purchases were Gold Dream, by Bend Or, and covered by Ayrshire (1,150 guineas), Rose d'Amour by Rosicrucian, and covered by Gallinule (1,500 guineas), Unoma by Barcaldine, and served by Isinglass (1,650 guineas), Lady Flippantly, St. Simon, covered by Orvieto (1,05 guineas).

The late Mr. R. C. Naylor.-A man who reached the heyday of his racing career thirty-size years ago, and who had retire from The Turf for one-third of that period, belongs to the past With the majority of present race-goers Mr. Naylor was merely a name, but it was a name that carried something with it, for it was linked with winners of the Derby and Oaks, and also with a name mighty in the stud book, Stock Mr. Naylor, who well, to wit. bred some time before he began to race in 1859, did his country at good turn in buying Stockwell, who would otherwise have gone to France. Success on the Turf came to him very quickly, for he won the Oaks in 1862 with Feu de Joie and the Derby in the following year with Macaroni, bought from the then Duke of Westminster, beating Clifden in a very exciting finish. By this success he won £100,000 in hard cash from the ring. Stockwell, by the perversity of fate, bred Mr. Naylor nothing of consequence, Caterer, the only good one he had, breaking down in training when favourite for the Derby, won by The Marquis (also a Stockwell), after finishing second for the Two Thousand Guineas. In 1864 he had Chattanooga who, as a two-year-old, beat both Gladiateur and Regalia, another Stockwell, who won the Derby and Oaks the next year, but he went wrong in his wind and did not start for the Derby. Some years previous to his racing career Mr. Naylor was a successful yachtsman, winning the Queen's Cup at Cowes as long ago as 1846 with the Sultana, a 100-tonner. Two years later, with the same yacht, he won a match sailed round the Isle of Wight against the Paragua, in weather of the roughest. was also a fox-hunter, and for two seasons was master of the

Pytchley. Steeplechasing.—Sport under National Hunt Rules is an extraordinary institution, inasmuch as it does not seem to require money for its support. 200 sovs. is quite a large stake, an enormous proportion of steeplechases and hurdle races being for stakes ranging nominally from £40 to £80. The cost to owners of running their horses is altogether out of proportion to the money to be won, so the natural inference must be that the jumping game has an excellent body of sportsmen for its patrons. But its reputation is not at all in keeping with what one would expect the sequel to be, and every year we find the National Hunt Committee implored to exert itself in improving things. What is roundly averred 18 that horses are systematically pulled and all manner of collusion indulged in. Given the desire to do wrong, I presume the jumping game affords better opportunity than flat racing. Plenty of people make a living out of the winter season under N.H. Rules, and, seeing what it costs to train horses and convey them to and from the racecourses, it is almost obvious that it cannot be done out of the

stakes won. I have been many times assured by people most likely to know and much interested personally that, if larger stakes were systematically given, more owners would be tempted to keep steeplechasers and hurdleracers. Whether the realisation of this would result in larger attendances is problematical, and it is just the problem that clerks of the course would like to see solved for them beforehand. Our steeplechasing takes place at the worst time of the year for the spectator, and no attraction would draw in the winter months the numbers that attend at other seasons of the year. If stakes are to be increased it must be by a combined general movement. Giving a big prize now and then is merely throwing money away. For the hurdleracing no one has any sympathy, it being a variant of sport that most people who indulge in it are ashamed of. But it often receives more attention from executives than steeplechasing. An instance was afforded at the Sandown December meeting. where the chief hurdle race was for a stake of £300, and the chief steeplechase (dubbed "great," save the mark) for one of £200. What one would like to see would be the institution all over the country of steeplechases with stakes of from £300 to £500. Two steeplechases of the nominal value of £500 have been held this season, and in each case we saw out the winner of the Grand National of 1898, the winner of both races being the most promising young chaser of the day, Hidden Mystery. We are told that winning such races endangers a horse's chance for the steeplechase of the year, people talking as if, in the first place, it was the only race worthy the attention of owners of steeplechasers; and, secondly, as though handicappers made it impossible for a previous winner to win the Grand National. In no race is greater consideration paid to topweights than in this one, and in none, as has been proven, have they better chance of winning. will not go so far as to say that the handicappers of this particular race pass sleepless nights, but I know they worry themselves and each other a good deal by day. Other people worry them, too, handicappers having a great deal to put up with from dissatisfied owners, to which, I contend, they should not be subjected, whilst the Press they always have with them. Racing officials, I am surprised to find, read and take to heart criticisms that appear upon their doings. This seems a great mistake, especially on the part of sensitive people, and I understand that the official handicapper lost all appetite for his dinner the day before the Cambridgeshire by reason of the strictures that were made on the handicapping of Oban, who, in the sequel, turned out to be even worse than the handicapper painted him. Prince of Wales's Steeplechase at Sandown, run in February, is made a stake of £200, nominal, so that no penalty is entailed upon the winner at Liverpool. I am quite prepared to listen to the argument that the conditions of the Grand National will bear revision when the desire manifests itself to bring about a general improvement of steeplechasing. In the meantime, if the Sandown race were made one of f.500, the winner might feel consoled for having a few pounds put on his back. A system which reduces the whole steeplechase season to a one-race affair is a bad one, and one is glad to see that those who have the management of Hidden Mystery make the most of the present and leave the future to look after itself. What is wanted is more inducements of the nature of the Grand Sefton and Great Midland Handicap Steeplechases. Possibly we should then have more "Grand National Horses," as the term goes.

The chief interest at Sandown was in the flat races. On the first day we had a match in the old style, Sir John Thursby, with Palmerston, throwing down the gauntlet to Mr. A. Gold's Villiers, winner of the whip. The match was to be over the Beacon Course distance of 4 miles 1 furlong and 77 yards, and it was for £1,000 Having seen Villiers side. stay the Beacon Course, and not being aware that his easy victory was much simplified by the breaking down of his opponent, Canopus, people felt inclined to favour his chance. Palmerston is the six-year-old horse which Sir J. B. Maple's people could do nothing with, and which was therefore sold. Sir J. Thursby was the buyer, Mr. Thursby having satisfied himself that bad training, and not lack of merit, was the fault, and the sequel has been that Palmerston won four races off the reel. He was lucky to get home this time, for he broke down rather badly directly after passing The race has been the post. none too kindly criticised, the suggestion being that contests of this length are a form of cruelty to animals. But we hear nothing of this sort in connection with the Grand National, the distance of which is three furlongs farther than the Beacon Course, to say nothing of the fences being the stiffest in the kingdom. Usually we see the Grand National called magnificent spectacle. Why, then, should a four-miles flat race be cruelty to animals?

such, undoubtedly, if the competitors are not specially trained for the distance and proved capable of staying it. The fact that a horse can race two miles is no guarantee that he can stay four at much the same pace.

On the second day there was a National Hunt flat race of three miles and a quarter, which is nearer four miles than two, and as many as nine ran for it, including such well-known ones as Gentle Ida, Elliman, Swanshot and Breemount's Pride. In April Breemount's Pride had beaten Gentle Ida in the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase, but had the advantage in the weights of no less than 33 lbs. This time the difference was 21 lbs., and whilst Gentle Ida was a 5 to 2 chance, Breemount's Pride started at 10 to 1. Mr. Randall, who rode Gentle Ida, has succumbed to the attractions of the American seat, and appeared, in consequence, with his knees under his chin. He got on very well, in circumstances, but Breemount's Pride beat Gentle Ida again, Mr. Thursby thus winning the only two flat races of the meeting.

Hunting.—Open weather, good scent and sound going have marked the foxhunting of November and the early part of December. Horses have indeed felt the strain of continued work, and a few days' frost, which seems likely enough as I write, would be no misfortune, especially for masters of hounds. Besides the fact that a good many registered horses have been taken by the War Office, several hunt stables have suffered from influenza rather severely, and anxiety on this score has been added to the other troubles of the master. Scarcity of foxes, too, is reported from a few countries, and one pack in the southwest has had no less than six blank days. Accidents have been neither very numerous nor very serious, when the number of good and fast gallops that have been enjoyed is considered. The death of Mr. R. C. Naylor has removed an old master of the Pytchley. His huntsman was Squires, whose reminiscences were published in BAILY some years ago, and made capital reading. It is a curious fact that in the "History of the Pytchley" hunt no mention whatever is made of Mr. Naylor's term of office.

Staghunting.—In spite of its rather foolish detractors—perhaps because they are such—this sport Some of the best flourishes. gallops of the month have been after the carted deer. The Royal pack have one capital stag out which has twice defied Comins. and the very smart pack he hunts. Though so near town, many parts of the country hunted over by the Queen's is very wild and rough, and when one is drawing for an outlier the sport is very much like the chase of the wild deer, but of course without the tufting. Another staghound pack has been founded by Mr. Peter Ormerod, who uses big black and tan hounds of the Talbot type. These hounds, though perhaps not so fast as the foxhound, are well suited to the country round Wyresdale, and their deep tongues and grand music are worth a journey to hear.

South Dorset.—It is a good many years since either business or sport has taken the V.D. into Dorset, though every now and then rumours of the sport enjoyed by the county packs and of the sportsmanlike character of the farmers reaches him. The other day, having an opportunity to see, he enjoyed a good hunting run with the South Dorset, and re-

joiced to find that in a moderate sized field there were at least twenty local yeomen enjoying the Whether the day on sport. which he rode over the country was an exception or not, he cannot say; but, expecting to find much woodland, in a good run of an hour, those hounds were practically in the open all the time. It was a very pleasant run for a stranger to the country, for the pace alternated between careful hunting (and the South Dorset hounds can hunt) and some sharp bursts, when they also showed that they can go.

There seem to be a good many nice horses bred in the country, to judge by those that were out. Some of the farmers had horses of an excellent type of shortlegged hunter. Dorsetshire reactive horse. quires an hunting there is likely to perfect his education. The master hunts the hounds himself, and delighted us by the way hounds were left to do their own work. fashion in which hounds "spread out like a rocket" at a check and the quick, decided method they cast themselves showed that their huntsman was accustomed to trust them.

Sir Watkin Wynn's.-On December 2nd this pack, meeting at Greenshields, had a very good There is, however, nothing remarkable in that, for George Sharpe has been showing very good sport. This pack has a great deal of the old Portsmouth blood in it, for it will be recollected by hound-loving readers that some years ago Sir Watkin bought the beautiful bitch pack from Eggesford, the dogs going, if memory does not fail me, to the present Duke of Beaufort, Marquis Worcester. of Thus these hounds may be expected to hunt and run, and this was shown on the above occasion. Towards the end of the day hounds had two foxes before them, and the pack divided, each division killing their fox handsomely in the open.

North Staffordshire. — With so much hunting, it would perhaps be too much to say that this pack had the best run of the month. but a certain gallop enjoyed by the Duke of Sutherland's hounds on December 1st has had few superiors. The Duke was out, Parker, first whipper - in, carried the horn, Boxall, the huntsman, being still laid up: from the effects of a fall. minutes — one timekeeper fifty-five-without a serious check and scarcely more than one or two hesitations, checks they were not, on the part of hounds. If ever, they had a doubt about the line they put themselves right in a moment, and Parker had nothing to do but to watch them. is always a trying thing for a young huntsman, but he showed his knowledge of hounds by no undue interference. At times the pace was very good indeed, and horses were kept going the whole

Cheshire. — Under divided masterships, but with undivided loyalty from the hunt, the two Cheshire packs, Lord Ennis killen's and Mr. Corbet's, continue to show great sport. had the pleasure to draw attention to the capital manner in which Fred Gosden handled his pack when he first took hold of them two seasons ago. then his reputation has been steadily growing, and the North Cheshire sport has been very good. The Cheshire fences are apt to look small to the man accustomed to Leicestershire They are equally apt to bring him down if he makes light d

them. The comparatively level grass is delightful to ride over. The South pack, which Mr. Reginald Corbet hunts, have had some capital sport, too, notably one gallop from those Wrenbury Mosses which the old whipper-in, Tom Rance, declared held the straightest - necked foxes in Cheshire. From Cholmondeley Castle, too, where Lord Cholmondeley has some good holding fox coverts, they had a fair day early in the month.

The Heythrop.—In the programme of a visit to Oxford in the November term, a day with the Heythrop and the Bicester cannot be forgotten. So many recollections and associations gather round these hunts. The years seem to fall away as one rattles over the stones of Oxford (there are still some stones left even with a tramway in the High and electric light laid on in the colleges) in the misty air of a November morning. At the end of two days' sport one feels that hunting at least has not changed, and a gallop from Badger's Gorse with the Heythrop is just as good as in the days when Squire Hall hunted them—I think he always did so in a tall hat—or Goodall wore the green plush. Mr. Albert Brassey as master and Captain Daly as deputy, the sport goes on with all the old There are fewer enjoyment. undergraduates who hunt than there used to be, but those who do go out enjoy themselves quite as much as we did. The best sport of the week's visit was a gallop from Bletchington with the Bicester. Lords Valentia and Jersey were both out, and no two men have done more for the country than they have: Lord Valentia one of the popular masters in the past and Lord Jersey as one of the most generous landowners.

Melton. — The hunts Melton naturally feel the effect of the war more than any other, and the list of absentees is a very long one. The last to go were Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, who have gone to South Africa in the service of the Red Cross. They had intended to hunt from Somerby. This place, by the way, has been growing in popularity of later years, and it is doubtful whether there are many more convenient centres to hunt from. Situated within the borders of the Cottesmore, it commands the best of the Belvoir and the Ouorn.

From Mr. Fernie's country comes the news that the master is to be married to Miss E. Hardcastle. No couple will start married life with more kind wishes than the very popular master of the South Quorn and his bride. The bride's father, Mr. Hardcastle, of Blaston, is a wellknown covert owner and fox preserver in the hunt. As I write, I hear that one or two more men are likely to leave us, as the War Office has been offering cavalry commissions to some yeomanry

officers.

The Quorn.—This famous pack has had ups and downs of luck in their sport, scent at times being very poor and then again serving well. The Quorn pack and their huntsman have one most valuable quality, that of sticking to their hunted fox, and that in spite of considerable temptations to change. This power or will to hold to the line of the hunted fox is one that is hard to establish in a pack, and very easy indeed to lose. Hounds are quite willing to change, if they are encouraged to do so. On the second Friday in November those of their followers who were near enough to watch, or observant enough to care, saw the Quorn disregard a fresh fox while hunting one found in Gartree Hill, round by Burrough Village. This afterwards developed a good and fairly fast hunt, by Somerby to the Overton Road in the Cottesmore country. Close to Burrough-on-the-Hill a fresh fox jumped up; only two couple or so yielded to temptation, the rest of the pack working steadily on, on the original line. Another event in the Quorn history of the month was the meet at Ashby. For more than fifty years the Quorn have never met at Ashby, and the Rural District Council celebrated the event by a breakfast in the town hall. Captain Burns-Hartopp had readily consented to the request of the townspeople to meet in the marketplace, and the result was a success in every way, for not only was there a crowd of pleased spectators, but hounds had a very smart twenty minutes from one of the neighbouring coverts.

Mr. Fernie's.—For some reason or other Burton Overy, which used to be a quiet meeting place, has attracted of late a regular crowd; in fact, it seems to divide the affections of the Leicester people with Scraptoft. From Burton Overy to Glen Gorse is no long distance. That there should be foxes in this covert is a marvel to me, for it is close to the road and generally surrounded on hunting days by a more or less noisy crowd of foot-people. Nevertheless, it is the exception for this famous covert to be drawn blank. Not only are there foxes, but they generally manage to get away. The fox took a beautiful line by Overy to Little Stretton, but scent was very bad. Later a Thurnby fox took a usual line to. Scraptoft. Hounds were over the border and into the Quorn country,

when a strand of wire along the top of a timber fence brought Mr. Logan (our M.P.) down rather heavily. We have been so comparatively free of wire, that the accident came as an unpleasant surprise. In the course of a fine days' sport with these hounds from Hallaton, Mr. Mark Firth, of Wistow, came down and broke his collar-bone.

The Belvoir.—A run right into the Fens is not a very usual occurrence, for foxes luckily seldom choose that way. When it does happen, it is seldom very enjoyable, as it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to get to hounds. However, the Belvoir are said to have got farther into the Fens, the last time they met at Folkingham, than they have done for the last forty years. The hounds ran over Rippingale Fen, crossing a huge and impassable drain, while the field listened to their cry as they flitted away over the broad, flat expanse. Somehow or other Capell got to them, and the pack were speedily brought back into regions where hunting was possible, and a capital gallop from the big gorse at Folkingham fol-There was a burning scent, and the bitch pack raced along towards Aswarby. run was carried out in a tearing squall and a murky darkness, which rather spoiled the pleasure of what would otherwise have been a very smart gallop.

The Cottesmore.—Everybody seemed to have gathered at Wilds Lodge to meet the Cottesmore on the first Saturday in December. It was one of the largest meets of the season, so far as it has gone. The weather was fine, but too bright for scent; therefore the day began badly, but as the sun went in the scent improved, and a good fox was found in the plantation near Stapleford Park, over which

hounds drove at a good pace. They ran by way of Whissedine to Pickwell, or nearly, without a The fox, however, was some way ahead, and scent growing feebler he beat them at last beyond the Punchbowl.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds. -This pack has succeeded in making the past month memorable by the good gallops they have shown, commencing with November 20th, when Cublington was the fixture, and a large field met Mr. L. de Rothschild to partake of the hospitality of Mr. Bigges. Bigges. The gallop, as usual, commenced from the hill overlooking the brook which winds round the valley between this village and the Creslow great grounds, and as usual hounds flung gaily over it, though but few of the crowd of gay equestrians who essayed to watch them throughout the run took their chance of getting over this, the first obstacle, five or six in all following the pack, the rest taking advantage of the ford into Cres-A very smart piece of hound work led across to Hurtwell Hill, thence to the right to Dunton and the Hoggeston Lane, beyond which Mr. L. de Rothschild had hounds stopped, as the pack were being pressed unduly; but getting away again on the line the chase touched Littlecot, crossed the brook below it, and having reached Cublington, came to another check between that village and Norduck. After a few minutes' delay at that point, hounds worked out the puzzle for themselves, and then passing Mr. J. Roades' well-known homestead, simply raced across the bottom beyond to Burstons, left Rousham on their left as they reached the Aylesbury Road, and threading the main street of Bierton, came up with their deer at the governor's house at Aylesbury Gaol, where he was safely re-captured. Thursday, November 23rd, Berryfield Gate, the stereotyped welcome at Mr. J. Terry's house, the inauguration of the superb gallop which followed, for after a preliminary taste of the Vale proper in the direction of Hardwick and Quarendon, hounds crossed the Bicester Road, simply racing from the Prebendal farm across the steeplechase course to Stoke Mandeville, finally retaking their deer at Little Kimble.

The following Monday at Littlecot was perhaps as fine a hunting run as man need wish to see, for working steadily on by Dunton to Blacklands, hounds crossed the valley to Swanborne, and having made Winslow town their furthest point in a westerly direction, doubled back by Shipton Grandboro' and North Marston, and crossing the ridge of hill at Oving, made the pace hot to Hardwick and Weaden, where they safely housed their quarry.

Mr. George Elliot's welcome to Hulcot on November 30th was not to be missed, and although none of the Rothschild family were present, Lord Orkney made a very sufficient deputy master. It was only about fifty minutes' duration that hounds ran, yet it was very sweet, as they set their heads up the valley from Rousham, touched Wingrave, then, with the pace increasing as they drove forward past Wingbury, reached Wing Park and Mr. L. de Rothschild's residence at Ascott. Crossing the Leighton Buzzard Road to Mr. Prentice's Farm, they came to slower hunting to Southcourt, finally ending the gallop at Mr. Cremieu-Javal's house above Linslade. December 4th found them at Hoggeston Guide Post; but we need not dwell at length upon the enjoy-

able little gallop which ensued ere, at the end of about five and fifty minutes, a good stag was retaken at Carter's Lane, even though the incidents of the chase during that period would fill a volume: rather let us pass on to Friday, the 8th, when, as the fog was so heavy that they could not hunt from Wingrave on the previous day, Lord Rothschild gave his followers a bye-day. there was none of the kindly hospitality of Wingrave Manor on this occasion, that we had taxed to its utmost on the previous day. Now we were to enjoy as fine a gallop as man need wish to ride to: for with the Hon. Neil Primrose in command a good stag was enlarged at Helstrop, sank into the Long Marston Vale, and hounds ran on relentlessly to Bettoe and Boarscroft, entered the land of brooks beyond, and only came to their noses when Mr. George Elliott's Farm was reached at At that point their Hulcot. huntsman failed to give them the assistance the passage of a roadway demanded, and some time elapsed before the error was remedied; in fact, one good sporting veoman averred that our stag had been gone quite an hour by the time Boore, from information received, took his hounds to him. Hunting steadily at first, they gradually warmed to their work. crossed the Rousham Brook, and with the village on the right, hunted up the hill to Aston Abbotts covert, before reaching which, however, no less than two saddles were emptied at one fence, two good men falling prone upon their backs in the next field. Passing Norduck, hounds ran on to the brook in the valley which Lady Sybil Primrose jumped in good style, then crossing Bushmead to the Creslow Great Grounds, drove forward to Hurt-

well Hill and Dunton. before reaching Blacklands they came up with their deer, and racing back to Hoggeston, he was captured in the village pond, but not before urgent means had to be used to effect his rescue, the funniest sight of all being the moment when Mr. Courage, who had ridden into the pond to whip off the pack, felt constrained to dismount in the middle, a perfect mélée of deer, hounds, horse and man being almost indistinguishable in the splashing and spraying of the muddy water. It was decidedly a pity that there was no one in authority to have marshalled the horsemen and foot people into one position, as a great deal of unnecessary excitement might have been avoided.

The Bicester.—The good luck which has followed this pack for such a considerable length of time now continues to favour the new mastership, two exceptionally good days marking the close of last month, and the commencement of December being only necessary to illustrate this assertion. The first day came somewhat unexpectedly, for we never look for great performances from Eythorpe Bridge as a fixture. However, it is always the unexpected which proves the most acceptable, and after running a fox from Arthur's Gorse to the Wilderness, at Winchendon, and back to ground at Shipcot Hill, hounds tasted first blood at a drain on Mr. J. Saunders' Farm, from which a leash were bolted, one of which they killed, and ran the other across Cranwell Lodge Hill, where he beat them in the shrubberies surrounding Miss A. de Rothschild's superb mansion.

It was then time to draw Mason's Gorse, and no sooner were hounds put in than a fox,

and, as events proved, a good How they raced one, was away. to the Black Grove Double. crossed it and drove on towards Pitchcott we who were on slow horses knew only too well; and it was lucky for those who possessed a knowledge of the country that they could make use of it and cut off a corner as the pack swung round to the right to Lionel's Gorse, passed the covert on the right and, with a puzzle for Bicester men in the form of doubles in front of them, raced under Whitchurch to Hardwick, crossed the Aylesbury Road between the two villages and, still maintaining the same pace up the valley beyond, reached Aston Abbotts Hill, five - and - twenty minutes from the start, a five-mile point. Turning to the left across to Norduck, hounds hunted steadily on almost to Cublington, crossed the Aston Abbotts Road, and held on to Mr. Manning's earths at West Park Farm, then passing Wing Mill and Water Gate Farm reached Mentmore Cross Roads. That piece had been carried out by the most perfect hound work. Then up went their hackles and, running for blood, they held on by Helstrop to Wingrave, where Cox managed to ferret his fox out of some cottage gardens snugly ensconced behind some boxes. Mr. Stewart Freeman refreshed both man and beast ere the homeward journey was commenced, for some a distance of three and four-andtwenty miles.

The other day referred to was Tuesday, December 5th, when, with Twyford House as the fixture, another very excellent day was worked out in a grass country. It was a soaking wet morning, so Mr. Owen Clarke's hospitality was extremely welcome to

everyone.

The Whaddon Chase. - The record of the Whaddon Chase for the past month has been remarkably good, in fact, their lucky star has been in the ascendant all through. Lack of space will not permit me to enter into as full a description of the sport we have seen as I should wish to, but, in pointing out the more salient points, I may mention a capital day they had from Stoke Locks on December 4th, when, finding in Old Linslade hounds ran well by Liscombe to Soulbury and Hollingdon, and, having crossed a big line of country to Stoke Hammond, returned to kill him near Liscombe. Finding again at Grimston Gorse. hounds ran by Southcourt to Old Linslade Wood, finally losing their fox near Leighton Buzzard. The kindly welcome to the creature comforts of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's hunting-box at Ascott, lent no small charm to the day. The previous Tuesday had been signalised by a series of excellent hunts. Addington Lodge was the fixture, and a fox from Padbury Gorse was particularly fortunate in escaping with his life, after having taken refuge in a drain below Padbury Village. Then from Tuckey Farm hounds ran very fast to Grandboro' and Marston Fields, over a stiff line of fencing, losing their fox near Maines Hill. Found again at Winslow Spinneys, but an open earth rendered this gallop short and sweet, though from a neighbouring covert, Rodimore, hounds worked very prettily by Hollow Hole Farm and Swanborne Station, a good fox beating them at length when Swanborne Village had been passed and darkness was creeping over the delightful vale between that point and Highhavens.

They have also done well in

their Saturday country, December and, finding them at Old Bletchlev with a number of well-known faces to welcome them. Nellie's Spinney was tenantless. Had it been too much disturbed of late? But in some gorse at Cow Bottom Farm a stout fox was forthcoming, and, having used endeavour to shake off the hunt amongst the intricacies of Bletchley, set his head for Salden. Found a substitute in Orkney's coverts, and the hunt went on to Muresley and The Potash before he, too, evaded pur suit. Returning to Villiers Gorse they found again, ran by Salden to the Whaddon Woodlands, but, eschewing their shelter, passed them on the right, and, threading Narberries to Little Horwood Park, nearly reached Rodimore ere they doubled back into the Whaddon country. Decidedly a good day.

Yorkshire.—Though there has not been any great run, such as goes to the making of hunting history, during the first few weeks of the season, there has been an excellent average of sport up to the stoppage which the frost caused on the 11th of last month, and really bad scenting days have been few and far between. Day after day, all over the country, hounds have had good hunting runs, with occasional bursts, the severity of the pace in which has satisfied even the man-and he is bad to satisfy—whose estimate of every run is guided by the speed at which he gallops. It is difficult, when one good day succeeds another and when they are pretty nearly on a level, to make a selection which shall please those who have joined in the fun, and perhaps the best policy is to give an account of a few typical days, without weighing the merits up to a nicety.

The Bramham Moor.—Bram-. ham Moor has been showing good sport of late, and two good runs from that famous covert. Hutton Thorns, certainly deserve a chronicle. The first of these took place on Friday, November 17th. when a thick fog was accompanied by a strong white frost—the first foretaste we have had of winter. The fixture was Weighill Park, but the morning's work does not call for notice. The afternoon fox was found in Hutton Thorns, and seemed reluctant to leave the covert, for it was fully forty minutes before he was holloaed away. Scent, which had been bad in covert, showed a marvellous improvement when hounds were once out in the open. They ran at a capital pace over the Rufforth Road, and crossing the Marston drain, which, as usual, held men and horses, they raced over Marston Moor, and crossed the Atterwith Lane to Wilstrop Wood. Through the wood they ran without a check, and, turning lefthanded, pointed for Skewkirk. and then swinging still more to the left they left Tockwith village on the right, and checked at the end of twenty-seven minutes. They were soon going again, but at a slower pace, and they hunted on over the Tockwith Lane and over Marston Hill, where they checked again and where they probably changed. They ran of nicely nearly to White Whin, and then turned to the right, crossing Moor Lane and hunting round Marston village to within a field of Hutton Thorns where they lost the fox. It wa a good hunting run of an hour the pace excellent up to the check at Tockwith town end.

More satisfactory was the secon run from Hutton Thorns, which took place a fortnight later. The fixture was Tockwith, and ther was a sharp burst of ten minutes from Swales Rash to the Boroughbridge Road to begin with, followed by some pretty hunting over the sticky ploughs down to the Nidd, where the fox was given up, as he had crossed the river. Again was Hutton Thorns the starting place of the afternoon Hounds ran fast up to Rufforth, where the fox made a sharp turn to the left and crossed the Rufforth Road into Rufforth Hall Gardens. Then came a flock of sheep, who, of course, caused trouble, but hounds worked nicely through them, and hunted on over the Atterwith Lane to within a couple of fields of Welstrop Wood. Here they checked, and there was any amount of holloaing, but Smith kept hounds' heads down, and they worked well through their difficulties. They turned to the left and ran on, leaving White Sike Whin to the left, over the Tockwith lane. The fox was constantly viewed. and there was some vociferous holloaing, but Smith would have mone of it, and hounds kept hunting on nicely. They ran over Marston Hill and through a corner of Marston Whin, and then came a check at a critical moment. Smith was patience itself, and his hounds working for him to perfection, they hit off the line in a few minutes, and hunted nicely down to Marston village. Here they checked at some farm buildings. and there were all kinds of rumours as to the fox having gone forward. Smith, however, took little notice of rumours, and having quickly made the ground good forward, cast his hounds round the farm buildings, where they hit him off, and finally killed him in the garden. It was a beautiful hunting run of one hour and fifteen minutes-indeed, it was hunting seen to perfection.

The York and Ainsty. -- The York and Ainsty Thursday country has not of late years furnished that sport which was wont to be associated with it thirty years or more ago, but it seems by no means unlikely that there will be once more a great historic run from it before the season ends, whilst there have already been some excellent gallops in the neighbourhood of Ribston and Allerton. The best day they have had on this side of the country was on Thursday, November 23rd, when the fixture was Allerton Park. The morning began with a fast gallop from Broadfield, through the Dale and up to the hilltop, to the left of Oustburn Workhouse, where they checked, and after hunting on for other ten minutes, they were run out of scent. Then they had a nice forty minutes from Grassgills by Marton and Grafton to Low Dunsforth, where the fox got amongst the cottages, and his life was saved by some information which put hounds on to a fresh fox which had been gone some time. The run came late in the day from Ribston Wood. At first the fox hung to the covert, and, when he did break, hounds only hunted slowly down to Cattal Belt. Then scent improved, and they ran fast to the Nidd, which they crossed below Cattal Bridge, and they ran hard by Cowthorpe and Tockwith nearly up to Belton Hall, and were finally stopped at dark between Marston and Bilbrough, after an excellent fifty-five minutes.

Monday, November 27th, found them at Easingwold, whence they had a capital day's sport. Hounds were no sooner in Peep-o'-Day Whin than they were away with a fox, and for seventeen bright minutes they rattled along at top pace, by Thornton Hill and Oulston to the Mount Plantation at Newburgh, where scent failed sud-

denly, and they never recovered the line to do any good with it. They found again, in Sessay Wood. a Sessay Wood fox, who was worthy of the traditions which hang round that famous covert. After about ten minutes in covert he faced the open, and ran over as grand a line as there is in Yorkshire. At first hounds only ran slowly, and they checked at Fallan's Whin, but as soon as they hit off the line again scent improved, and by the time they got to Hutton Sessay the pace was fast enough for the most exacting. They crossed a grand line to Low Kilburn, where they checked for a moment. Instead of facing the Grev Mare at Hambleton, as at one time seemed likely, they ran along the valley, leaving Oldstead Grange and Wass on the left, nearly to Ampleforth. Then changing the direction, they bore to the right, through Thorpe Wood and over the Thirsk and Pickering railway near Ampleforth Station. Scent was beginning to fail a little now, but they hunted on nicely through Gilling Wood and on to Yearsley Moor, where they were run out of scent. It was a beautiful run, and only wanted a little better scent to finish with to enable hounds to account for the fox. From Sessay to Kilburn is a point of six miles, and from Kilburn to Yearsley another five, and hounds did the distance in an hour and a-half. Lord Fitzwilliam's. — Lord

Fitzwilliam's. — Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds have been showing excellent sport like their neighbours, and just before the frost they had a real good day from Fourdoles. They found in Wood's Gorse, and after an ineffectual attempt to get away in the direction of Micklebring, the fox ran parallel to Rotherham Road, and then crossed it and ran on to Silver Wood. Hounds ran

nicely, but were soon on some awkward ground between Black Carr and Dalton Magna, where they twisted about for some time along steep hillsides and over boggy bottoms. Somehow, here they changed foxes, and then they struck new ground, and leaving Dalton Magna on the left, they ran down to Herringthorpe Wood, and through it, crossing the Wickersley Road to the right of the village. They then ran sharply over a nice country by Whiston, and up to within a field or two of Ulley Gorse, where they checked. They hit of the line again into Burnt Wood, through which they ran, and hunted slowly up to Treeton Wood, where scent failed. It was two hours altogether; one hour and forty-five minutes to the check near Ulley. After finding a fox in Moorhen Gorse and then running him to ground, after crossing a couple of fields, they found in Slack's Gorse, and pointed first for Bramley, but turning righthanded they left Newhall Grange on the left, and ran by Thurcroft. Then bending a little to the left they ran by Hooton Levitt, and marked the fox to ground on the Hellaby Hall Farm, owned by Mr. J. E. Morrell. It was a capital forty minutes, finishing in Lord Galway's country.

Ireland.—The memory of the oldest inhabitant cannot recall a pleasanter spell of hunting weather than was enjoyed in Ireland up to the middle of December; they had rain just when it was wanted, and touches of frost at nights sufficed to remove the blindness we heard so much of at first; so as scent even in the driest of the ante-Yuletide time was of the very best, the Sister Isle has been a happy hunting ground.

The Kildare hounds, under their new huntsman, F. Champion, have greatly distinguished themselves,

and the number of long runs, ending generally with the death of the fox, that these hounds have shown, has been remarkable. For example, in the closing week of October they ran a fox from Narraghmore Wood over a great stretch of country in a northeasterly direction till they killed him almost under the walls of Newbridge barracks. This fine run was soon followed by a great gallop of an hour and a-half from Kerdiffstown, when hounds again rolled over their fox. A few days later they ran from Copelands by Cryhelp, and on by Castlemartin to Mr. La Touche's demesne of Harristown, where the fox just got to ground in front of them.

Then we hear of a very fine fox-hunt on the Stradbally Hills, when hounds killed their fox handsomely after most arduous work for two hours; and not long after this came the great run from Tinoran Hill of over twenty miles. when the pack pulled down their fox in Ballynure, after hunting continuously over a great part of Southern Kildare for over three hours: while a fine run also in the southern country from Devie's Gorse to Fonstown must be mentioned among their recent successes; on this occasion they were stopped at dark after hunting for an hour - and - three - quarters. These runs alone would have made the season, so far as it has gone, a good one; but numerous other capital gallops in different parts of the country have fully satisfied the followers of the "Killing Kildares," who have certainly justified their nickname thus early in the season.

The Meath hounds, who have done well since the commencement of the season, recently showed their followers such a number of gallops on six consecutive days as have seldom been crammed into the same space of time before. This wonderful sequence of sport began on Monday, November 27th and continued till Tuesday, December 5th, when they had to content themselves with only one nice gallop of about twenty minutes. Friday, December 1st, was probably the best day of this cheery time, though Saturday ran it close in the opinion of many; but as "The Van" must not be overladen I will let a few details of that day's sport serve as a sample. The meet, a very large one, was at Kilmessan station and Mr. John Watson found his first fox in Kilcarty Gorse and put him to ground at Tribley after a stirring thirty minutes over a capital country. The second fox was found at Galtrim and killed in the open iust beyond Trotter's Gorse, through which he had been driven, after thirty-five of the brightest and best minutes that could be enjoyed over a splendid grass country. Trotter's Gorse supplied the third fox, who gave the run of the day and was just able to gain Kilcarty Gorse with hounds at his brush when it was dusk, so Mr. Watson left him there; this run lasted slightly over fifty minutes, during which time hounds made a six-mile point and covered ten miles.

Lord Huntingdon's hounds. The Ormond, had one very good week, and also a spell of bad luck. By invitation his Lordship brought down his bitch pack to Kilkenny on December 8th, where Mr. Langrishe had the whole of the fine Freshford country stopped for him. meet was at Lisdowney village and there was a great gathering from many different parts of Ireland, Mr. Charters, the master of the E. Galway, being among the number. The weather, however,

was not propitious, being wild, wet, and cold in the extreme, and they did not find till they got to Persse's Gorse, where they soon had at least a brace on foot, and one of these they took down the slopes of the hills to Kilrush over a perfectly ideal line at a most tremendous pace, though the wind was at their backs. Hounds carried a great head and a sheet would have covered them, the enormous fields of light, short, sheep grass never rode better. and the walls were not of appalling height by any means. ran their fox into a drain behind Kilrush House, and then went on to the Punchbowl, but it was too late in the day and the foxes would not leave the huge gorse. So the "dart" from Persse's was all the sport they had, though Lord Huntingdon's pack created a very favourable impression, and the general turn out of hounds, horses and men was much appreciated.

The Carlow and Island hounds had a splendid day's sport in their Graney country on November 21st. A fox from Graney Gorse was promptly run to ground a few fields from the covert, and then a travelling fox from the same covert passed close to them, to which the pack transferred their attentions. He afforded a long slow hunting run of an hour and a - half over a fine grass country to the river Slaney, where he ran them out of scent. But then a rare stout fox from Maplestown took them at a great pace over all the best of the country to a point close to Rathvilly, where he turned, and at the same great pace was run to within a few fields of Davidstown House, but turning up hill he kept the Kildare covert of Hughestown on his left, circled round the hill, and then dropped into the country at the back of Tinoran Hill. The pace continuing very good, there not half-a-dozen people with hounds then, and none of the hunt staff, unless indeed the Hon. Sec. can be included in that body: the fox was viewed close to hounds, but a hare which would cross the line spoiled the finish, and Reynard worked back to Tinoran, hounds being stopped just below the covert after an extra good hunt of an hour and a-half; the country being firstclass and pace excellent till the last ten minutes. Sport, with the exception of this fine run, has been poor in Carlow, but had it not been for the wire which has become too prevalent in the centre of their country, the followers of this pack would have had a capital gallop from Kilnock to Castlemore on December 9th, when hounds were quite alone at times owing to the wire.

The Castlecomer hounds, who made their first appearance in "Baily's Hunting Directory" this year, have, on the other hand, done well, and had among other good things a really first-class run from Uskerty Wood to old Leighlin, and on over the Shankill Hills to Castlewarren Wood, where the fox got to ground in the main earth after running over thirteen miles of country. wild gorses in the neighbourhood of Uskerty have also afforded several good gallops, but a run of forty minutes from Lennans Gorse with a kill in the open near Gracefield is the most satisfactory of the many good things that Mr. Wandesforde has yet had. His neighbours in Kilkenny are having the best of good times, gallops of the liveliest description take place in all parts of the country, and foxes have been mopped up in great style by both packs. The best run Mr.

Langrishe has had this season was from Tory Hill on November 25th, when hounds ran almost dead straight past Knockbrack, where there was just a shadow of a check, for forty-two minutes to Smithstown, where they killed their fox; the country most excellent, sound, and open, without a difficult fence in the line, while the "point" was five and ahalf miles. When the Kilkenny hounds visited the favourite Kilmanagh country in November, they had also a very good day, for hounds raced in the teeth of a gale of wind from upper Killeen for thirty-two minutes, and then had a very good run from Rossmore in the evening, but changed foxes just as their first quarry was dead beat. In the Freshford country they had an hour and five minutes from the Punchbowl, and killed their fox near Kilcooley on November 17th; and on the edge of this Freshford country on the 20th, they had a rare thirty-five minutes with an outlier from a patch of furze near Ballydowell. They ran to Leugh, and from there went over Scart Hill towards Shortall's, but turning ran back to Wellbrook; the pace was very fast and few remained with hounds all through. These hounds had also a good day on November 27th, when they were at Kilfera, and killed their first fox in the open within half a field of the covert at Maiden Hall, after a splitting thirty-two minutes from Warrington Gorse; and followed this up by a steeplechasing eighteen minutes from Whitcrofts to ground. Bishopslough has afforded a good gallop to the Kilkenny hounds, and when they met at Kilfane on December 1st they had a good run from the big wood, of thirty minutes, but failed to account for their fox when he came back

to it; another gallop in the afternoon, which was also good, ended likewise in the big wood of Kilfane.

They drove two foxes from Woodland Holts at Mount Neil and Ballinaboolia Wood in the forenoon of December 2nd, and when they got them away killed them fairly in the open; and then in the evening had a capital thirty minutes from Carrig tubrid. On December 6th they had a capital twenty-six minutes from the famous Davies Gorse, and killed in the open beyond Marsh's Gorse, but had previously run their fox into a shallow crevice in some rocks from which he quickly decamped.

But no pack in Ireland had much better sport than the U.H.C. in Cork until an unfortunate outbreak of distemper confined them to kennel. They were finding foxes in nearly every part of their large country, and accounting for them after really fine runs. It is to be hoped they will soon take the field again.

Sir Anchitel Ashburnham.-Within the short space of eighteen months we have had to lament the loss of two country gentlemen of a particularly fine type. Sir Anchitel Ashburnham in Sussex, and Sir William Welby Gregory in Lincolnshire. We name them together because although they lived in counties which differ from one another in almost every respect, there was a great similarity in their lives, and each was a worthy representative of that class of English gentleman which has given so many bold explorers, heroic soldiers and sound administrators to the country. Ashburnham, whose Anchitel death has caused a sorrow deeper than would be felt at the loss of many more notable persons, was born to the life and duties of a

country gentleman. Hardly any lot is happier than this, few are more really serviceable to the country. The work of such, unnoticed in their lifetime by any save their neighbours, is seen in its true greatness when the gap they leave in local government and county interests is rightly estimated. To the readers of BAILY the name of Sir Anchitel Ashburnham is familiar as the mainstay of one of those provincial hunts which carry on the national sport under great difficulties, but at the same time are a source of health and pleasure to hundreds. What the East Sussex owes to him it would take more space than this short tribute to his memory may occupy to describe. But, keen sportsman as he was, and great as were his services to hunting, they gain greater value from the faithful and able manner in which his other duties were performed. Sir Anchitel never stood aloof from the interests of the county. He strove as magistrate, guardian, perhaps most of all as sympathetic friend and adviser, to help all Sussex men of whatever class. All loved and trusted him. whether labourer, farmer, or land-Sir Anchitel Ashburnham was the eighth baronet of a line which in Church, State, or has always served the monarch and the country. brother's name is well known as that of a gallant and able soldier. and he has a son serving in that now distinguished corps, the Natal Carbineers. The memory of such men does not soon pass away, and their example lives after them, for it moves others to walk in their footsteps, and to be, like them, devoted to duty and to sport, to county and to country. Such memories and examples help to form the best type of manly, serious, sober Englishmen, the

true sportsman because the true gentleman.

The Christmas Shows.—There is not, I think, much that is new. to be said about the principal Christmas Shows of fat stock, for they move in the same orbit year after year, and while a start is always made at Norwich about the middle of November, the edifice is crowned at Islington, three weeks later, the most important of the intermediate shows being at Birmingham and Edinburgh. This was the order observed last year, and it may, I think, with perfect fairness be said that the shows in question were all well up to the average in point of excellence, and that they afforded an infinite amount of pleasure to a great many people, judging by the crowds which gathered to visit them. The Norwich though the smallest of the four referred to above, had the advantage of being the first, while the quality of the stock exhibited there is always of a very high It was notably so the order. other day, for Her Majesty's Hereford steer which took the championship in the section for cattle, was destined to carry all before him at Birmingham and Islington, while Mr. Learner's crossbred also gained fresh laurels at these two shows, being, in fact, reserve for the Islington Championship. The Prince of Wales. who is a tower of strength to the Norwich Show, had the satisfaction of winning with his Southdowns, and the Duke of York's Red Polls did not go empty away.

A week after the Norwich Show closed its gates, many of the exhibits, and not a few of the visitors, met again at Birmingham, where, contrary to custom, it neither rained nor snowed on the judging day, and there was

much of interest to see in Bingley Hall, notably the pigs, which, owing to the prevalence of disease, had been strangers to Birmingham for several years. The Birmingham Show was, of course, a much larger one than that at Norwich, and if Lord Rosebery, who had been so successful there two and three years ago, reserved himself wholly for Edinburgh and Islington, the Scottish breeders and feeders were by no means badly represented, Lord Strathmore, who has more than once won the highest honours there with his Polled Angus cattle, and Sir William Gordon-Cumming being Lord Strathvery successful. more's heifer, Victoria of Glamis, was, in fact so much liked that many good judges thought she might win the Championship, but she met more than her match, good though she was, in the Queen's Hereford, who, continuing his victorious career, won all the prizes open to him, including the three Challenge Cups, which are a feature of the Birmingham Show. There was, as usual, a good display of Herefords thereso good that Lord Coventry could not quite get into the first three and it is satisfactory to know that the great Midland Show, always a well managed one, attracted more visitors than usual and was in every way a success.

Between this and the Show of the Smithfield Club, a very good collection of Scotch exhibits had been seen at Edinburgh, where Lord Rosebery won the Championship with a cross-bred (Shorthorn and Aberdeen-Angus) heifer, who, it was anticipated, would be the most formidable opponent of the Queen's Hereford for the highest honours of the week and season. The Smithfield Club Show was rather below the average in point of

numbers, but the decrease was not sufficient to diminish competition, especially as the quality was undeniably high, and it may be added that special interest attached to it on this occasion, as the system of single judging was applied for the first time. No doubt can be felt as to its being a complete success, for while much time was gained, the results commanded general acquiescence, and the only point upon which there was a difference of opinion was whether it might not be well to have three judges for the champion prizes in which animals of different breeds com-The Queen's Hereford steer came on from Birmingham, having lost some little flesh in the process, but he was not worse off in this respect than the others, and he again took first prize as the best in his class, the cup as the best of his breed, and the £50 cup as the best of his sex. In the meanwhile, the cross-bred heifer from Dalmeny had been put out of court by failing to win a prize in her class, and the best heifer was Mr. Learner's cross-bred (Shorthorn and Angus) which had been beaten by the Queen's Hereford at Norwich, and had again to succumb to the white-faced steer, who thus established a "record" by winning the Championship at all three shows. This is the fifth time that the Islington Championship has been won by Her Majesty, but the four previous winners were Shorthorns, and it is fifteen vears since a Hereford has gained this distinction. steer, it may be added, secured prizes to the value of about £850, of which about £300 was in specie, in the course of a fortnight, and he was sold for 150 guineas to a Welsh butcher, who, no doubt, expects "to see his money back" in one form or another. The Prince of Wales, who never misses a Smithfield Show, if he can possibly avoid it, came up from Sandringham in time to see the Championship awarded, having himself been a very successful exhibitor in several sections, and previous to making his tour of inspection he had lunched with Sir Walter Gilbey and the principal officials, and had presented a testimonial to the Rev. W. H. Barlow, Vicar of Islington, who has for many vears conducted the service for the herdsmen on the Sunday evening. The Prince came very near to winning the Championship for sheep with his Southdowns, but they were beaten into second place by Lord Ellesmere, whose pen of Suffolks gained a victory which had never before been won by sheep of this breed, so rapidly growing in popularity. The Prince was also a successful exhibitor in pigs, but the "carcase" competition was not what it should have been or might be, whereas the display of table poultry, if not equal in numbers to what it has been on some previous occasions, was so good in quality and testified to such an improvement in method of fattening and dressing birds, that Sir Walter Gilbey and those who had co-operated with him in this good work, had their A more workmanlike President than Lord Winterton. the Smithfield Club has rarely, if ever, had, as he proved by his management of a rather stormy meeting to which the new rules were submitted for confirmation, and he hands over the reins of office to the capable hands of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who will occupy the chair to which Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild would have succeeded, but for

his sudden death, immediately after he had been appointed President-Elect a twelvemonth ago. It was fitting, too, that Lord Rosebery should have been asked to succeed "Mr. Leopold," and the Lord of Dalmeny will, no doubt, endeavour to send something "extra special" for the year of his Presidency.

Sport at the Universities.— It is an axiom that retrospect, to be palatable to the medium and caviare to the public, altogether unclouded—even sunny. Lent term is now over, and happily—from a titular point of view-nothing but honeyed words can be spoken thereof. High promise has been shown by Light and Dark Blues alike in every department of sport and pastime. As we stated last month, Lent term procedure is mainly preparatory and educa-tional. Only two inter-'Varsity competitions are decided before Christmas, and both these fell out exactly as we anticipated. Originated in 1880 only once since that date have the Cantabs evinced such overwhelming superiority in cross-country fray as this year. As in 1897 they got all their men home before the Oxonians, and won by 25 points, the highest possible margin. C. E. Pumphrey (Christ's) finished actually first in the fine time of 45 min. 49% sec. Athletes proper have also been fairly busy, Messrs. Workman, Cockshott, Horne, &c. (Cambridge), and Garnier, Gullick, Clark, &c. (Oxford), having all given a foretaste of later excellence at various distances. wisely, however, festina lente bas the motto of the "Old Blues" so far, who have so many and important engagements before To general regret the Australasian team have abandoned their proposed trip to England

next summer, but negotiations for another Anglo-American tussle in New York are still going on. Both the English University clubs favour the Easter date, and, in the event of divers academical difficulties being overcome, this will doubtless be arranged. Up to date nothing definite has been decided.

The first stage of practice and preparation for the great "Water Derby of the Year" concluded with the respective trial eights on December 2nd. Rarely have two finer Cambridge crews been in opposition at Ely, or a more exciting race and sensational finish witnessed! Stroked by G. M. Maitland (Marlborough and First Trinity) and S. P. Cockerell (Eton and Third Trinity), the crews were never really separated, the first named just winning by half a length in the very fast time of 15 min. 58½ sec. Collectively, a capital exposition was given throughout. No glaring faults were evinced, and (by common consent) both combinations were well above the average. vidually, Messrs. Maitland, Taylor, Ford, Reynolds (No. 1 crew), and Cockerell, Brooke, Young, Parker, St. Aubyn (No. 2 crew), all rowed hard and well from start to finish. With six "Old Blues" to fall back upon, viz., Messrs. Goldie, Dudley-Ward, Sanderson, Gibbon, Chapman, and Payne, the Cantab outlook for 1900 is uncommonly rosy. The Oxonian crews at Moulsford were hardly so classy, albeit fairly average. Quite as uniformly powerful as of recent years, both swung very steadily, reached out well, and, on the whole, rowed their stroke hard through to the finish with excellent leg-work. Collectively, however, the exposition was not so harmonious as that of the Cantabs. As combinations they suf-

fered by comparison. Moreover, a laboured ugliness was observable about the rowing of more than one member of the crews, of which No. 2 was palpably superior. This spoilt the race somewhat, C. P. Rowley's combination winning "anyhow" in 11 min.—very poor time! Happily, individual merit and not actual victory is the prime object of these Isthmian Outside the two strokes, Messrs. Thornhill, Hale, Lord Grimston, R. Bayly (No. 1 crew), and Marsdon, Steel, Kittermaster, Lambert (No. 2 crew), all shaped in promising fashion. Up-to-date prospects certainly favour the idea of another Cantab victory next March; yet President Warre (Oxford) will have some fine oarsmen to rely upon. Several "Old Blues" are available again, viz., Messrs. Warre, Tomkinson, Johnston, Hale, Steel, &c.; but whether they will be all called upon is another story! It is the general opinion (with which we agree) that a new strain of blood would advisable — especially events of 1898-99.

"The football play" has been actively pursued by Light and Dark Blues with characteristic vigour since our last. So far Oxford appear to hold the whip hand in the Association game.

Golf.—Consideration of the golf of 1899 brings to light no new player, either of the amateur or professional class. All the great competitions of the year were won by men who have long been before At Prestwick, where the public. the Amateur Championship was played for, there was a great array of new names, but these names very quickly disappeared, and the final round consisted of a magnificent match between the two rivals, Mr. John Ball, jun., and Mr. F. G. Tait, both of whom, in spite of their ever fresh

courage and unfailing prowess, must be described as of the veteran class. The Open Championship at Sandwich was won by the invincible Harry Vardon, who seems to be almost as far ahead of all others now as he was when he first came into fame three or four years ago. And even when one goes past the name of Vardon one finds nothing but familiar names, for Jack White was second in the competition, Andrew Kirkaldy third, J. H. Taylor fourth, James Braid fifth, Willie Fernie sixth, Mr. F. G. Tait seventh, and so on. In the case of the Irish Open Championship, the winner was Mr. John Ball, junr., who had for his opponent in the final match Mr. J. M. Williamson, Royal Musselburgh Club, who has been playing good golf since the days of Tommy Morris, while the Irishborn Championship went to Mr. Harold E. Reade, Royal Belfast Club, who has been prominent in the competition ever since it was started. The St. George's Vase, regarded by many authorities as the competition next in importance to the Amateur Championship, was won by Mr. F. G. Tait, a success which no doubt afforded this player some consolation for his defeat in the final at Prestwick. Taking another of the big competitions of the year, that for the Brancaster Cup, there is the victory of Mr. Horace Hutchinson to record. The St. Andrews Medal Days occasionally show us a new player, but they did not do so this year, and even in the case of the two handicap competitions of the Club, the winner of the Calcutta Cup was Mr. F. G. Tait, and of the Jubilee Vase Mr. H. C. Ellis, the latter being one of the best known and most successful of the University players.

A Sporting Picture.—Messrs. Leggatt Bros. publish an engraving of Mr. Richard Brock's clever picture "A Generous Offer," a work which will appeal to the sympathies of all hunting men. It shows a sportsman with smashed hat and muddy attire making the best of his way home on foot along a miry lane; to him enter an ancient yokel riding one of his plough horses, and—the unconscious irony of it!-offers a seat on the other to the unfortunate sportsman. The attitude of the old fellow sitting sideways on the horse with hunched back, one hand on the hames the other cordially indicating the spare horse, is admirable; and not less clever is the astonished scowl of the sportsman, who evidently thinks the old ploughman is poking fun at him. Mr. Brock has carried out a very happy idea with the happiest results. There is real humour in the situation, and yet our sympathy goes out at once to a man in the position a good many of us have on occasion occupied ourselves; for is not the contrast between his air and carriage, dirt notwithstanding, and the jaded plough-horse so kindly, or cruelly, placed at his disposal to ride home the perfection, in its way, of incongruity? hundred impressions only are to be published.

^{*&}quot;A Generous Offer." By Richard Brock-Leggatt Bros., 62, Cheapside, E.C.)

Sporting Intelligence.

[During November—December, 1899.]

CLORANE, by Castlereagh, dam May Girl, by Victor, dam May Day, by Uncas, died at Foxhill Stud Farm November 21st. Clorane will be remembered chiefly for his great finish with Victor Wild in the Royal Hunt Cup of 1895: the following year he won the Lincolnshire Handicap, carrying 9st. 4lb., the biggest weight ever carried by a winner of that race.

The meet of Major Robertson-Aikman's harriers on November 25th afforded opportunity for the presentation to that gentleman of his portrait painted in oils, and subscribed for by members and friends of the hunt on the occasion of his marriage.

Mr. John Lawrence, of Caerleon, the master of the Llangibby Hounds, celebrated his ninety-second birthday on November 26th.

During the week ending December 2nd Lord Wimborne, together with Lord Powis, Lord Malmesbury, Mr. White Ridley, Mr. Scott Montagu, Mr. Rice, and Mr. lvor Guest had three days' shooting at Canford Manor, and killed 2,973 pheasants, besides other game.

The fourteenth Newmarket December sales commenced on Monday, the 4th, before a large company. Several horses, the property of Senor Alvares, changed hands: Mr. Kincaid purchased a bay twoyear-old colt by Saraband, dam Gaillardia, for 600 gs., and also another two-year-old colt by Fernandez – The Blythe, at 380 gs. Competition was brisk for Mr. Abe Baily's lot, and all sold. Mr. P. P. Gilpin gave 1,400 gs. for Mount Prospect, chestnut. 5 years, by Gallinule-Gretchen; North Crawley made 500 gs, from Mr. W. Cooper; Mr. R. Marsh paid 520 gs. for Horton, a two-year-old by Hawkstone; Red Robber, a chestnut two-year-old by Enthusiast, went to Mr. J. G. Mosenthal at 410 gs.: Captain M. Hughes bought Sir James Miller's Galashiels, by Galopin, for 410 gs. Three mares by Springfield, the property of Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, attracted considerable attention, and sold as follows: - Hazy, Baron Grisewald, 500 gs.; Doonbrae, Mr. J. G. Mosenthal, 510 gs.; Sumac, Mr. J. Porter, 520 gs.

Continued on Tuesday, the 5th, interest centred on the animals entered by the executors of the late Mr. John Gretton. A number of these were knocked down to Mr. John Porter, who was buying for Mr. F. Gretton, a son of the late owner. The best price for brood mares was 1,700 gs.,

which Captain Baird gave for Lesbos, foaled 1892, by Royal Hampton, and covered by Florizel II.; Count Lehndorff paid 1,150 gs. for Gold Dream, by Bend Or; Sir J. Blundell Maple purchased Galata, by Galopin, for 1,000 gs., and also Mereden, by Hampton, for 800 gs.; Rosalia, by Fernandez, went to Mr. W. V. Olver at 530 gs. Foals made up to 430 gs., Mr. John Porter securing a chestnut colt by Rightaway at that figure; Mr. Ralph Sneyd took a colt by Ayrshire and a bay by St. Serf at 300 gs. and 210 gs. respectively. Yearlings went up to 660 gs., a brown colt by Rightaway going to Mr. Porter, the same buyer securing a chestnut by Donovan at 417 gs., and a brown by Miguel at 260 gs. Two two-year-olds, both by Miguel, were sold, the Aurora colt to Mr. P. P. Gilpin, after brisk biddings made 2,000 gs., and Mr. C. Morbey took the one out of Petra at 380 gs. The properties realised £12,386.

Mr. J. Baird Hay sold the four-year-old Gyp, to Mr. C. Morbey for 1,000 gs.; Mr. J. G. Walker's Hampton mare Lettice made 860 gs. from M. E. Blanc; Rose d'Amour was purchased by Count Lehndorff for 1,500 gs. From Mr. Douglas Baird's lot, M. Michel Ephrussi purchased Brio for 1,450 gs., and Sir Blundell Maple secured Cimica at 2,400 gs. Mr. F. W. Day bought Corblets Bay of Mr. P. C. Patton for 1,650 gs.

Wednesday's sale included the Oaks winner Airs and Graces, which went to M. E. Blanc for 3,000 gs., after a lot of competition. Mr. Fairie's well-known horse Eager was purchased by Mr. Gilpin for 3,500 gs., the same owner's Chubb going to Mr. J. Hammond at 1,000 gs. Of Mr. James Lowther's mares, the highest price was 420 gs. paid by Mr. Beddington for Queensgate. From the lot sent up by Captain Fife Count Lehndorff secured Unorna at 1,650 gs., and Sir J. B. Maple Happy Return at 900 gs. Mr. F. Lus-combe's Lady Flippant made 1,050 gs. from Count Lehndorff; Blue Tint 1,100 gs., and Toll Gate 730 gs., both going to Count Szapary. Mr. B. Cloete gave 800 gs. for the Galopin mare Chinkara from the Sandringham Stud; two mares from the Duke of Portland's Stud made four figures-Concertina, Mr. W. Cooper, 1,550 gs., and Alt-na-Ben, Sir J. Blundell Maple, 1,000 gs.

Mr. Thomas Phillips' mares attracted considerable competition on Thursday.

Morning, by Kendal, made 1,100 gs., M. Caillant buying, and Mr. T. Jennings paid 800 gs. for Queen Rose; Mr. W. Johnston gave 820 gs. for Hampton Figlia, her bay colt foal by St. Florian making 610 gs. from Mr. Ralph Sneyd. Mr. J. McIntyre secured Ravensbourne at 1,500 gs. and her colt foal by Kendal at 510 gs. Considerable interest attached to the properties of the late Mr. Robert Peck and Mrs. Peck, which were sold without reserve, with the exception of Janissary. The mares and young stock did not make large prices; Janissary did not reach his reserve. Lord Savile purchased El Diablo at 450 gs., and Mr. C. J. Gibson got Perigord at 560 gs. Another sire was sold, Mr. A. W. Merry's Surefoot, which went to the Prince d'Arenberg at 710 gs.

On Friday Sir S. Scott's History, sold to Count Szapıry for 1,500 gs.; Lord Penrhyn purchased Mr. Drage's gelding, by Weaver—Wild Rose, at 1,300 gs., the same owner making 410 gs. for Brampton.

Mr. Albert H. Hornby, son of the famous cricketer, Mr. A. N. Hornby, and himself a brilliant batsman, experienced a nasty fall and sustained a broken rib while hunting with the South Cheshire Hounds on December 5th.

Mr. Tom Stevens, the trainer, died at his residence, Chilton, Berkshire, on December 6th.

Mr. E. W. Greene, M.S.H., of Nether Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, met with a serious accident when out hunting with his staghounds on December 8th. His horse fell at a fence, and he was thrown over the animal's head, sustaining a fracture of some ribs and injury to his side.

The death occurred on December 9th of Mr. C. S. Ward, one of the most famous of four-in-hand coachmen. Mr. Ward, who was born November 10th, 1810, was therefore in his ninetieth year.

The following resolution was adopted at a meeting held in the Town Hall, Tuam, on December 9th:—"That, having learned with very great pleasure from the hon. sec. that forty-six and a half couples of foxhounds had been immediately given to Mr. Lewin by masters of hounds both in England and Ireland, in consequence of the late unfortunate destruction of Mr. Lewin's entire pack through rabies, we hereby tender our best thanks to the masters who so generously contributed to the formation of a new and better pack."

The masters who contributed were: Duke of Sutherland, Duke of Leeds, Marquis of Zetland, Earl of Huntingdon, Messrs. Richard Fort, A. Brassey, A. Buckley, P. Maynard, Lieut.-Col. Henry

De Robeck, Messrs. G. W. FitzWilliam, N. C. Cockburn, Col. J. H. G. Holroyd Smyth, Capt. Pryse, Messrs. F. T. Poyser, C. Heseltine, P. C. Sherbrooke, T. C. Garth, C. D. Seymour, J. Hargreaves, E. F. Kelly, E. W. Dunne, E. S. Bowlbey, L. J. W. Arkwright, P. J. Browne, T. F. Harrison, and C. J. Part.

The most successful sire of the season 1899 is Orme, whose stock have won £46,678. The American horse Sensation since dead), by Learnington, stands second with £20,051; St. Simon is third with £17,285; Royal Hampton follows with £13,693; Donovan, £11,192; St. Serf, £10,598. Hampton just misses five figures, being credited with £9,990.

In prefacing the list of winning sires for 1899, Horse and Hound says:—"As last year, the great line of Birdcatcher heads the list, and of those sires which appear in the return below, fifty-three are descended from him in male tail, their collective winnings amounting to £172,732; in 1898 it came to £175,665. The two other greatest male families now are Touchstone, who comes second with forty representatives winning £101,002, and Blacklock, whose thirty descendants have captured £96,606. Last year Blacklock stood second with £109,214, as against Touchstone's £99,543."

The Duke of Westminster heads the list of winning owners for the past season, having won in stakes £43.965, of which sum £37,415 stands to the credit of Flying Fox. Lord William Beresford comes a close second, with winnings amounting to £42,736. The other owners to run into five figures are Sir R. Waldie Griffith, £14,805; Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, £11,444; and Mr. Arthur James, £10,655. For the four previous years Mr. de Rothschild has headed the list, and his collective winnings during that period amounted to £115,267.

At Rufford Abbey, Notts, Lord Savile's shooting-party of eight guns killed 2,400 head of game in three days, the bag including 2,400 pheasants and 307 partridges.

A party of eight guns enjoyed three days excellent sport at the Earl of Ellesmere's Lancashire seat, Worsley Hall, getting 2,630 pheasants, 1,758 rabbits, 152 wild duck, 110 hares, 12 woodcock, 7 partridges, 4 snipe, 2 grouse, and 5 various—a total of 4,680 head; on the last day there were only six guns.

Mr. Albert Brassey, master of the Heythrop Hounds, and party, shot over the Dog Kennels Wood, Ditchley, and the Henley Nap Coverts, during the last week of November. The following bags were made:-Pheasants 500, woodcock 2, hares 30, rabbits 604, total 1,136; Wednesday, pheasants 320, woodcock 1, hares 15, partridges 1, rabbits 318, various 2, total 657. Five foxes were disturbed by the beaters.

The members of the West Surrey Stag-hounds entertained Mr. Martin D. Rucker, the late master, to dinner at the Spread Eagle Hotel, Epsom. As a token of the esteem which his efforts to show sport prowoked among the followers, Mr. A. J. Curnick, the present master, asked Mr. Rucker's acceptance of a magnificent silver salver, with massive silver tea and coffee services, together with a handsomely giltmounted address in book form as follows: "Presented to Martin D. Rucker, together with a service of silver, by the members, subscribers and farmers of the West Surrey Stag Hunt, in recognition of the excellent sport shown by him, and the courtesy and urbanity displayed by him during the four seasons of his mastership, 1895-1899, and as a token of esteem."

During the latter part of November two cricketers, both Oxford Blues, passed away. The Rev. Philip Williams, thirty-two years vicar of Rewe, near Exeter, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and for four seasons was a regular member of the eleven. The Rev. A. T. Fortescue, vicar of Stainton, Lincolnshire, played against Cambridge in 1868 and the two following years.

TURF.

WARWICK .- NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 20th.—The Guy Welter Handicap Plate of 190 sovs.; one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. E. Melly's b. f. Miss Tailor, by Orvieto—Dorothy Draggle-tail, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. T. Loates Mr. W. E. Oakeley's b. or br. f. Peseta, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. Wetherell Mr. L. McCreery's b. f. Arroyo,

4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.....N. Robinson 100 to 12 agst. Miss Tailor.

November 21st.—The Warwick Nursery Handicap Plate of 185 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's br. f.

Kiga, by Kilwarlin — Miyano-

shita, 6st. 3lb.G. Sanderson Lord Carnarvon's b. c. Bennipond,

100 to 8 agst. Kiga.

The November Handicap Plate of 465 sovs.; one mile six furlongs. Mr. D. Seymour's b. c. Squire Jack, by Sweetheart — Royal Lady, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. T. Weldon Captain Whitaker's b. h. White Frost, 6 yrs., 7st. 10lb. Allsopp Mr. H. L. Higham's b. h. Foston, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb. Purkiss 7 to 1 agst. Squire Jack.

November 22nd.-Midland Counties' Handicap Plate of 465 sovs.; one mile. Mr. L. Neumann's bl. or br. f. Sirenia, by Gallinule — Concussion, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Rickaby 1 Mr. D. Seymour's b. f. Clare-haven, 3 yrs., 8st. 13lb. T. Weldon 2 Mr. H. M'Calmont's br. c. Argosy, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. ... Dalton 3 7 to 1 agst. Sirenia.

MANCHESTER.—November MEETING.

November 23rd. — The County Welter Handicap of 216 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. F. Bates' b. c. Pastmaster, by Freemason—Bye and Bye, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.Allsopp

Mr. W. Moore's ch. c. Justice Royal, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb. Lynham Mr. T. Holmes' br. g. Queen's Park, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. Lofthouse 100 to 15 agst. Pastmaster.

The Lancaster Nursery Handicap of 436 sovs., for two-year-olds; seven

Mr. J. D. Wardell's b. c. Fabulist,

Mr. A. E. Aston's br. c. Bowmore,

7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.) T. Loates Mr. Wargrave's ch. c. Sweet Sounds, 7st. 2lb.Purkiss 100 to 12 agst. Fabulist.

The Lancashire Handicap of 875 sovs.

Mr. L. Neumann's bl. or br. f. Sirenia, by Gallinule - Concussion, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb. Rickaby Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. h. Kopely, 6 yrs., 6st. 13lb......Heapy

Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c. Vatel, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. T. Loates 100 to 8 agst. Sirenia.

November 25th.—The Manchester November Handicap of 1,375 sovs.; Cup Course (1 mile and 6 furlongs). Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Proclamation, by Hampton—Protocol, 3
yrs., 7st. 7lb.J. T. Sloan
Sir J. Miller's b. c. Invincible II.,
4 yrs., 7st. 3lb.O. Madden
Mr. T. L. Plunkett's br. c. Oppressor, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb. K. Cannon
25 to 1 agst. Proclamation.
The Worsley Nursery Handicap of 182
sovs., for two-year-olds; six furlongs.
Mr. Dobell's b. c. Saxilby, by
Carlton—Koza, 6st. 7lb. J. Reiff
Mr. T. Cannon's b. c. Pantheon,
7st. 4lb............C. Cannon
Mr. E. J. Percy's b. Filly by Glasshampton—Corn Rose, 6st. 10lb.

5 to 1 agst. Saxilby.

NEWMARKET.—Steeplechase Meeting.

November 29th.—The Cheveley Cup (welter flat race) of 240 sovs., for four-year-olds and upwards; the Cup Course, about two miles and a half on the Flat.

Sir J. Miller's b. c. Invincible II., by Begonia—Iroquoise, 4 yrs., 10st. 8lb.................O. Madden 1 M. Michel Ephrussi's ch. h. Yanthis, 5 yrs., 10st. 13lb. Rickaby 2 Mr. Horatio Bottomley's ch. h. Count Schomberg, aged, 10st. 8lb..................D. Read 3 13 to 8 on Invincible II.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—DECEMBER MEETING.

December 1st.—Match: 1,000 sovs.; 200 ft.; four miles, one furlong and 177 yards, on the flat.

Sir J. Thursby's b. or br. h. Palmerston, by Parlington — Palmula, 6 yrs., 10st. Mr. G. Thursby Mr. Archie Gold's br. h. Villiers,

aged, 10st.E. Driscoll 2
6 to 5 on Villiers.
The Grand Annual Hurdle Race

December 2nd.—The Great Sandown Steeplechase (Handicap) of 200 sovs.; about three miles and a half. Captain E. Loder's ch. g. Shaker,

Mr. V. A. Parnell's b. g. True Blue, aged, 9st. 12lb. ...D. Read 5 to 2 agst. Shaker. NOTTINGHAM.—DECEMBER MEETE

December 6th. — The Great Middle Handicap Steeplechase of 405 acce two miles.

Colonel Gallwey's br. g. Hidden Mystery, by Ascetic—Secret, by Cameliard, 5 yrs., 11st. 8lb. Mr. H. Nugent

Mr. J. G. Bulteel's b. g. Drogheda, aged, 12st. 7lb.

G. Williamson, Mr. H. Tunstall-Moore's br. f. Fassciful, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. Anthosy: 8 to 1 agst. Hidden Mystery.

FOOTBALL.

November 16th.—At Queen's Park, Co thians v. Queen's Park, former work 2 goals to 1.†

November 25th.—At Caledonian Par Oxford University v. Casuals, form won by 4 goals to 0.†

November 25th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Richmond, latter won by points to 5.*

November 27th.—At Oxford, the Versity v. West of Scotland, form won by 13 points to 0.*

November 30th.—At Oxford, the Usersity v. Trinity College, Dubliatter won by 8 points to 0.*

December 2nd.—At Oxford, the University. Marlborough Nomads, former with by 8 points to o.*

December 2nd.—At Cambridge, the Use versity v. Dublin University, forms won by 3 tries to 0.*

December 2nd.—At Richmond, Richmond v. Dublin Wanderers, former won 8 points to o.*

December 9th.—At Plymouth, Devon v Somerset, former won by 3 tries to 0. December 9th.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Cardiff, latter won by 3 goals 1 to to 0.*

December 13th.—At Queen's Club, Oxfort v. Cambridge, latter won by 22 point (2 goals and 4 tries) to 0.*

* Under Rugby Rules. † Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

November 16th.—At Nottingham, Notts to Leicester, latter won by 3 goals to Ox November 25th.—At Nottingham, Notts

Cheshire, latter won by 3 goals to o. November 29th.—At Bushey Park, Middle sex v. Hants, former won by 6 goals

November 29th.—At Surbiton, Surrey 1 Kent, drawn, 2 goals each.

RACKETS.

December 9th.—At Queen's Club, Peter Latham v. W. Hawes (received sever aces each game), latter won by games to 2.

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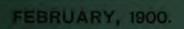


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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 480.

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Steel engraved portrait of THE EARL OF DUDLEY; Portrait of THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER; Engravings of BIG GAME and Spurs.

The Earl of Dudley, M.F.H.

WILLIAM HUMBLE WARD, second Earl of Dudley, was born on May 25th, 1866, and succeeded his father in the title in the year 1885. He was educated at Eton, where he gave promise of making his mark as a cricketer, but having unfortunately sustained an accident to his leg, he was compelled to give up the game in which the members of his family so excelled; for of the five brothers who went to Eton, three at various times were in the eleven and one was in the twenty-two. Soon

after leaving Eton, in 1885-6, Lord Dudley made a yacht voyage round the world, visiting, among other countries, Brazil, the Argentine, Patagonia, Chili and Peru, returning home by Samoa, Taluti and Fiji. During the six months stay in Brazil he took advantage of such opportunities of sport as the country afforded; but those, so far as large game is concerned, are not very great. The jaguar and puma are the only large game to be found in Brazilian territory, and the

former, though often heard, could never in the dense forest be brought to bay. Few men have tried tapir shooting in the fashion approved by the Indian tribes of the Amazons. Lord Dudley, to gratify his native followers, who set high value on the animal's hide, essayed it; but waiting in a canoe until the Indians and dogs had succeeded in driving the harmless creature to water, and then shooting it as it swam, did not commend itself to him as a form of sport. In Argentina and Patagonia he enjoyed a certain amount of rough shooting, both large game and small, the former including puma, huanacao and various species of deer, the latter consisting for the most part of snipe and different species of duck.

The most memorable shoot of an exceedingly interesting tour was one he had on Lake Titicaca, near La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. Titicaca enjoys the distinction of being the highest navigable lake in the New World, lying, as it does, at an altitude of 12,000 feet above sea level; indeed, with the single exception of the Pangong Lake, on the borders of Tibet, which lies 14,000 feet above the sea, Titicaca is the highest navigable lake in the world. On this lake, in one day's shooting from a boat, Lord Dudley bagged three hundred head of duck to his own gun, and would have got more had his cartridges not been exhausted. As may be supposed, the magnitude of the visitor's bag made a profound impression on the natives. Captain Hedworth Lambton, when commanding H. M. S. Warspite, happened to be in that region some seven years later, and was regaled with full particulars of an achievement that was still fresh in the local mind. It was the "record" bag for Titicaca, and in all human probability will long remain so.

Lord Dudley is one who has played "the game all round." Until five or six years ago he was an enthusiastic polo player, and was regular in his attendance at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, of which latter club, by the way, he is now president. " Nimble," mention of whose name was ever sure to draw an outburst of eulogy from that sound judge, the late Mr. Moray Brown, was the best pony Lord Dudley ever owned; he bought her at Tattersall's, for 400 guineas, a very high price for a polo pony at that time. Nimble is a striking exception to the rule that a pony's active polo career is a short one, for she is still played by the Hon. Reginald Ward.

In connection with the Turf, Cloister naturally occurs to the mind. Lord Dudley was part owner of Cloister with the present Lord Cowley, when that good horse ran second for the Grand National. Other good 'chasers he has owned were Cathal, The Tramp and Royal Meath, the last of which broke down at Sandown before his engagement in the Grand National. Kilworth won many 'chases for his lordship, who had two more good ones in The Sikh and Brave. He has taken more interest in steeplechasing than flat racing, but has owned one or two smart horses; Fullerton, for example, who won the City and Suburban in 1888, and was also first past the post for the Ayrshire Handicap, but was disqualified owing to an error in entering. Formidable was a mare that gave promise of making a great name for herself; she held her own well among the two-year-olds of her year, and it was a season when such good ones as Semolina, Haume, Signorina and Riviera made their debât. Unfortunately, Formidable became a roarer before she was called upon to fulfil her three-year-old engagements, and the Turf knew her no more.

Lord Dudley enjoys every form of shooting, with the exception of pheasant-shooting, to which he is For three or four not partial. years he had the Invermark Forest and grouse moors with the late Lord Hindlip; in one season, 1895, he grassed no fewer than forty stags to his own rifle as it is a "seventy stag" forest it will be admitted that the bag was a good one. By a curious coincidence the previous record for Invermark by one rifle twenty-seven stags — was made by Lord Dudley's grandfather about the end of the sixties. is fond of salmon fishing, and last year had good sport on the Spey with the Duke of Richmond on the Gordon Castle water, and also on the Stanley reach of the Tay, which lies just below the famous Stobhall water.

When Mr. Frederick Ames retired from the mastership of the Worcestershire Hounds in 1896 -after his second term of office. which covered eighteen seasons Lord Dudley succeeded him, and has held the reins since, assisted by the late Captain J. O. Trotter as field master. He takes personal interest in hound breeding, and by using the best obtainable blood is continuing the policy of improvement initiated and carried out with so much success by his predecessor. Mr. Frederick Ames made a special study of hound breeding, and the Worcestershire pack owe a great deal to his sound judgment. The Warwickshire Hermit has been much used in recent years, and the present season's entry included 24

couple by the Grafton Pageant. Honesty and Harriet, 4-season hounds, by the Quorn Harper, and Rusticus and Rutland, 3-season hounds, by the Belvoir Rusticus, are among the best of the pack.

As a yachtsman Lord Dudley has had his share of success. The best boats have been that smart 5-rater Dacia, which won many prizes in the Solent in 1892 and 1893, and the 20-rater Inyoni (Zulu for "swallow"), with which he won no fewer than twenty-nine or thirty prizes (firsts, seconds and thirds) in each of the three seasons he raced her. The prize to which the Earl perhaps attaches most value is the Cup which Mr. Hill offered for competition by 20-raters to be steered by their owners at Ryde Regatta. The Inyoni was entered for the race; but Lord Dudley happening to be in Norway at the time, Lady Dudley applied for, and received, permission to take his place at the The countess steered the tiller. yacht to victory, beating a fleet of seven or eight starters. In the following year, 1895, the Inyoni was again entered, and, steered by her owner, won for the second time, making the Cup Lord Dudley's absolute property according to the conditions of the gift.

Among pastimes, golf is the game which claims most of Lord Dudley's attention. He belongs to the St. Andrews Club, to the Hon. Society of Edinburgh Golfers, the Royal Cinque Ports and numberless other clubs; but perhaps the Byfleet see him more frequently than any other, as he owns a small house close to the links, to which he is in the habit of resorting in summer to play a round or two in the evenings. He can hold his own among good players. In 1880, at St. Andrews on medal day he tied for the merely growling lion. That phase of our history, although it was happening only yesterday, has passed like a dream and gone; now some 150,000 of our best and bravest have hastened to the fray, and sport has been swallowed up in war.

Sport and war! Were there ever two such incongruous-yes, apparently incongruous—occupations found side by side? yet I claim for sport, and trust that I shall carry with me the majority of your readers, that it is destined to play no inconsiderable part in the reality of this war. We are indebted to Punch for the farcical side of the picture, where the young subaltern recently joined goes up to his colonel and suggests that he should take his golf-sticks with him, as the veldt must be capital golfing ground, and he supposes that the fighting will mostly be got through by lunch-time! This young sportsman is but a type of many. troubles will come to him soon enough, but they are not foreseen, not reckoned with, before-The golf-sticks, we opine, will be forgotten ere the first Boer bullet whistles past that gallant young lad, and he will realise the true attributes of a sportsman, not the least of which are to attend to duty, and excel in whatever you undertake in bodily exercise.

The Lion of sport is now thoroughly aroused. From the steps of the Throne, through every grade of the Peerage—aristocracy, democracy, and plebeianism—all are bent on one aim, that of showing their country's will and power to hurl back this invasion, and bring Dutchmen once more into line with our reformed constitutional liberty. What can be better proof of this than the entry of thousands of volunteer

civilians into the fray—their voluntary equipment and enthusiastic sends off? Never in our history have such deeds of selfdenial and chivalry been displayed -and has not sport had its part and lot in all this? I am fain to Where is the boast that it has. sportsman, be he old or young, who can be dubbed a coward? Who is he that cares for the name of sportsman that will shirk the responsibilities thrown upon him to-day? How many of us are giving up our positions M.F.H.'s, the pleasures of hunting, shooting, football, golf and the like, for the stern reality of That is, our sportsmen.

None the less, however, have we, the elder ones, undergone our sacrifices in speeding on those cherished olive-branches, for whom we had weaved more peaceful occupations, and hoped to see enjoy more domestic happiness. They, our sons, are sustained by a noble ambition, while we in our declining years seem to feel more acutely the weight of coming events.

Above and beyond this I know of nothing that has stirred the hearts of sportsmen so much as the brotherly love of our sportsmen in far-off colonies—the Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, who have been prompted to throw in their lot with us in this war. It has been well said that sportsmen are brothers all the world over, and what is now happening in so remarkable a manner speaks more eloquently than ever of the grand effects which have attended the sending forth during the last century of some of our best sporting blood to seek their fortunes in our Colo-For there their sporting instincts have been fostered and rendered keener, while their constitutions have been strengthened by hard work and rougher experiences. In this, indeed, Great Britain has cause to be thankful that she has not discouraged the sporting instincts of her population. Where, indeed, is there any other nation that could make a similar boast?

It is beyond the range of your pages to speak of rifles and guns, except to say of these essentials that length of range, lightness, and adaptability to circumstances, should be their primary and supreme requirements. If you put the best man on a horse, and over-weight him when there, you cripple his efficiency. Let us hear no more of the enormously heavy military saddles, of accoutrements, so called, for superblyturned out cavalry, of pipeclay and steels, of polished boots, and of helmets and breast-plates, only fitted for the tournaments of old. They may be lovely to look upon for cockneys and foreigners on the Horse Guard parade, but we sportsmen know only too well how crushing is twenty stone in the saddle, when a horse has for long hours to endure it, and how surely thus quickness and dash is lost to us.

Perhaps as an amateur I have no right thus to criticise, but I confess to a keen sense of pity, almost amounting to pain, when I see the poor gunners, perched beside their guns, as their battery is rushed along over all sorts of ground, with so little for them to hold on by, and jolted on those antiquated springless gun carriages, until the very life seems to be shaken out of them. told that many suffer materially from this service, and I cannot believe but that modern science could relieve them.

And now let us cursorily look at some of the lessons (and they

are many) that this war is bringing home to sportsmen in particular. First we have the pleasure of finding that our hitherto most maligned and neglected force outside the regular Army has been not only recognised, but is about to be made the means of doing a great deal towards turning defeat The Yeomanry into victory. have come to the front. Our fine young yeomen have at last had the opportunity afforded them of showing their mettle. In riding and shooting, in pluck and determination, they should have few compeers. And there is no doubt that practice and experience will effect immeasurable improvement in this force of ten thousand picked sportsmen. They ought to be able to play the game on like tactics with the Boers, which seems to be one of the chief requirements of the war. That we shall miss them both in the hunting field, in sports of every kind, on their farms, and in the markets, is certain, but our hearts will be with them, and they will know how proud their brothers and sisters left at home feel for their pluck and determination to serve their country at this crisis.

Nothing less can be said in praise of our Volunteers and Militia, who also will ere long swell the army with which our enemies will have to contend.

It is clear that our horse supply will be severely taxed to meet the demands of the cavalry and mounted infantry that we have discovered to be essential to the safety of our armies, for have not the Boers taught us a lesson in mobility? This will, I trust, give a wholesome impetus to the breeding and rearing of useful strong and active horses in this country—a practice which, in spite of the efforts of societies for their encouragement, and the

money lavished on shows for their betterment, was never in my recollection so little really regarded as now. It has never been our practice, nor do I think it will be in future, as in France and Germany, for the Government to give active help by way of bounty to horse breeding, yet I quite believe that much aid may be given by the authorities at the War Office in extending their purchases in country districts, and offering a small bounty to farmers annually for the call of horses This would only when required. be extending the system, which has now been found to work so well with the M.F.H.'s and the London 'bus horses. In spite of bicycles and motor cars, horses will always be the backbone of our motive power both in peace and war.

Some two or more years ago I ventured to advocate in your pages the formation of a Liliputian corps of cavalry — light men on ponies, that could be easily re-mounted in any country, and at home would, mounted on polo ponies, be the smartest corps in the Army. Little did I then think of this coming great war, and the practical necessity for such a regiment, which now Why has not such a exists. suggestion been made to the War Office? or why indeed has not the War Office itself initiated the movement? There happens to be at present a plethora of polo ponies in this country, owing to so many players having had to desert the sport for the war, besides which hundreds of such animals can be, and indeed, are being purchased in South America and India for the war. hundreds of men not exceeding 5 ft. 6 in., and weighing not more than about 11 st., would volunteer for such a service there can be no doubt, and thus the finest light

cavalry in the world could be formed, and become a permanent feature in our Army, destined as it is to see service in almost every corner of the globe. But alas, as a nation, with all our advantages, we move slowly. As a friend remarked to me the other day, "At heart we are the most conservative of nations, and are always antagonistic to trying new ways or fresh means until fairly driven into them."

If you want anything smartly and well, give me a little man for the job. Small men, as a rule, have more self-confidence and activity than the bigger ones, and perhaps I may say the same of the ponies. Look at huntsmen, our jockeys and stable boys, our sailors, and beyond all, our greatest generals. The hero of Waterloo must always be classed as a light weight, and the hero of Candahar, in whom our hopes are now centred, is decidedly a little man, as far as stature is concerned.

It seems to be generally admitted that our cavalry regiments should be increased in our Army May I therefore, as Corps. voicing the opinions of sportsmen, ask for the establishment of a Liliputian regiment, or call it what you like, as a necessity? I have little doubt that when formed it would prove to be the most popular and smartest in the service. To say nothing of the encouragement it would give us to breed the finest ponies in the world —a matter which the Polo Pony Society has already well in hand.

What does Shakespeare say apropos of the many means to our way forward?

As many several ways meet in one town, As many fresh streams run in one self sea, As many lines close in the dial's centre, So many a thousand actions, once a-foot, End in one purpose, and be all well borne, Without defeat.

So many lessons does this war threaten to read us, that we would all fain return to our school days. Perhaps it is wholesome that we should do so. Pride certainly goes before a fall, and our proud boastings have had a rude awakening. habitually ambushed enemy, like blind ditches, has taken terrible toll of our best and bravest. critical neighbours across the channel have found cause to scoff at us, and it is meet that we should meet their taunts with becoming dignity, although, alas, their bitter taste will remain, we fear, long after their authors will wish them forgotten. Alas! too, that sympathy between nations should not be destined to keep pace with civilisation. But, stop my pen, this is not yet the time for such a homily.

The old swing of sport goes on, struggling to make us forget our troubles. Hounds keep their accustomed meets, notwithstanding the many gaps which are only too apparent in the old front ranks.

The entries for the spring handicaps burst upon us as usual, and "the 2 to 1 bar one" will not be quelched at Lincoln or Liverpool! The noble master of Flying Fox has gone from us, a truly sad

event at the close of the year, and with him has gone the hopeful prospects of his high-bred young-sters—a crying shame upon our Turf legislation, as I have often said. How curious that our noble Duke of Westminster should have been taken to his cremation by a Flying Fox?

One word more. There will be a bill to be paid ere Pretoria is reached, and a big one it will be. Cheerfully borne, no doubt, but one word must be whispered in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's ear by "Borderer" - "Do not forget to tax barbed wire." Not content with maining and killing men and horses at home, and well nigh proving the death blow of sport in this country, it has filled up the cup of its devildom in causing the deaths and woundings of hundreds of our gallant countrymen in this war. pay for its misdeeds, for they are many, and its authors have been unduly enriched. It cannot have If it has, let any real friends. them lie low now. For very shame let them eschew this barbarous invention—

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven,
Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick senses.

Borderer.

Natural Fly Preservation.

A PROBLEM IN FISHERY MANAGEMENT.

Among other important problems in fishery management, the question as to how we can best foster and develop our stock of natural flies is likely to claim a large amount of attention in the near future. It is said that for some years past a gradual diminution in the supply of insect life has been going on in some of our trout streams, where formerly there was an abundance. This, of course, is a serious state of things from the dry-fly fisherman's point of view, for, if a river fails to produce an attractive quantum of floating food, our trout and grayling will be less inclined than ever to take

fly at the surface.

Intending lessees of fishery rights would, therefore, be well advised to make special inquiries in the course of their negotiations not only as to the stock of fish, but also as to the stock of insect food in any water they propose to rent. From careful observations have made, extending many seasons and on many rivers, although I admit in some cases the threatening danger, I do not think that there is yet ground for alarm substantial in respect of the best class of chalk streams, which are under proper management. other hand, I am conscious that there are undoubtedly some rivers in the southern and midland counties where the depletion in water insects has arisen from preventable causes, originating perhaps in mismanagement, neglect, or an indifference to the laws which Nature prescribes for the well-being of her offspring. Nor can I ignore the fact that, owing to the pressing needs of the dry-fly man, many streams have been rented, nominally as dry-fly waters, which do not possess the characteristic attributes of such rivers, nor contain the various kinds of insect food ordinarily resident therein.

Anglers who are interested in the fascinating study of riverside entomology, and who are desirous of ascertaining what forms of insect life fall under the category of fish food, can set their doubts at rest by making an autopsy of

the fish they kill.

At times trout and grayling are to all intents and purposes omnivorous, whilst on other occasions they will pick and choose their surface food in truly epicurean fashion. Knowing, therefore, their idiosyncracies, it follows that we should encourage, as far as lies in our power, the propagation of all insects for which trout and grayling show any partiality, or at which they will rise.

A list of the natural flies which may now and again serve as food for fish would necessarily be a long one, but there are certain Orders and Families of water-bred flies which are common to most streams of a

chalky or gravelly nature.

In his "Dry-fly Entomology," Mr. Halford deals with five of these, namely, the family Ephemeridæ (duns and their spinners, may-flies, &c.), the order Trichoptera (caddis flies such as grannom sedges), the family Perlidæ (stone flies, willow flies, &c.), the family Sialidæ (alders),

and the order Diptera (comprising

a large number of genera and

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species, of which the most common are the black gnats, fisherman's curses and smuts). Though many insects of this latter order are aquatic in their larval stages, it is believed that the majority are land bred, but their life history does not seem as yet to have been fully elaborated. The author of the above-named charming work, in speaking of these small dark or black-looking flat-winged insects, states that without fear of contradiction these smuts, fisherman's curses and black gnats, as they are variously styled, are found more often than any other variety of floating food in the stomachs of trout and

grayling. In the light of successful experiments which have been made in establishing grannom and mayflies in rivers where formerly these insects claimed no representation, or perhaps I should say to only a limited extent, a wide field for scientific operations has been opened up. Given adequate protection for the ova and larvæ, and a suitable habitat for these insects in their aquatic stages, there is a practical basis for the introduction on a small scale of many kinds of water flies which are at present comparative strangers to some streams. of our pisciculturists, recognising these possibilities, are making the breeding of fly larvæ part of their regular business. Bearing in mind, however, the hordes of enemies to which these larvæ will be exposed in a natural state, it seems that the work must be undertaken on a wholesale scale to enable the fishery owner to reap any permanent benefits. Undoubtedly a step has been taken in the right direction, and it remains to be seen whether fishery proprietors will wake up, and take advantage of the knowledge we

already possess with a view to further experiments of greater magnitude.

All would - be fly preservers may do something towards restoring a better state of things in their rivers by assisting Nature in her economic arrangements. should not be impracticable for lessees and fishery proprietors to set apart selected carriers and by-streams, not subject to floods, for the express purpose of rearing insect larvæ, and other forms of fish food, which might be transferred at the proper times to the main stream. We have abundant evidence that Nature does not allow even the smallest pool of water to remain untenanted, by aquatic creatures — indeed, Pictet says that the water is more densely populated than Obviously, in our fly the land. preserve we must cultivate the particular kinds of food which the larvæ it is intended Careful consideraraise affect. tion must also be given to the character of the bed of the stream, the quality and quantity of water flowing over it, and the kinds of aquatic plants growing there, before any definite locality is decided upon as a fly preserve. Moreover, it would be necessary to fence against all marauders in the shape of fish and destructive Though we may guard birds. against visible intruders, there are other enemies, too, which will introduce themselves unseen where the weaker prey abounds. Water larvæ such as Dytiscus marginalis (the great water-beetle) and dragon-fly larvæ are formidable cannibals, and these are only two examples which are capable of being largely multiplied. have in mind a model carrier in the south country which would answer admirably the requirements of a fly preserve. In this

stream the water, pure and crystal-like in appearance, runs from two to three feet in depth, and the bed of the carrier is pebbly, with a stratum of chalk and gravel beneath. The aquatic plants are of the best, look clean, and flourish vigorously. There is an inlet hatch communicating with another carrier from which, by intelligent management, an additional stock of larvæ could be drawn for protection.

Foremost in importance amongst those insects which we should endeavour to protect are Ephemeridæ, the various species of which, according to one writer, are considered the sheet anchor of the fly fisherman. Rightly or wrongly, it has always been my conviction that where the larvæ of these flies thrive well, other water-bred insects of all sorts, whether Trichoptera, Sialidæ, or Diptera, will also The flat larvæ (larves flourish. plattes: Pict.) of the family Ephemeridæ are indigenous to rapid stony streams, and are therefore seldom found in the sluggish south-country more waters. The type of these larvæ is the genus *Ecdyurus*, to which the March brown belongs. The other larval forms of the Ephemeridæ, classified by Pictet as larves foursseuses (digging larvæ), larves nageuses (swimming larvæ) larves rampantes (crawling larvæ), are common to chalk and gravel streams, but mayfly larvæ (larves fouisseuses) and blue-winged olive (larves rampantes) are more local in their distribution.

It is said that Ephemeridæ larvæ require a great quantity of food. Some are probably carnivorous, either attacking other larvæ, or subsisting on more minute forms of animal life; others, perhaps, feed on vegetable

matter of a low type such as diatoms.

In my model fly preserve I should expect to find a certain amount of mud, not the dark-coloured slimy mud composed of unwholesome deposits, or accumulations of decayed vegetable matter, but rather that pale, gritty, sandy-coloured detritus in which the mayfly larvæ can freely burrow.

The Rev. A. E. Eaton, in his monograph on the Ephemeridæ, refers thus to the effect of water temperature insect life: on "Besides the influence of flood and drought or constancy of supply, the climate of the water is largely concerned in determining the fitness or unsuitability of a particular site for particular kinds of the Ephemeridæ. knowledge of the water climate needed by a species renders intelligible the limitation of its geographical and local distribution. The temperature of the land springs in a district enables the climate of other water in that neighbourhood to be ascertained readily by comparison with it. If the water of a given site exhibits marked differences in temperature from the standard of the neighbourhood according to the season or time of day, its climate is extreme, and the site cannot be inhabited by species which require relatively cold water."

Pure water is no doubt desirable for successful fly-rearing, but it is a mistake to suppose that Ephemeridæ larvæ cannot exist in slightly sewage-polluted My experience leads streams. me to the conclusion that much depends upon the extent of the pollution. As an example, for many years past the town of Dorchester, on the river Frome, has emptied its sewage into the stream. At first а

amount of deposit resulted, and the water was slightly tinged with the usual slatey colour which is noticeable in streams polluted by sewage. The aquatic vegetation comprised some of the best forms of water plants, and the hatch of duns was at times most satis-Now, however, all is factory. changed. The deposits have increased a hundredfold in volume, the water is a filthy colour, the best kinds of weed have been driven out and supplanted by a vigorous growth of ribbon weed (Sparganium ramosum), which blocks the river. The small hatch of duns, which we see during the spring months, comes, I feel certain, from a stock of larvæ introduced from the drift weed when weed-cutting operations are in progress on the clean bright shallows above the outfall.

As a larder for their food as well as a shelter against their enemies, Ephemeridæ larvæ require plenty of clean healthy water plants in the stream. though Mr. Armistead, of Solway fishery fame, might suggest many as good, I believe no better weeds could be introduced than the "celery" (Apium inundatum), the water starwort (Callitriche aquatica), and the water crowfoot (Ranunculus aquatilis). They all hold a large quantity of insect life, and under control grow vigorously and look healthy.

In order to make the habitat most complete and attractive for insects, it would also be necessary to cultivate rushes, and other riverside plants, besides suitable withies, and trees as a harbour for the flies in the final stages of

their existence.

It cannot be gainsaid that past and present excessive weed-cutting in some rivers, or the cultivation of the wrong class of water plants in others, is largely responsible for the diminution in the supply of our water insects. The emphatic protests against this folly, which have been made by competent authorities, both in and out of print, should have instilled reason into the minds of those responsible for the weed cutting operations. But such is not the Until the shaving down process is finally abandoned, and the system of cutting out the useless vegetation whilst scientifically treating the more valuable, replaces the former order I fear it is useless to things, talk about insect preservation our rivers. We regulate the annual rainfall, we cannot keep a full head of water in the stream by reverting to the old natural methods of drainage, nor, apparently, can we prevent water companies from tapping our springs, but we can apply common-sense principles to the management of our rivers as we find

Many theories have been advanced to explain the reason for the falling off in our fly stock. Overstocking with artificiallybred fish, the effect of continually fishing over trout with the dry fly—thereby driving them through fear to feed on the fly larvæ instead of the fly — and the destruction caused to the larvæ by an alleged increase of eels, are some of the suggested solutions of the problem. It is difficult to trace the mischief to any one source, but I believe overstocking is rare, and we have abundant proof that artificially-bred fish rise to the fly quite as boldly and regularly as the naturally-bred fish.

Happily, if our experiences last spring and autumn on rivers like the Test, Itchen, and Frome may be relied upon as a correct indication of the future, we shall not suffer from a fly famine immediately. The rise of duns, from my own personal knowledge, was on one or two favourable days phenomenal. Still, we must not rest on our oars. There is plenty of good work to be accomplished in the development of our trout fisheries, and none more important than a practical treatment of the fly question.

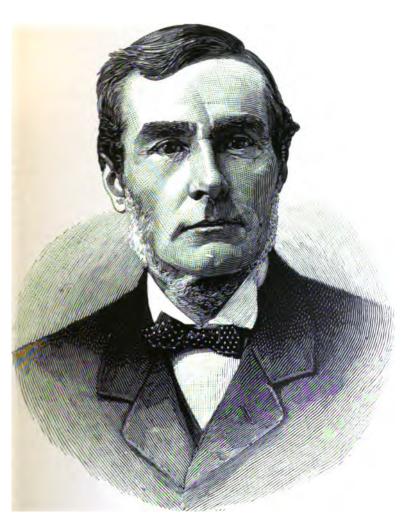
W. H. POPE.

The Late Duke of Westminster.

IT is not too much to say that the death of the Duke of Westminster was a national loss, for not only was he a sportsman of the very first water, but the very type and pattern of the grand seigneur in all his ways and in every action of his busy and well-filled life. This is not the place in which to eulogise, as it deserves, the liberal spirit in which he administered the vast estates which were his by inheritance, and which he did so much to improve, not only for those who were to come after him, but for those who were or less his dependents. generous heart also was always open to relieve distress and to champion the cause of the oppressed in other lands than his own. The good that he did will live after him, and the name of Hugh Lupus, first Duke of Westminster, will be remembered long after those of others who have won almost as much renown as sportsmen have sunk into oblivion.

But if the Duke of Westminster had other interests, family, social and political, to occupy much of his time and thoughts, his was not a nature to do anything by halves, and when, comparatively late in life, he became an active supporter of racing, he threw his whole heart into the formation of a stud worthy of the past glories of the house of Grosvenor, which had been identified with the Turf for more than a century. Earl Grosvenor, the great-grandfather of the duke, won the Oaks three years in succession, and also the Derby three times, while it was his son, created Marquis of Westminster in 1831, who continued the paternal success by winning the Oaks and the Two Thousand Guineas soon after his father's death. It was not, however, until he was much more advanced in life that the first Marquis of Westminster achieved his greatest successes, winning the Oaks with Ghuznee and the St. Leger first with Touchstone (who, as all the world knows, was destined to found a family which entitles him to rank with the greatest sires which have existed in this century), and then with Satirist and Lancelot.

It was in 1834 that Touchstone secured the Doncaster race for Lord Westminster, after whose death, in 1845, the Eaton paddocks were not peopled by many thoroughbreds. It cannot be said, however, that the second Marquis of Westminster neglected breeding altogether, for he generally had a few mares at Eaton, and in 1860 two of them gave birth to colts destined to make names for themselves on the Turf. These were Macaroni and Carnival, and it must be noted, as a curious coin-



THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

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cidence, that they were bought as yearlings by the late Mr. R. C. Naylor, who had recently purchased the late Sir John Massey-Stanley's place at Hooton, which is not far from Eaton, and had brought thither Stockwell, whom he had rescued from the "foreigners" at the late Lord Londers borough's sale; and who was to become, in the fulness of time, the sire of Doncaster, the originator of the Duke of Westminster's racing fortunes.

It was not until 1875—six years after his father's death, and shortly after he had been raised to a dukedom—that he was tempted to pay the unprecedented price of £14,000 for Doncaster, who had won the Derby in 1873, and had, as a five-year-old, secured the Ascot Cup and the Alexandra Plate. Doncaster belonged to Mr. James Merry, who had adopted the yellow jacket and black cap of the Grosvenors, these colours not being then in use, and it is needless to say that he would have surrendered them to the duke, even if he had not been retiring from the Turf, as, unfortunately, failing health compelled him to do. Doncaster was purchased through the intermediary of the late Robert Peck, who had been training for Mr. Merry for several years and remained in charge at Russley for the next six or seven seasons. The critics were all down on Peck for asking such a price, exceeding by a thousand or more what had been paid three years before for another of Stockwell's sons, the beautiful Blair Athol; and it certainly did seem plenty of money, but the result showed that the Duke had made a capital bargain, for, putting aside the mere money value of the prizes won by Doncaster's descendants, we have in a direct line from him Bend Or, Ormonde. Orme, Flying Fox. The mere mention of these four horses in one line is the best testimony that can be offered to the soundness of judgment shown by the duke in paying what was asked of him.

Readers of BAILY will not care for a long narrative of the success —the almost unbroken success which attended the Duke during the four-and-twenty years that he had horses in training, for nearly all the daily and weekly papers, including many of those which do not, as a rule, devote much space to sport, have described in detail his long and honourable career as an owner of thoroughbreds. Begun with Doncaster, this success was immediately followed up by the purchase of several brood mares, which were not long in shedding fresh lustre upon the Eaton pad-Two of these docks. were Clémence, by Newminster, and Rouge Rose, by Thormanby; and it is an old story now how, both having foals by Doncaster, bred respectively Tadcaster and Bend Whether the two foals were actually changed by mistake soon after birth will never, perhaps, be known for certain, but at all events there was no evidence which satisfied the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and it would have been very hard on the Duke to have been deprived of his first Derby because of a technical error by which no one else was prejudiced.

But well as Bend Or did on the turf, his record at the stud was still more brilliant, for in his first season he got Ormonde. And what can be said of him which has not already been written by a hundred pens? To have won sixteen races, worth nearly £30,000, and to have never been nearer defeat than when Minting pressed him at Ascot, these are achievements which will never be forgotten.

Ormonde stamped his name for all time on the annals of the Turf, first by his splendid achievements as a racehorse, and then by getting Orme and through him Flying Fox.

We have necessarily omitted reference to many noted horses which the Duke owned, beginning with Muncaster, who, in Bend Or's year, was within a head of winning the Two Thousand Guineas from the Duke of Beaufort's Petronel, and it is strange that the two dukes should have died within a few months of one Two years later the Duke did win the Two Thousand, as Shotover, a Hermit filly purchased from Mr. Chaplin, was successful both in that race and in the Derby. It might, in fact, be said that the Duke won it the very next year, for Peregrine took the Newmarket race in 1881, but had been transferred to a kinsman owing to the Duke being in mourning for his first wife. won the One Thousand Guineas with Farewell, the dam of that most disappointing colt Regret; and the first of his four victories in the Eclipse Stakes dates from 1888, when, with Orbit and Ossory, he ran home first and second, as he did last autumn with Flying Fox and Frontier. The Oaks he never won, nor did an Ascot Cup ever fall to his share, but most of the other great races were secured by the boy in yellow, and the Duke was fortunate in having two such trainers as Robert Peck and Porter, and two such jockeys as the Cannons to make the most out of the splendid raw material sent from Eaton.

The Duke of Westminster occupied so prominent a place as a breeder and owner of racehorses that we are apt to forget that not only was he a very good man across country in his day, and a very good friend to hunting in Cheshire, but a keen shot both in Scotland, where he had been in the habit of passing the early autumn at Stack Lodge, in Sutherlandshire, and in Cheshire; and it was only a few days before his death that we read of his having killed sixty-five snipe to his own gun in two hours. Hunting men have special reason to think well of him, for he came forward to take the mastership of the Cheshire in 1888, when there had been a good deal of trouble in the district. and he hunted the country—which has since been divided into the North and South Cheshire—for eight years, showing excellent sport and restoring complete harmony in the Hunt. There is a tradition that he once swam the Dee. Earlier in life, the Duke hunted a good deal with the South Oxfordshire, of which his brother-inlaw, the late Lord Macclesfield. was so long master. It will be long before this country produces a finer sportsman than the amiable and gifted nobleman who passed away in the closing hours of the past year.

An Old Wykehamist's Reminiscence of the Past.

In the closing year of the century a short retrospect of cricket in general may not be wholly un-

interesting.

Of course "old fogies" are generally shunted in our days as bores. Officers of both services and masters of schools must disappear on pensions, and even the clergy, from the bishops downwards, as attenuated and incapable, after an age when they are neither the one nor the other. And old cricketers, too, are told in polite language to "Shut up! your old ideas and fashions are out of date altogether; in fact, you are antediluvians—returned empties!"

It may be so—and so, as an old cricketer, with a good many antiquated notions, I should like to review the *præteritos annos* of an

old cricketing career.

I recall my first appearance 1835, when, as a Wykehamist left-handed bowler in the school matches of that and the following year, played on the splendid ground at Lord's, I rejoiced to take my part. little did I think, too, that after the finish of the last match I should have the honour and privilege of bowling in Gentlemen v. Players, through the invitation of the captain, Herbert Jenner, now Sir H. Jenner Fust, a hale and hearty veteran, atat 93. He came up to me, a total stranger on the ground, and asked me to give him a few balls. So I gave him three at a single stump; the first just missed it, the second gave him a sharp "knuckler" instead, and the third knocked it clean out of "Thank you," he the ground. said, "that will do." And this

turned out to be my "trial over."

The University matches of 1838, '40 and '41 I had also the great pleasure of joining in, as an Oxonian, on the same magnificent ground, which was in perfection for cricket, being as firm and level and smooth as a lawn.

But I must take a wider and loftier view of the subject, and so will take my place for the purpose on an imaginary seat by the flagstaff on the Lord's pavilion, to get a wider and clearer range

for sight and memory.

And, while thus exalted, I seem to hear the hum of voices beneath and the captains ordering their men to go in as they were told, not according to their individual caprice or fancy, and what a panorama lies before me! a spectacle of glorious memory of sixty years and more agone—a perfect picture of cricket. ground and its surroundings studded with old cricketers, such as Lord Beauclerck, Mr. Ward and Mr. Aislabie, and others, and brilliant with its contents. The centre with its fighting corps, carefully planned to meet the foe-" hard-hitters" or "cutters" alike - the "field" admirably placed to back up and support every hostile movement, watchful of every stroke and turn of the batsman, and prepared to anticipate its result with the utmost activity, either for runs or While the spectators catches. around, joyous in spirit and loud in voice as occasion required, with a wide expanse between, unconscious of " boundaries," formed a beautiful and animated frame to the whole picture.

Here I recall scenes of the "noble game" played out for the sake of victory only. Here I see some of the best players in the Schools and University matches, and whose fame went far beyond them in after life. Ryle of Eton, now Bishop of Liverpool; Wilde of Winchester, now Lord Penzance Lee of Winchester and Warden of Winchester College, famous in Hampshire matches, with R. Payne, a noted longstop in the county, also a Wykehamist. Here, too, I see Harenc and Anson, and Pickering and Taylor, with the Hon. R. Grimston and Hon. F. Ponsonby, and many more, if time and space allowed.

Here, too, as in 1836, I gaze on a scene of deeper interest, the grand match of Gentlemen v. Players of England, when the Gentlemen, I believe, won their first victory. And what an array of fighting men! Verily "there were giants in those days." Alfred Mynn, a mighty man of valour and a tower of strength, a marvellous bowler and batsman, with Walter Mynn, his brother, the only man who could act as longstop to his terrific bowling; Lord Grimston and the Hon. E. H. Grimston, the Hon. F. Ponsonby and the present Sir H. Jenner Fust, captain, with Taylor and Pickering on one side, opposed by Pilch and the two Wenmans, Cobbett, Bailey, Redgate and Beasley on the other. Here I would copy from an old extract of the match that "Lillywhite was unable to appear for the Players, which certainly made a difference, but the Gentlemen had not their best eighteen, neither Kynaston, Knatchbull, Harenc, &c., playing."

Again, I say, what a list of warriors, including the above, with Sir F. Bathurst also, a

grand figure of a man and powerful bowler, whom I picture before me on several occasions, in Hants and Wilts, as engaged in the noble strife, and who in 1853, after twenty years of bowling, took the greater part of the bowling at Lord's in Gentlemen v. Players and was never changed, and helped to win it by four wickets.

But I must descend from my imaginary perch and contrast the present with the past in several most important particulars.

First, as to "throwing and jerking," which have excited a great deal of criticism and condemnation; and justly so, as they are absolutely illegal and unjustifiable, and altogether opposed to the true spirit and interest of cricket. How such practices have been allowed to continue so long undetected and unchecked, I cannot imagine, but I rejoice to see that steps are being taken for their abandonment.

As an old bowler, I never heard in my time that "throwing" was ever attempted or even thought of, and the only instance of suspicious "jerking" was that of a bowler in an Eton school match, who objected to his arm being chalked for the purpose of deciding the question. Jerking, of course, can only apply to underhand bowling, and such delivery now is seldom seen, but it should be stopped by all means.

Throwing, however, is quite distinct; and if the bowler's hand and wrist were carefully observed by the umpire, the twist of both and the whole movement of the arm in throwing would at once be detected, as the delivery in throwing would be—in fact, must be—totally distinct from the even movement of delivery in bowling where there is no "catchy" kind that appears in the swing of the

arm. It seems, however, a good plan to have the umpire at each end to watch the "throw" and be

responsible for the result.

Then, as to l.b.w., which naturally follows the subject of bowling, it seems to be most unfair that a batsman should be allowed to defend his wicket with

anything but his bat.

Why should the benefit of a bowler's dexterity in giving his ball a twist or a break be denied him? His object is to overcome the batsman's defence, and if by accuracy of aim or judgment of attack he can do this, like turning the enemy's flank, why should any part of his person stop the ball, which, whether straight or crooked. would have hit the wicket?

Batsmen now rely so much on their gloves and pads to defend their wicket and get runs; but such things were unheard of in early times. Mark the stride of the batsman now to the wicket like the giant of Gath, clad in armour, proudly defiant of his enemy, the bowler, who, unlike the stripling of old, has no sling and stone, but the swing of his arm and ball to use against him.

Though tall hats and a mixed uniform of flannels and other materials were still in fashion, yet gloves and pads had not then been invented, and the batsmen faced the bowling of every kind with the care and skill that it demanded -I have seen Pilch at Lord's with sixty runs to his score, still fearlessly using his forward play Mynn's bowling, against shaking the blood from his fingers before he lost his wicket.* Such artificial protection as is now in use would have been scouted and ridiculed in those days.

But I should like to say a word "boundaries" — another modern invention. The only one at Lord's, I believe, was the Pavilion itself, where the ball from a slashing hit would sometimes rattle round the railing, and bound up the steps, causing a stampede among the spectators, and finally plunge through the window into the Pavilion itself. All other hits were run out to the tune of "Well hit, run it out," and the ring of lookers-on would make way for the ball and the fieldsman wherever and whenever Then there was a required. chance of the batsman being run out, or for the bowler profiting by his being exhausted; but now all this is at end—the bowler gets no advantage; and place the field as you may, a "boundary" is called before two runs may possibly have been obtained. We needed no boundary on Titchborne Down. where the Hants XI. played, nor at Cranbury Park on Mr. Chamber. layne's beautiful ground—and certainly not on Salisbury Plain, where, as at Cranbury Park, the Hants and Wilts XI.'s, under Sir F. Bathurst, had their annual contest, and could hit to their heart's content. And let me recall with pleasure the generous hospitality of these keen and warm supporters of the game, when they would house in turn the whole opposing XI. on the night before the match, and especially the liberality of Mr. Chamberlayne, who would convey his XI in his carriage and four to and from the ground on Salisbury Plain.

But some effectual change is certainly required in the matter of boundaries, and whether the circle of spectators be enlarged for more space, where the ground will admit, or any other reform as suggested by others be adopted, the alteration is essential. Perhaps

^{*}We must remind our veteran contributor that as regards gloves, the chivalrous law exists that a man can be caught off his glove, and the glove is really a fair substitute for broken fingers, and is rather adverse than favourable to a batsman qua chances.—ED.

the boundary hit may be reduced to three instead of four by way of a compromise. And now, one word more on the subject of "drawn games." How universal are the complaints about them! and no wonder. When the time enforced by the Rules is so disregarded, of course it is simply and wantonly wasted.

"The two minutes for each striker to come in, and ten minutes between each innings" are ignored, and hours are counted instead. And when we see how late in the day a match begins, and how soon it ends, together with the luxurious luncheon between of no fixed duration, besides the stone-wall habit of batsmen fighting for long scores, and "records," and possibly for "gate-money," instead of real cricket and victory; when we sum up such items together,

the drawn game is at once intelligible, and the dreary length of a two, or even a three days' match is the most natural thing in the world, and the great outcry that prevails may perhaps produce some beneficial changes.

I heartily hope it may be so—in fact, a reform of some of the Rules is urgently needed, and may fairly be made by the M.C.C. if cricket is to be a sport and pleasure instead of a matter of business

ALFRED JAMES LOWTH. Winchester.

NOTE.—I see that the Hon. E. V. Bligh, in the January Number of this MAGAZINE, has fortunately given a diagram which exactly explains what I was thinking of, and tried to explain in words in October last in this Article.

Missing.

We miss them in the morning, when we're starting to the meet; We miss them at the cross-roads, where our custom was to greet One or two who lived out yonder, and who used to meet us there. We miss them at the covert side, we miss them everywhere. And most of all we miss them in the rally of the run, When we raced to catch the leaders; there was certain to be one, Or it might be half-a-dozen, soldiers riding in the front, Taking first chance at the timber, cracking binders for the hunt.

Some are by the Modder river; some are bivouacked on the plain By the sad Tugela's water; some are tossing in their pain; Some in Ladysmith beleaguered; some held prisoners by the foe; And they're none of them forgotten, and they think of us, we know. There are others we remember, and the eye with tears will melt, As we think that they are sleeping, evermore, beneath the veldt, Nevermore to lead the squadron, list to trumpet-call, or horn, Till the sounding of Réveillé on the resurrection morn.

They are none of them forgotten; every day throughout the land, By keen eyes, with eager heart-throb, are the morning papers scanned. Not by hunter owners only; in the Castle and the Cot; Lords of acres, sons of ploughmen, bear alike the common lot. All are fighting England's battle, man and officer alike; Equal risk and equal honour, where the Mauser bullets strike. Oh! the weary, weary heart-ache; oh! the sorrow and the pride; Oh! the hope that rose and flickered; oh! the hope that sank and died.

HARRY L.

Transport and Supply in South Africa.

THE organisation of an army's supply and transport is one of the most serious problems to be solved by the general in command. It has been well said that "an army marches upon belly," and, if it is not only to march but to strike, a modern army must be accompanied by a vast reserve of weighty and more or less delicate ammunition. its sick and wounded are not, as in the Middle Ages, to be thrown aside as valueless encumbrances, it must also have long trains of ambulances and waggons conveying medical requisites and hospital stores. This is not the place in which to enter upon a technical detail of all the food that is now required by our army in South Africa, but, roughly speaking, in the beginning of January, 1900, the daily wants are rations for 150,000 men and 50,000 animals. This vast amount has to be collected from all parts of the world, for South Africa could not furnish a twentieth part of it; it has to be disembarked at the great seaports, separated and forwarded to different forces acting hundreds of miles apart, and then distributed and delivered to the many posts that are occupied, the many individuals whose life has to be sustained. Well is it for England that she has complete command of the sea, for otherwise the initial part of the task would be almost impossible, and foodstuffs for men and animals would only enter our magazines precariously and slowly. It is a quite sufficient task for our administrative officers that they should have the manipulation of the stores after they are landed quickly and in profusion.

Up to the date of writing, it may be taken for granted that almost all the transport on the lines of communication has been done by the railways. No general has yet been able to move any considerable body of men ten miles from the railhead. If any one had done so, he could not have provided for their daily requirements in food and forage, and, when the story of the campaign comes to be written, it will undoubtedly be to this circumstance that the constant adoption of frontal attacks, involving terrible losses, must be attributed. Would Gatacre, would Methuen, would Buller have charged directly against well-armed men in a chosen position, if it had been possible to make a widely extended flanking movement? They have evidently had no efficient transport, and no man's dinner could be made secure if he was at any distance from the friendly iron road.

And it is perfectly marvellous how well the railways have done their duty. When it is remembered that they are, as a rule, only single lines of rails (with many sidings, it is true), it speaks volumes for their management, and for the Army administration, that men, horses, guns, with all their gear, have been carried many hundreds of miles to the scenes of action, that every man has been supplied with necessaries and even luxuries, and that the sad convoys of sick and wounded have been promptly and comfortably removed to the sanctuary of the base hospitals. what a slight thread this is to be depended upon in the present! Supposing racial sympathy became, as is not impossible, an

influence too strong to be resisted by the Dutch farmers in Cape Colony and Natal, how easily might they interrupt the railway working. The country itself would no doubt still be in our hands, but it might become necessary to move many supplies to the front by road under escort. Then, in the future, what is the prospect? We may be sure that all the railway lines, in Northern Natal, in the Free State and in the Transvaal, will be wrecked when our enemy begins to retreat, and that, if our army is to arrive at Pretoria, everything necessary to its existence as a fighting force must be carried in waggons by road. And this will be no small amount, for the advance will be made through a devastated and exhausted country, vielding little but grazing for animals, if even that is still to be found in any satisfactory quantity.

And how is all of this transport to be provided, and what are the animals that will be its most important feature? No doubt the forces in Natal and elsewhere that were in the field when the war began were able to draw upon local resources for their means of movement, and all the first requirements of the various divisions that have since been landed have been met in the same way. The waggons that ply in various duties round the camps are probably all found in the country. But the great masses of transport which are necessary to give real mobility to our columns must all be exotics. Only a small portion of them can now be in working order, and some considerable time must pass before every fighting unit can consider itself to be really mobile.

In August and early September, 1899, when the disputes with the

Transvaal Government were entering upon an acute stage and the probability of war was increasing daily, officers of the Army Remount Department were sent to Italy, to North and South America and other places arrange for the purchase of mules. In Italy alone, five thousand were to be procured. All that were to be sought for were the small mules, from 13½ to 14½ hands high, of the same class as those which are annually bought for the use of our army in India. The big Spanish mules, which run to 16 hands, have long ago been found ill adapted to military service, as they require an excessive amount of food, if they are to be kept in condition, and they have little pluck and stamina. mules have always a reserve of energy, while the tall, stately animals are of little use except for show and dignity. There was little difficulty in finding what All arrangements was wanted. for the purchases were made, and, as one remount officer expressed it, it was only necessary "to press the button" in London to have shipload after shipload despatched. About 500 mules went to a shipload. But the button was not pressed till far on in October, nearly simultaneously with the order for the mobilisation of the army corps, of which the mules were to form the baggage animals. Then, of course, all was immediate movement. transport was taken up, and in the great fleet of ships that ploughed the sea towards the Cape was a very large proportion hoisting the signals that it carried animals.

What was the prospect however that the thousands of mules which then passed on to the establishment of our army would be able to take a useful part in that army's operations? It might

then have safely been predicted that, as far as his road transport concerned, Sir Redvers Buller would not be able to make one step in advance till the 1st January, 1900, and that it was more than likely there would be a still further delay. The sea passage to the Cape would, in the comparatively slow steamers employed, occupy little less than a month. Then, in order to regain anything like working condition, from three weeks to another month would be necessary. animals had to be fitted with harness, assorted in teams and probably to a great extent broken to steady draught. The waggons, when complete, had to be organised and placed in charge of conductors and drivers, and it seems likely that many of them would have to be sent to their ultimate destination by road, for the railways and rolling stock must have been very fully otherwise occupied. And, in one of these items at least, there was, it is understood, unnecessary delay. Strong recommendations were made that all mules should be bought with their collars, as this would save a very considerable amount of fitting, when they came to be put into harness. But, for some reason or another, the suggestion was negatived. collars were not bought and each animal had afterwards to be specially fitted with perhaps the most important part of its equipment. In making the later purchases, the unwisdom of this course has been recognised and every mule has been bought with the collar that fitted it.

If everything is taken into consideration, what a gigantic task was placed before our transport officers! They are, no doubt, most capable and indefatigable, but they must have been well

nigh crushed. The mere business of keeping discipline among the drivers and muleteers, hurriedly enlisted from all nationalities, all the lowest classes of animal attendants, would demand the highest tact, the most energetic force of character. since the first army corps was put under orders for service, three more divisions have been successively mobilised; now thousands of yeomanry and volunteers are being prepared for embarkation and it seems very probable that we have by no means come to the end of the human flood that we are going to send to South Africa. Presumably, though we do not hear much about it, an equal torrent of transport animals is also flowing southwards, but it certainly seems as if the despatch of men from England might very well be delayed until the transport, without which they will be of little use, is nearly approaching completeness in its organisa-Of course, if an effective use can be made of the present reinforcements at the places where our troops are now gathered; if any one of the Generals can be strengthened so as to be able to strike a blow against the enemy in position, there is every reason for sending them to the front; but if, as may be feared, they can only, from lack of mobility, be kept idle in camp or hurled fruitlessly against strong entrenchments, it might be better policy to wait until that mobility is acquired. They will certainly not be able to move beyond the assistance of the railways now in our hands, until road transport is provided or the railways which have been wrecked by the enemy have been tediously repaired.

To give an approximate idea of the transport necessities of an army in South Africa, it may be well to note here that, in the Zulu war, in 1879, the grand total of under arms was twenty - five thousand, and to supply their wants about twentyseven thousand oxen, five thousand mules and eight hundred horses were required. Of course, in those days there were no rail-In 1900 we have the assistance of railways, at any rate in our own territory; but, even so, with one hundred and fifty thousand men in the field, it will easily be realised what a vast amount of transport will be indispensable.

Something must be told of the kind of waggons which are now probably in use at the seat of war, and the characteristics of the draught animals—characteristics some of which will certainly involve great difficulties, and, it may be feared, some grievous

delays.

Oxen and ox-waggons have not hitherto been mentioned in relation to the present campaign, because they are the principal indigenous transport vehicles of South Africa, and it is probable that every available waggon, every available span of oxen, has long ago been pressed into our military They must, however, service. have had much work to do in the past, and it is very possible that they will play their part in future operations. The ordinary "buck" waggon weighs about 2,000 lbs., and with a team of twelve to sixteen oxen, can convey a load of from 4,000 to 5,000 lbs. It is a long, low, strongly-built vehicle with wheels far apart; it is commodious for loads, and gives great facilities for loading and unloading; it is difficult to upset, and is capable of travelling over almost any ground.

We have all been astonished at

the marvellous manner in which the Boers have moved their heavy artillery from position to position, over the steepest hills, the most rough and broken plains. But this is only the result of long experience in moving the heavy waggons of the country over the trackless veldt. It may almost be said that, wherever a man can go, he can bring his waggon with him. The progress may be slow, but it is certain. There is no vehicle in the world that has more often been drawn apparently impassible places than the African ox-waggon. The usual pace of an ox-waggon over fairly good ground is about two to twoand-a-half miles an hour, and, if great care is taken, it may cover fifteen or sixteen miles a day.

Now with regard to the oxen themselves, it is to be feared that there is no very large supply to be procured. A few years ago South Africa suffered from a terrible visitation of rinderpest, which almost annihilated the ruminant animals. There has been great recovery and reproduction, but it is hardly possible that the loss caused by the ravages of disease has been altogether replaced. Still, the ox-waggon remains a familiar feature of the country, and must have done a great and important part of the transport Perhaps the greatest adwork. vantage of carriage by ox-waggon is, that no food needs to be carried for the animals. If there is a fair supply of herbage by the wayside, they can find their nourishment for themselves by grazing, and, under reasonable conditions work, they will retain their condition for an indefinite time. also require few attendants, one Hottentot or colonial driver and one native boy as "forelooper," or leader of the first pair in the span, being all that are necessary.

It must not be supposed, however, that oxen are very tough and hardy animals. This is very far from being the case. In order to get good work out of them, they require a great deal of humouring, and, if their peculiar idiosyncracies are not considered, they will soon fail. They should never be under the yoke for more than three hours at the outside, and then they should have an "outspan" for rest and grazing. If a long day's work is to be got through, they, therefore, will require two "outspans," and one of these should take place during the hottest period of the day, for a burning sun terribly reduces their strength. If they are kept for many hours at continuous work, they rapidly lose flesh, they become footsore, and shoulders are very apt to chafe. When a small number of trading waggons are travelling together, it is, of course, comparatively easy to arrange marches so as to suit the convenience of the oxen, but, in the case of military operations, it may easily be conceived to how great an extent either the military movements will be delayed or the oxen will be damaged.

Then there are many accidents and maladies to which oxen are liable, any one of which may suddenly decimate their numbers. They may find the tulip herb in the veldt, a poisonous plant, which nevertheless they eat with avidity. There is an antidote to this poison which may save some lives, if it is promptly adminis-Curiously enough, it is an infusion of the tulip leaves themselves, something possibly on the "similia similibus curantur" theory. They may be bitten by venomous snakes, and for this mischance there is no remedy. A change of pasture is very apt to give them "redwater," a com-

plaint that is nearly always fatal. They may be attacked by "lung sickness," a virulent form of pneumonia, which is to cattle very much what horse sickness is to horses and mules, an epidemic which no care can altogether avoid and no treatment can cure. It is said, though whether with certain scientific truth or not is doubtful, that "lung sickness" can be prevented by inoculation. This is done by cutting a slit in the tail of an ox and binding in a piece of the lung of an animal that has died of the disease. The result is that the ox sickens and takes the sickness in a mild form, and is believed by the Boers and colonial farmers to be then proof against further attacks. Its tail, however, drops off at the place where the slit was made—a serious loss in a land infested by flies of every family.

But the greatest drawback to the dependence to be placed on oxen is their delicacy. If they are exposed, particularly when they are pulled down by severe work and exhaustion, to a sudden chill, the results may be disas-Even during the hot weather in South Africa, nights are often very cold. there is wind and rain, the contrast with the heat of the day may be most trying to man and beast, and prudent waggon-drivers always try to tie up their oxen for the night under the lee of a hillock, behind an old wall or inside a deserted kraal. of some kind is indispensable. Even the most experienced and careful men frequently lose a proportion of their animals though they are not in any way hampered and have been able to bivouac when and where they pleased. But when many ox-waggons are accompanying a military force, they are, in the nature of things,

obliged to halt with reference to the convenience of the troops, and not their own. If a cold storm then comes on, the consequences may be lamentable. When Lieut.-Colonel (now General Sir Mansfield) Clarke's column was marching through Zululand in 1879, 452 oxen out of about 1,700 died in sixty hours, and there have been many other losses equally striking, though not on so great a scale.

By the way, it may be noted that, whatever ox-waggon transport is employed in our army, it is not likely to be found in the western columns, but must be utilised on the lines of communication and in Natal. Methuen and General Gatacre are both operating in what is known as the "Hantam" district, which is near the borders of the barren Karroo, and boasts of little grazing vegetation except along the banks of rivers, and they will not get upon the grassy veldt until a forward move into the Free State is made.

As has been seen, the baggage animals that most interest us are mules, and they must undoubtedly form the greater part of our As has been also transport. pointed out, the difficulties and embarrassments of procuring and organising them must be enormous. Let us now see how they will be employed when they are in the field. The ordinary mulewaggon is something like the fourwheeled ox-waggon in build, but is much lighter, only weighing about 1,000 lbs.; it is generally drawn by ten mules, and can convey a load of rather more than 2,000 There is another vehicle which is found very useful for some duties. This is what is called a "Scotch cart." It is two-wheeled, and drawn by four mules, carries a load of 800 to

goo lbs. Being two - wheeled, however, considerable nicety is required in adjusting the load, so as to preserve the balance of the pole upon the wheelers, and this constitutes some disadvantage, for loading carefully is an art that few British soldiers ever acquire. Mules are hardy brutes, and will accomplish marches of from fifteen to five-and-twenty miles a day. They can start at a given hour and remain in harness at least as long as horses, but they require to have nearly as much corn and hay as horses, or, in default of hay, they must have some time allowed to them every day for grazing. If all the food for mules has to be carried, the waggon that they draw will only carry their own supplies for a fortnight. is obvious, therefore, that they can only work between magazines, and that, if mule-waggons are sent to accompany troops on detached duty, their nominal load must be reduced in proportion to the number of days' corn rations that they take with them.

It has been noted that mules are being drawn from all parts of the world to supply our present necessities, and, no doubt, some of them will be found to be better than others. We have had to buy mules before for lesser emergencies than the present, and our experience teaches us that the South American or African bred animals are the most reliable; but we have lately been buying mules for Indian service, in Italy, which have turned out well, and, though the North American animals may not be quite as good as those from the Argentine Republic, it is to be hoped that they will not now fail us in constitution and energy.

The most serious difficulty that is to be anticipated with regard to mules is the appearance of

horse sickness, to which terrible complaint they are even more liable than horses. All the characteristics of horse sickness were tolerably completely described in BAILY last September, and it is not now necessary to pass over well-trodden ground. As long as our armies are in Natal, or on the northern borders of Cape Colony, it is to be feared that very severe, if not crippling losses, may be incurred from this ravaging disease: but when once they have passed the Drakensberg range, they will enter upon a higher

plateau, and, though they cannot hope to leave horse sickness altogether behind them, it will then probably not be so virulent and deadly in its attacks.

Enough has been said to point out some difficulties, little recognised by the general public, which are inevitable in our present war. If unexplained delays occur, if even checks are encountered, they may generally, with perfect reason, be attributed in great measure to the inevitable embarrassments of the Army Transport and Supply Departments.

C. STEIN.

Cross-Country Meetings.

In the last issue of BAILY appeared a letter over the well-known signature "Borderer," in which the defects of the new regulations for Point - to - Point meetings were discussed, and in which the writer urged that the Masters of Foxhounds Association should take upon themselves the control of Point-to-Point racing. We do not propose now to examine the outline scheme for the conduct of these meetings as sketched by "Borderer." will confine ourselves to expressing the conviction should the Masters of Foxhounds Association see their way to take the matter up, the rules they may think proper to frame will be loyally accepted by all hunting men. We sincerely hope that the Association will come forward to rescue the sport from the fate that now threatens it. Point-to-Point racing lies more within their province than within the province of the National Hunt Committee.

There are, of course, difficulties in the way of the Association, and one of these, perhaps the greatest, has been anticipated by "Borderer." While the matter remains in its present unsettled condition our response to the representations made us may possibly seem premature. If the Masters of Foxhounds Association succeed in arriving at a modus vivendi with the National Hunt authorities and take upon themselves the duty of legislation for Point-to-Point racing; and if our assistance in the matter of recordkeeping, correspondence, &c., will relieve them from the onus of creating the requisite office establishment, we frankly place our services at their disposal. they do us the honour to accept our aid in this respect we shall welcome the opportunity to render practical assistance to the cause of the sport. In the MAGAZINE as "Borderer" suggests, we have a ready-made vehicle for publishing the results of meetings every month, and the pages of the "Hunting Directory," now occupied by "Winners of Point-to-Point Races," only need amplification to form an annual record of these events.



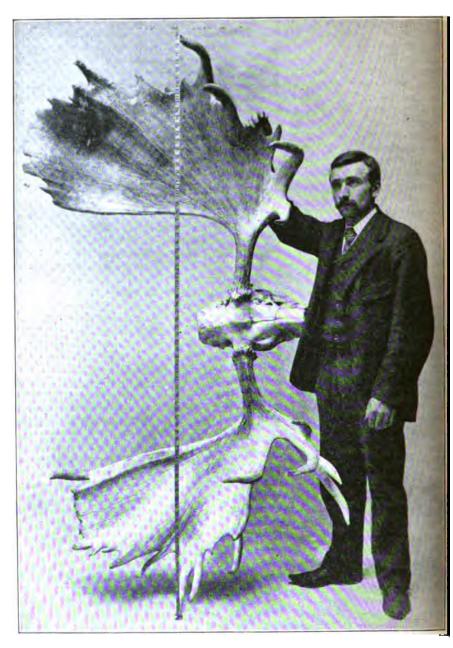
On the Pacific Slope.

Mr. Baillie Grohman has enioyed sporting opportunities which are gradually disappearing before civilisation, and which, in their **kind, have** no parallel in the world. He spent the better part of fifteen years on the Pacific Slope of North America, where, until the early 'eighties, big game was still in abundance; and he est his full share of sport with mpiti, moose and mountain He gives the palm to ming, Montana and Idaho, the quantity and diversity ig game was incomparably **rior** to that obtainable in ish Columbia, saving only in **pect of** the white goat (hapmontanus), for which the es of the latter country are **best** he knows. The density the forests handicaps the Reman in British Columbia. we may depend upon that by to provide sanctuary for reger cervida when the game south of the boundary been shot out. Mr. Baillie man deals not only with t in this exceedingly attracbook; he was interested in **tious** mining ventures, and ghed it with the best—or worst a pioneer among the curivaried human components Western mining camp. the most interesting chapthe book is that in which How Kootenay emerged was Wild State." is not the phase of his at most appeals to us, for thor has shot every game to shoot on the Western eds, and shows that in "Camps in the Rockies" he by no means exhausted the tale of his experiences. He was fortunate enough to see bos Americanus

his thousands, though the countless herds that covered the prairies had been decimated halfa-dozen years before his first visit to the States. There is not in the whole history of progress a more deplorable chapter than that which records the practical extermination of the bison. The slaughter-too often utterly purposeless—was such that figures fail to convey any adequate idea According to a calculation made by Colonel Henry Inman, between 1868 and 1881, there were collected, in Kansas alone, for sale to bone manure makers remains representing the skeletons of thirty-one millions of bison. The figures were obtained from the railway companies transported the bones.

The author tells us little of his sport with moose, the only "yarn" he vouchsafes being one against himself. He had manufactured a call from birch bark, and the very first time he used it brought up a big bull with such a rush that it scared his horse, which bolted, taking the rifle with him! He gives an excellent and graphic account of stalking the white goat, an animal that affects ground worse, from the stalker's point of view, than ovis ammon or ibex; but which atones for this disagreeable preference by his fearless and inquisitive character, which affords much better chance of a shot—once the rugged and barren mountain ledges have been reached.

Mr. Baillie Grohman is acknowledged to be the first living authority on the antler lore of Europe and America, and his information on the ancient and modern history, not less than the natural history of the subject, is



THE LARGEST MOOSE ANTLERS ON RECORD.

Shot in 1897 in the Yukon Basin, Alaska, 78½ in. spread, with 43 points.

(Owned by W. F. Sheard, of Tacona.)

extensive and peculiar, like Mr. Sam Weller's acquaintance with London. His book contains many items of value in this connection, but we venture to think that he is unduly hard upon the mistakes in Mr. Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game." In a collection of measurements so wast and gleaned from so many different sources, it had been strange indeed were there no errors; the marvel rather is that these should be so few.

This, however, is a minor mat-

ter, which does little to qualify the entertainment provided by an uncommonly readable book.* We must not omit a word of praise for Mrs. Baillie Grohman's contribution on the ways and methods of Chinese servants, which affords an admirably vivid picture of domestic life in the wilds. The illustrations, two of which the courtesy of the publisher allows us to reproduce, are excellent and well chosen; and there are useful maps, where such maps should always be—in a "cover pocket."

The Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

" Van saw the Centoonstelling " exhibithe good people control contro tenary of the painter the old city claims as one of her most famous scos, must have approached Bur-**Engton House** with a good deal of additional interest when the opening of the Winter Exhibition was announced. Where, if not at the great painter's birthplace on the tercentenary of his birth, should a representative collection of his works be seen? Antwerp exhibition was certainly a good one, 103 pictures being catalogued, of which 39 were lent : by British owners. It is gratifying to find that the Vandyck Exhibition got together in London numbers upwards of 235 examples of the painter's work. The majority of the pictures shown were painted during the last nine or ten years of Vandyck's life, which, it is hardly necessary to observe, he spent in England under the special patronage of Charles I.

But there are also many which were executed during his five years' residence in Italy, and during the period 1625 to 1632, which he spent in his own country, when, in the opinion of judges, his powers had reached maturity.

The eye of the sportsman naturally seeks those works by Vandyck which include horse or dog. His horses are usually of the somewhat conventional seventeenth century type, big of body, strong of limb, with small, Arablike head and profuse mane and tail, suggesting—what they may probably have been—a cross between the Great Horse and muchprized Spanish horse. There is but one "horse picture" properly so called in the collection (No. 34), the "Study of a White Horse in a Landscape"; the mane falling thickly on both sides of the neck arrests attention, and also the

^{* &}quot;Fifteen Years' Sport and Life in the Hunting Grounds of Western America and British Columbia." 15s. By W. A. Baillie Grohman. (Horace Cox.)

anatomy of the chest and shoulders. Vandyck, in drawing a horse, usually endowed him with a chest so broad as to challenge notice, but one hardly dares question the accuracy of the great master. More to our liking are the dogs he introduces in some of his portraits; the fawn greyhound in the portrait (No. 29) of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox; the mastiff which occupies such a prominent position in the famous picture (No. 55) of "Five Children of King Charles I."; and the King Charles' spaniels, portrayed in several portraits of ladies.

One of the finest portraits in the collection is that of Colonel Charles Cavendish (32), who, at the age of twenty-three, was killed in action at Edgehill; and another which compels attention by the subtle skill displayed in conveying facial expression is No. 82, the portrait of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, with his secretary, Sir Philip Mainwaring. This last singles itself out from the surrounding pictures, since Vandyck generally represented the features of his sitters in repose. The skill of the painter is nowhere more perfectly displayed than in the forty portraits in grisaile (Nos. 138-158 and 161-180), lent by the

Duke of Buccleuch. These are executed on a small scale on wood panels $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$; and lending themselves to closer examination than the large canvases, show the wonderful delicacy of touch employed to produce a likeness in few strokes. Readers of Sir Walter Gilbey's work, "The Great Horse" (Vinton & Co.) will recognise an old friend in (No. 133) the portrait of Albert, Comte d'Aremberg, on horseback, one of the best examples of Vandyck's water-colour work here exhibited. Its neighbour (No.1328) portrait of the Duc d'Epernon. on horseback, on panel in sepia touched with white, must also be noted as a striking example of results produced by few skilful touches.

Vandyck, in the course of a comparatively brief working life (he died at the age of 42), is said to have produced over a thousand pictures, an output which indicates extraordinary industry and rapidity of execution. The exhibition committee are to be heartily congratulated on having collected so large a number, and such representative examples, of the great Fleming's work. The exhibition is one that must not be missed.

The late Mr. Charles Ward.

SPEAKING roughly, it is something like sixty years since the great coaching industry began to be annihilated by the railways. was not until the beginning of the "thirties" that stage and mailcoaching reached its zenith. For years and years the business of the coach proprietor lumbered along as heavily as the old vehicles had done along the deeply rutted roads. Long stages were the rule; the horses were heavy and slow, the roads bad, the coachmen were waggoners in the ordinary sense of the term, and there was, at the end of the last century, little of that brilliancy which thirty years later characterised the undertakings of coach proprietors on at least all the main roads in Great Britain.

For just about a decade the Meteors, Comets, Rockets and Stars, sustained their reputation, and travelled and shone with the greatest speed and brilliancy, so coaching at its best may be said to have had a short life only.

Who is there now left to tell us tales of the road as it was? Our narrator of bygone incidents must be verging on eighty years old to speak of incidents within his own knowledge. Until a few weeks ago, there was amongst us one whose memory was stored with anecdotes of the past, and who was as good a raconteur as he was a coachman, which is saying a I refer to Mr. Charles good deal. Smith Ward, the "Whip of the West," head of the firm of C. S. Ward & Sons, of the Brompton Road, and about the last of the race of the highest class of the old coachmen. Mr. Glover, of Worthing, and Mr. Clements, of Canterbury, have been taken away comparatively recently,

both at a ripe old age, and Tim Carter did not join the great majority until he became an octagenarian; while Mr. Ward was close on ninety, and literally died in harness, as he wished to do, for he was in his yard only a day or two before his death; in fact, it was while supervising his business that he caught the chill which brought about his death.

The late Mr. Ward came of a family of coachmen. His grandfather and a great-uncle were both in the business, and his father kept a coaching house at Hartford Bridge, in Hampshire. He was owner, or part owner, of several coaches running on the Great Western Road, drove one himself, and had about forty or fifty horses engaged in coaching. The Hartford Bridge Flat was known as the " Hospital Ground." The roads were as flat as the proverbial pancake, and not a pebble was, in ordinary course, to be seen, so all the proprietors and contractors who horsed coaches on that road used to send all their cripples to that stage, for they could gallop along without fear of catching their toes in anything, and some of them which could be trusted to trot could gallop, as is shown in the picture, "The Regulator on Hartford Bridge Flat."

Here it was that Mr. Ward had his first lesson from his father in the art of driving four horses, and little did it occur to him, as he often used to say, when he first fumbled with his reins, as all beginners do, that the time would come when he would make a great business of teaching others to drive. He proved an apt pupil in his father's hands, and when he was quite a lad he had to take

his father's place on the drivingseat, his father having to keep some important engagement, and the "odd man" being away. A coachman, whose name, I think, was Burdon, had driven the coach to Hartford Bridge, where he "kicked" his passengers in due form—that is to say, he told them that he went no further, and requested to be remembered.

On fresh horses being put to, Mr. Ward, then only in his teens, was seen taking his "walk" to the box. A couple of old fogeys on the coach, both of whom knew something about driving, pro-tested against "a mere boy" posing as coachman; but all's well that ends well, and young Ward drove his two or three stages in a style which resulted in a substantial addition to his pocket-money from the two abovementioned old gentlemen. The ice once broken, the future "Whip of the West" often deputised for his father and for some of the other coachmen on the road, and before he was twenty he was engaged by Mr. Chaplin, who had nearly a couple of thousand horses at work, to drive the Ipswich mail between London and Colchester, involving a journey of fifty-two miles a night; and young as he was, he drove the mail for nearly five years without any serious mishap. A horse occasionally tumbled down, and some part of the harness gave out now and then; but Mr. Ward's mail was always right side up, he never collided with another vehicle or injured a passenger, a state of things for which Mr. Ward was entitled to congratulate himself, as although care and skill count for a good deal, not a little of the coachman's immunity from accident depends upon what we are accustomed to call luck. For example, however good a coachman a man may be, some one less skilful than he may run into him, and if anyone wants to hear a mixture of ignorance and hard swearing, let him listen to a running down case. This, however, by the way.

Mr. Ward never had a serious accident, and when he was moved from the Eastern Counties mail. it was to occupy the box of the Devonport mail, which he drove sixty miles a night. Several coachmen had tried this coach. but they had been unable to drive it successfully. They either did not keep their stock together, they lost time, or in some other way failed to give complete satisfaction to Chaplin; but the new recruit succeeded where older men had not, and drove the Ouicksilver for seven years. mail-coaches, however, which were at last established (in the year 1794) after several years of pressure at the instigation of Mr. Palmer, of Bath, ran at night. and Mr. Ward had hitherto spent the whole of his professional life in driving in the dark, so he at length asked Chaplin to give him a day coach. After a dozen years of night work, Mr. Ward no doubt thought himself entitled to something better; but Chaplin explained in a few words that he could not possibly put all his coachmen on day coaches, and as much as said that as Mr. Ward satisfied him on the Quicksilver, he might as well stop there—at any rate, for the time.

Mr. Ward drove the Quicksilver out of London, and pictures are to be seen of the mail passing Kew Bridge with the subject of this notice on the box. He went as far as Bagshot, about thirty miles from London, and was due there at eleven o'clock at night, leaving for town at four in the morning. Between London and Bagshot fogs frequently settled down heavily, and in the book which Mr. Ward wrote of his experiences he mentions that he was sometimes three hours going from London to Hounslow, and on one occasion he found that the old Exeter mail (driven by a man named Gambier, who, by the way, was an old cavalry soldier) had tumbled down an embankment, and had lodged in a ditch, the wheelers being drowned or smothered in the mud. coachman and outside passengers were pitched right over into the field beyond, but as a rule there appears to have been a special Providence over outside passengers, for one can read how on nearly every road in England coaches went through the hedges or rolled down embankments, the passengers reaching the bottom, as a rule, unharmed.

Moreover, Mr. Ward tells us that it was no uncommon circumstance for coachmen to mistake their road, and he gives an instance of how the coachman of the Stroud mail took the Staines road out of Hounslow, instead of that which led to Slough, along which he should have gone.

Although Chaplin had not at once given Mr. Ward the day coach upon which he had set his mind, the welcome change came in 1838, when the Postmaster-General decided to put on a day mail to Brighton. As a matter of fact, there were few day mails, as they were run only to places which could be easily reached in from five to seven hours, and their destination out of London had to be to places of sufficient importance to warrant the expenditure. Chaplin, who had something to do with almost every mail out of town, was entrusted with arrangements for horsing it, and he gave Mr. Ward the option of driving it the whole distance and horsing the coach for a stage, or of driving it without having anything to do with horses. Ward thought he would like to have a sort of stake in the coach, so he elected to horse a stage (which, I think, was from Reigate onwards), the coach running through Croydon, Reigate, Crawlev and Pyecombe. This, however, did not prove a very great success, Mr. Ward having very bad luck with his horses. Something very much like what we should call pink-eye attacked some of the six horses who had to do the work; there were no horse insurances in those days, and on one occasion a runaway horse drawing a cart charged into the mail, the shaft of the cart entering the chest of one of Mr. Ward's horses and killing it on the spot. Another horse was kicked by a companion in the stable, and then about three weeks later another one dropped down while at work in coach.

In the old coaching days a little bad luck in the stud was attended with disastrous consequences to many a speculator who found the horses for the middle ground. They had few, if any, bookings to look to, and it was only by experiencing good luck with the horses that they could make both ends meet.

Mr. Ward, not having the very best of luck, gave up the somewhat unequal contest and sold what remained of his stud to Mr. Richard Cooper, who had succeeded him as coachman of the Brighton day mail. Cooper had formerly been coachman on the Rival, and in the summer in which Mr. Ward accepted his post on the Brighton mail, had to appear to answer an information of having endangered the safety

of sundry passengers by racing another Brighton coach at Pyecombe. This is not the place to give even a precis of the evidence, but it was as contradictory as evidence usually is in such cases. Cooper had, nevertheless, to pay the mitigated penalty of twenty-five shillings and costs.

When Mr. Ward had finished with the Brighton mail, he once more found himself on the Great Western Road; but this time lower down than he had been before, he driving the famous Exeter Telegraph from Exeter to Ilminster and back, a distance of sixty-six miles, early in morning and late at night. Telegraph was one of the best known coaches, as it was certainly the fastest in the West of England, and most of the county people who did not travel in their own carriages or by post chaise patronised it. The late Lord Tollemache, a fine coachman, and who on more than one occasion drove from London to the outskirts of Tarporley without resting, drove the Telegraph several times, as also did the late Duke of Somerset. The coach had had a glorious career, but in 1841 it was brought to an end by the opening of the railway as far as Bridgewater. Mr. Ward, however, with his brother coachman and a couple of guards, formed a little syndicate, and ran a new Telegraph from Devonport to Bridgewater, a journey of ninety-five miles, and the passengers then went by train to London, doing the whole distance in one day.

Then, as before, the spirit of rivalry was strong, and the Nonpareil coach, driven by William Harbridge, at once became a rival, the route being altered from Devonport to Bristol, to Devonport to Bridgewater. But the railway, however, was opened further and further westward, until at last it was completed from Bridgewater to Exeter, and the Nonpareil was re-named the Tally-ho, both that and Telegraph running from Devonport to Exeter, and as they both left at the same time there was naturally a good deal of racing. Mr. Ward has left it on record that fifty miles were frequently covered in the short time of three hours and twenty minutes, including stoppages, while months together the coach was no more than four hours on the road. which meant a pace of twelve and a half miles an hour. This piece of ground was driven over by Mr. Ward until the inexorable railway made its way to Plymouth, and then he was asked to start a fast coach into Cornwall, which he did, naming it the Tally-ho, and making a day coach from Truro to London, joining the rail at Plymouth. Those who are acquainted with the country will know that this is a very difficult Still, the coach road to work. ran until the Postmaster-General thought fit to start a mail, so the Tally-ho was converted into a mail, and it ran until the railway went to Truro.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Ward stuck to the road as long (as he says) as there were any coaches left to be driven. His next step was to take the Horse Bazaar at Plymouth, where he first began to give driving lessons, though, as a matter of fact, he had often given them before on one or other of the coaches he drove.

It must have been something like thirty-five or forty years ago that Mr. Ward came up to London, and, so far as I know, his was the first establishment where regular driving - lessons

could be obtained. Previous to his arrival a man named Botcherby, who was foreman to Newman and Lansley, in Piccadilly, used to teach four-in-hand driving, and Tim Carter, too, did a little in the teaching way, but neither of them, if I remember rightly, had any horses of their own, and it was not always easy to make up a team. Then, again, there was an old man who had once been a stage-coachman, and who afterwards drove one of the white Richmond busses (which in those days used to travel via Hammersmith Bridge to Richmond), to teach who used driving, but he too had to beg his horses from somebody. The late "Father" Fownes was at that time engaged with his Clapham busses; Tedder was at work on the Brighton road, and I believe I am correct in making the abovementioned statement-viz., that Mr. Ward was the first to lay himself out in London for teaching driving, though instruction of some sort could be obtained at one or two of the riding-schools.

The driving of four horses almost came to an end about the time of the Crimean war, and when the present Four-in-hand Driving Club was started, the people who joined were those who had learned driving before, or who remembered the old days of coaching. For some time Mr. Ward practically had all the London teaching in his hands, and nearly every amateur in London, between the late sixties to midway in the eighties, passed through his hands. teacher he was singularly successful, and, unlike many other good coachmen, he had the knack of making his pupils understand exactly what they were required to do. Instead of merely telling a man to keep his hand up or to put it down, or to do something else, he sought to correct that which was the occasion of the fault, and the writer, who had the pleasure of receiving instruction from him, was much struck by this, as on one occasion he was warned to keep his elbow touching the hip-bone, and that being done the hand at once came into position, and the hip-bone was always a guide for the position of the hands. Any pupil placing himself with Mr. Ward had the easiest and most perfect teams to drive, and the late coachman used to make his pupil play with his reins as much as possible.

When the London streets were passed and some quiet road was reached, the tyro would be requested to take out with his right hand first one rein and then another and to replace it in its proper positions. This of course is not what should be done when some degree of proficiency is obtained, the desideratum being not to move the reins after a start has been once made, for, as Mr. Ward used to point out, when you can drive the less you move your reins the better; but he used also to say that, unless you can take them out of the hand and put them back with ease, you will always be in a difficulty, if you have to move any reins, and the writer has certainly found the benefit of the late tutor's instructions on this point.

And what a treat it was to see him hit a near leader! The only thing was that usually he had no leaders that really wanted hitting; but still he would sometimes show how it was done, and he would touch the near leader half-a-dozen times in succession, the thong scarcely rising higher than the roller bolt all the time.

The lessons, which generally

lasted about an hour and a half. and from Knightsbridge to Kew Bridge and back was generally a favourite teaching ground, were made continually pleasant by the fund of anecdote which Mr. Ward had at his command. Of course the early lessons were all taken up with instruction as to what to do and what to avoid, but as soon as the pupil had mastered the art of getting along without more occasional word an advice, and was capable of listening without running into omnibus or a cab, Mr. Ward relate many incidents. humorous and tragic, which occurred to the coaches with which he had been connected, and it is ten thousand pities that the excellent friend whose death we are now lamenting never embodied all his recollections in a book. is true that in the year 1870 he did publish a small work, but that does not contain a thousandth part of what he knew and remembered. While the last words of this paper were being written, a letter reached me from one who is well known in the coaching world, and who remembers the coaching revival. It refers to Mr. Ward's death, and the writer, who had known him for thirty-five years, says that he was "a thorough artist on the box, the prince of Mentors, most painstaking and most obliging—in fact, a man and a coachman." And no one who knew Mr. Ward will dissent from this eulogium. It cannot be otherwise than satisfactory to his family to know the esteem and regard in which Mr. Ward was held by all who came in contact with him. No one ever saw him badly turned out. If you went to Mr. Ward at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, there he was as neatly and as well-dressed as he would have been at midday in the middle

of the London season. He always had the old coachman's regard for well-cut trousers and well-polished boots, and as a rule he affected a frock coat, while, like many others of his profession, he could not abide a bad hat, nor did he like to see his pupils driving four horses in anything but a tall hat. On one detail he was peculiar. He always drove with the left thumb up, whereas most people keep it down on the reins, or nearly so.

Being engaged in a vast business and having his time very much occupied, Mr. Ward had little or nothing to do with the stage-coaching revival. Possibly he thought that it was only a make-believe of what at one time had been the business of his life. and, so far as I know, the only time in which he dabbled with the modern coach was when his old pupil, Mr. Tiffany, for a single season ran a coach to Brighton. Mr. Ward found Mr. Tiffany in horses and at least sometimes drove, but I forget who the regular professional was. Ward was very often at Brighton and when the weather was any thing like fine, he would betake himself to the front, opposite the Ship Inn, at the time when the Brighton coach left for London and arrived in the evening. Singularly enough he seldom, if ever joined the crowd on the pave ment, but always kept on the side nearest the sea, and would generally rest himself on one d the seats just facing the Old Ship and from there would watch the different coaches, evidently taking great interest in what he saw, bu possibly not always admiring the manner in which they were some times driven.

He himself was a pattern of grace upon the box. There was nothing of the down-the-road styl

about his position, but there he sat, as though on the most luxurious seat, which, indeed, the box wastohim. I must add, by the way, that when his pupils could drive fairly well, or, perhaps, thought they could, he would show them that they had something more to learn by taking them to Battersea As you go on the London and Brighton railway you can see the Battersea Park Gates, and outside one of them is a sort of a stone circle bisected in each direction by a roadway. The puzzle was to drive out of the gate into this circle, turn to the right, and then, having completed a quarter-circle, turn to the left; turning to the left again, or the right, as the case might be, and making more or less of a figure of 8.

In the prosecution of this feat many were the "ungainly clawings" which Mr. Ward witnessed. In approaching this place the pupil would be primed with instructions to keep his hand still, to point his leaders in leisurely fashion, and not with hasty clutches at the leading-reins, and to keep himself as cool as though he were driving along a straight country road. All this was perhaps carried out for the first turn, and then the "ungainly clawings," as a rule, began. There was very little time to spare, and generally down went the left hand, the wheel-reins, which should have been kept tight, were promptly loosened, round came the horses, and then a détour had

to be taken to get to work again. Then Mr. Ward would himself show how it should be done. He would turn back into the park, drive out, and his left hand would be kept as still as the hook for the bearing-rein upon the pad of a harness horse. He would just stretch out his right hand, pick up his leading-rein, draw it back, press it with his thumb and steady the wheelers, then the rein would be let go, the other leading-rein would be taken up, and the horses would come round in a perfect line; and when he had executed some extra sharp turn the leaders' noses would be almost touching the back of the brake-for, as a rule, the lessons were given in a brake, and not on a coach.

It was a sight to see, and it was a favourite saying of Mr. Ward's that if a man would only keep his left hand still, no turn that a coach could make would present any difficulty. "If you drop your hand," he used to say, "you will make a difficulty for yourself."

Scores of pupils will hold his memory in affectionate regard, for a more amiable and more agreeable friend and Mentor never consented to teach a duffer the way in which he should go. He, of course, took care that his own sons—Frank, Sidney, and Herbert—should not be ignorant of the art of four-in-hand driving, and since Mr. Ward has been incapacitated by age from giving lessons, they have imparted instructions to the pupils.

W. C. A. B.

The Sportsman in the Transvaal.

Hush! o'er the Transvaal the moonlight is gleaming,
Yonder tall mountain is bright as the day.
See where the shaft of pure silver is streaming
Down on the faces so silent and grey.
Hush! by the laager the sportsman is lying,
See where his helmet is cleft to the brim,
There on the plain, and alone, he is dying—
Such a smart soldier, too; always so trim.

Hush! is it home that has touched him so nearly?

Mark the bright tear that has dropped from his eye;
The children he loved, and the wife—ah, so dearly!

"God! is it over, then? Help me to die."

Yes, it comes back while the moments are fleeting—

The house in the meadow, the hounds on the lea,
The horn that he sounded, the covert-side greeting,

The cluster of scarlet, the bonny countrie.

Hark! he can see them, the hounds, and he cheers them,
Rector and Regent, and Wanderer too;
Through the deep arch of the woodland he hears them.
Hark!—but the creeping pain grasps him anew.
Feebly he lies in the weeds and the grasses,
His strong soldier spirit drifts over the hill,
Into the shaft of bright silver it passes
Out on the journey, so mystical still.

Sleep, brother sportsman, we do not forget you,
We who rode over the vale by your side;
England is true, and with those who have met you
Still she can talk of your memory with pride.
Sleep, and with those who are living we hold you
Trusty and true as your fathers before;
England is proud of you still, be it told you,
Every true sportsman is right at the core.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

Spurs, Ancient and Modern.

THOSE who like to glean knowledge hastily, and therefore superficially, will not find much information about spurs in most dictionaries; and we fancy we are right in asserting that nobody has written them up to date. Even that admirable work, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," ignores them completely; yet it mentions horsemanship, and other equine matters, such as bits and saddles. The British Museum has a poor collection; chiefly Mexican ones. So, needless to add, that primitive spurs is a precious tough subject to get up. It has saddened many people who have tried to tackle it. The difficulty lies in finding out what sort of a "heel shod with iron," to use a phrase of Virgil's, was worn previous to the Norman conquest.

A good many authorities declare that the ancient Greeks knew about, yet did not use, spurs. But they possibly had one, made of bronze, with a solid point on a semi-circle, whose extremities were pierced with holes, through which thongs were put in order to fasten them on. Certainly the Romans had similar ones in iron to those just described. They were used in the Augustan age; their historians prove this conclusively. And we might add that antique equestrian figures disprove it. Consequently at this period we have to cope with either a coincidence or an unaccountable mystery. Does it not appear inexplicable that Greek and Roman sculptors did not model horsemen with spurs on? Of course, we can only judge from the work they left behind. But the old historians were more thoughtful. As proof of this, Cicero used the word calcar in a double sense: as an

ordinary spur, and also metaphorically as "such an one wants a bridle, such an one a spur," signifying that one person was too quick and the other too slow. Again, the well-known phrase, a "heel shod with iron," is used by Virgil; and Plautus, and several others, who lived in that remote time, have passingly alluded to spurs, but have never attempted to fix the date of their invention.

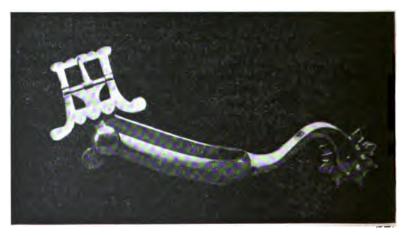
The earliest pattern is called the primitive "pryck" spur. And here comes the gap which no author can satisfactorily fill, because we naturally want to know the connection between this early "pryck" spur worn by the Romans and those used by the Anglo-Saxons. Now it is easy to conjecture. But we must go a step further, and consider every link in the chain of evidence. The Saxons used a "spuran," as they called it, which was similar to those used by the Romans, who conquered Britain. Plainly, the Saxons borrowed the idea of their spurs from the Romans; this is the logical deduction.

In as few words as possible let us trace this interesting subject from the Augustan age up to the Victorian; but we cannot mention every pattern minutely, because there have been so many. Nevertheless, we can show that circumstances brought about a change in spurs, and we can give the reader an idea of the reason why each change took place, viz.: on account of the horses' trappings. Riders needing long-necked spurs when their chargers wore armour, and also when they were decked out for a pageant.

We have mentioned the first sort of spurs, and will now compare the Anglo-Saxon ones. They



A FOREIGN CROWNED EAGLE PAGEANT SPUR.
Probably about Fourteenth Century.



CHARLES II. SPUR.

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were goads of a rather curious shape. Here are some remarks showing how recognised authorities have referred to them. "The Roman spurs differed but little from those of the Franks and Saxons, the neck was rather shorter, the pyramidal head rather concave on every side, which afterwards suggested the ring and spike of the 'pryck' spur, and the shanks, instead of being straight, became curved." Another view is more difficult to substantiate as regards the "rouelle," or "rowel," for the great division in spurs consists whether they are the old "pryck" or the modern "rowelled" ones. Henry III. is said to have been the first English king who used the latter. Anyway, it is quite worth while to give this quotation from Mr. Grose, an archæologist in the last century, whose statements seem correct on other points, if not on this. "The rouelle, or wheel spur, though evidently an afterthought, or improvement on the 'pryck,' was worn in common with it at the Conquest. Its superiority was, if point was broken, spur was not uscless, owing to the rotation of the wheel, and the same motion prevented it injuring horses. The points of rowels were sometimes three inches long." Surely he meant the neck? The fifteenth contary was responsible for rowels made like a serrated wheel; these are more ornamental than useful. They mark an era of transition between those worn previously, when horses and riders were encased in armour, and those used subsequently, when armour gradually became less heavy, and finally fell into disuse. One of these processional spurs weighed one pound and three-quarters, avoirdupois.

Here are some important

changes after the battle Hastings. Iron "pryck" spurs were lozenge shaped, or like spears' heads, usually with short necks, but a few were long. Until Henry III., the tendency of the average rider was to wear these "pryck" spurs, with longer and longer necks, and this brings us to the period when the rowel is first noticeable on the great seals. However, rowels are a characteristic of the fourteenth century, and in Henry IV.'s reign to Henry VI., the necks became purposely bent, and enormous spiked rowels were used; "from the heel to the tips of the rowels some were seven inches and a half long." In the sixteenth century, Ripon in Yorkshire was the most celebrated town in England for the manufacture of spurs. Heavy brass pageant ones, with curved necks, in Henry VIII.'s time are well worth looking at, and were sure to have been made at Ripon. About this time spurs were worn ornamentally, they were studded profusely with precious stones, and made of gold or gilt. A pair with exquisite gleaming diamonds in are said to have been in the possession of Henry Prince of Wales, in 1615. We all know the iron round spurs in use when Charles I. and II. reigned. In George I.'s days, if not before, ladies had pretty little silver ones, short in the neck, with sharpish rowels. They were jointed at the sides, in order that a lady could put them on and take them This brings us nearly off easily. up to our own time. As late as the thirteenth century it was a common practice to bury warriors with a single spur, always attached to the left foot.

A couple of centuries ago, hunting spurs were short in the neck, the average length being about one-and-a-half inches. Then came



MODERN DROOPED SPUR.



MODERN STRAIGHT HUNTING SPUR.

a tendency towards having longer ones; but during the last three or four years those with short necks have again come into fashion. Riders find them more convenient for jumping, particularly as they are now worn high up under the ankle of butcher and top-boots. Quite recently the straight and drooped ones have been equally popular. The former have a nattier appearance, but the latter are casier to keep off a fidgety

The seven distinct kinds in England at present are:

(1) Box-spurs worn for military duties, and yoke-spurs, with the neck curving upwards. (Boxspurs, of course, are also worn with trousers by civilians.)

(2) Those worn out hunting.

(3) Those worn for racing. (4) Those worn for hacking.

(5) A lady has a single spur, which is a miniature edition of number two.

(6) Very often a lady wears a spur with a single point, covered by a spring cap until pressed against her horse's side, when the cap retreats and bares the point.

The rowels in vogue have ten points, and their length and sharpness should depend on the wearer's skill as a horseman, and also on the character of the horse.

Guineas have been used in military spurs as a substitute rowels, but very Box-spurs came into use about seventy years ago. Their inventor was Mr. Henry Maxwell. He was grandfather to the worldfamed spurmaker, who carries on the business now. Before their introduction, spurs were screwed on to the heels of boots when their wearers wished to avoid using buckles and chains. best steel box-spurs are "forged solid"—i.e., out of one piece of metal—to avoid screwing in a spike that is liable to break. course brass and compound metals are cast. Whoever foolish enough to try and forge them will find the task about as interesting and nearly as difficult as endeavouring to make ropes out of sand. On reflection, it will strike an observant person what a neat discovery Mr. Maxwell made when he cleverly hit upon the idea of holding the spur in a spring socket which is built into the boot-heel. Cavalry officers wear the same kind of box-spurs for undress and for mess as the original pattern. But for mounted duties they have Jack-spurs, which are worn with buckles and chains. As regards foreigners, they use box-spurs, if the expense does not deter them, or else those which screw on to the heels of their boots. Clergymen and horse dealers—extremes meet —often wear black spurs, giving their owners concealed power, with the semblance of humility in one case, and of modesty or desire to mark their subordinate position in the other case. Those worn by jockeys are far prettier. They are made of hard steel, owing to their being so extremely thin and light, and are covered with silver-plate, put on in four strips. Electro-plating is no good in this trade, and spurs, to be serviceable, must either have the silver brazed or soldered on; the former is the old Sheffield plate. In addition to those we have referred to, polished steel, gilt and spurs are much chiefly by Army men.

Here let us impress those who pin their faith in "the good old days" that presentation spurs were never in the past so exquisitely chased as those which a skilled hand can make to order at the present time. Any extravagant person can soon prove this by purchasing a five-guinea silver pair, and then comparing them with those which cost an equivalent sum before the reign of

Oueen Victoria.

Concerning the pitch of cheapness ill-made foreign spurs have reached, it would be difficult to They are manufactured very roughly-no work being put in-so that even if purchasers give merely a franc a pair, it is quite enough for them.

Spur-money probably conveys

nothing to ordinary churchgoers in the nineteenth century. it had a meaning, long before the bicycle craze; for now a few country churches have houses for bikes. From the cheque book of the Chapel Royal, Dr. E. F. Rimbault made the following extract of an order made by the Dean in 1622:—"That if anie knight, or other person entituled to weare spurs, enter the Chapell in that guise, he shall pay to the quiristers the accustomed fine: but if he command the youngest quirister to repeate his gamut, and he faile in the so doing, the said knight, or other, shall not pay the fine." This was enforced until the year 1830. Quoting a note in Clifford's edition of the work of Ben Jonson, Mr. Markland says:—"In the time of Ben Jonson, in consequence of the interruptions to Divine Service, occasioned by the ringing of the spurs worn by people walking and transacting business in cathedrals, especially in St. Paul's, a small fine was imposed on them called 'spur-money,' the exaction of which was committed to the beadles and singing-boys." Again, to show how the author of an old tract entitled, "The Children of the Chapel Stript and Wipt," quaintly expresses himself, we give the following passage:-"We think it very necessarye

that every Quorister shoulde bringe with him to Church a Testument in Englishe, and turn to everye Chapter as it is daily read, or some other good and godly Prayerbook, rather than spend their tyme in talk, and hunting after spur-money, wherein they set about their whole mindes, and doe often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them." In those mirthful days punctuation seems to have been less studied than

Another custom, which amounts to an old form of "copyhold tenure," is still in force. The copyholder in the following case is the Crown. Example:—A gentleman at the present moment holds an estate on condition that he presents a pair of spurs to the reigning King (or Queen in our case), whenever the Sovereign passes through his land. This is analogous to the Duke of Wellington's annual presentation of a tricoloured flag to Her Majesty, being the token of his right to hold Strathfieldsaye. The custom in this particular instance originated when that estate was presented to the "Iron Duke" after the battle of Waterloo, in return for his distinguished services. Blenheim, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Marlborough. is held under similar conditions.

Many instances can be given of horses that have been severely injured through using unnecessarily sharp rowels. In more than one case, when a horse has fallen, he has had his side pierced by the neck of the spur. Obviously then, in order to prevent a recurrence of such an unusual mishap, it is advisable to have a fair-sized "boss"—i.e., that part of the "neck" which contains the rowel. Sentimental people will be pained to learn that a

great number of Mexican spurs are manufactured in England, and not in a romantic town in the scuthern part of North America. They are certainly handsome to look at, make a jingling noise, and are suitable for a harum-scarum, braggart's style of riding.

G. B.

National Hunt Rules.

SIMPLIFICATION OF THE FORM OF ENTRY.

Seeing that mistakes are frequently made by owners in entering horses under National Hunt Rules, I venture to draw attention to the numerous obstacles, for which no necessity exists, which are placed in the way of an owner who wishes to enter a horse, by the present rules. I will also make a suggestion with a view to simplifying the form of entry. A person of ordinary intelligence who reads the National Hunt Rules, regarding the Form of Entry for the first time, would naturally conclude that the National Hunt Committee wish to make it a matter of considerable difficulty for owners to enter their horses correctly, that it is their intention, in fact, to subject owners to some sort of examination to test their intelligence and literary ability before allowing them to run horses. Whether this is so or not I do not know, but I do know that the task of entering certain horses correctly is by no means a simple one. For instance, what is the point of the rule which requires an owner in entering a horse, which has run before under these rules, to state the name of the horse's late owner? In the case of a selling plater which changes hands twice a week and which is frequently entered by one person, sold before the race and run in the name of another per-

son, it is not always easy, unless the new owner is a constant attendant at race meetings, to find out at short notice what is the late owner's name. This information is not required under Jockey Club Rules; why therefore do the National Hunt Committee demand it?

The unsophisticated owner, however, meets with far greater difficulties if he wishes to enter a half-bred horse, that is, a horse the pedigree of which is not in the Stud Book. The National Hunt Rules not only require the halfbred horse's pedigree so far as it is known, but the name of the person from whom it was purchased and even the date and the place of purchase. I had occacasion a short time ago to enter a half-bred horse for the first time under these rules, which a few months before had won an important steeplechase in Ireland and had been running there for some years, yet I had to give all this absurd information in making the entry. I say absurd, because the horse was well known in the steeplechasing world. I give another instance which happened to me a few years ago. I entered a four-year-old half-bred horse by Torpedo for the first time. gave all the particulars required by the rules as I thought, giving the full pedigree of the dam (which was by New Oswestry, and therefore not in the Stud Book), the date and place of purchase and the name of the person who sold me the horse. fortunately, as I was not at that time a close student of the Stud Book, I was not aware that there were two Torpedos in the Stud Book, one by Hermit and the other by Gunboat. Torpedo by Gunboat was my horse's sire and stood in Ireland. Torpedo by Hermit stood in England and was little known at that time as a sire, having only lately gone to the stud. My young horse won several races to start with, and proved himself very useful. then ran him in a good hunter's flat race. There were only two other starters, one of which was very smart and the other was not much fancied. My horse and the other horse backed started at about even money. My horse won, and shortly afterwards was objected to on the ground of indescription. Fortusufficient nately at the last moment I obtained proof that Torpedo, son of Hermit, did not cover mares until the year my horse was foaled, and so I got the race. I am quite certain that some persons knew of this flaw in my horse's description and bided their time until they got a supposed certainty by laying against him at a very short price. If the objection had been upheld my horse would have been disqualified for all the races he had won. This seems to me to be an extremely severe penalty. horse of mine afterwards became a famous steeplechaser. Careless owners are apt to enter horses with the wrong age, especially

when the entry is made early in the new year, as they forget that their young horse has had another birthday.

My suggestion is to simplify the form of entry as follows:—Require all horses to be registered at Messrs. Weatherby's before they can be entered in any race. Owners to furnish pedigree and full particulars before a horse can be registered, and to pay a fee of 5s. a horse. Each registered horse to be given a number, like our friend Tommy Atkins. In entering a horse an owner would then merely state the name and number, as for example—

Mr. Brown's Bobby, No. 235. The age need not be given. Clerks of courses, handicappers and other officials would have lists of all registered horses, and it would be practically impossible for an owner to enter a horse incorrectly. If he made a mistake in the number, the receiver of entries would at once detect the error. Objections on the ground of incorrect entry would then be a thing of the past. Will the National Hunt Committee carry out this reform? I doubt it. after annoying and exasperating hunting men for some years by their fussy and vexatious Pointto - Point Rules. These rules have at last been amended, but the rules are still quite unnecessarily long. Why could not the National Hunt Committee simply state that they take no cognisance of Point-to-Point races held under the stewardship of the M.F.H. in whose country the races take place?

> H. L. Powell, Captain R.H.A.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Anthor of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

"To mention the Grand National," says the author of "Steeplechasing" in the Badminton Series, "is at once to suggest the names of Lottery and Jem Mason, who head the list of winners." 'Tis sixty years ago since that famous pair immortalised themselves at Liverpool, and their memory is still green among sportsmen. I have met weterans within the last decade who saw Jem Mason steer Lottery to victory on that memorable day, and who stoutly maintained that neither horse nor rider has ever had his peer. I will not attempt to discuss that question, but leave the reader to judge for himself as to the merits of the famous pair from the following anecdotes of Jem Mason's career.

Jem's father was a horse-dealer in a large way, at Stilton, in Leicestershire, and the lad was brought up among horses from his infancy. At the age of fifteen he was engaged as rough-rider to Mr. Tilbury, of Dove House Farm, near Pinner, one of the best-known dealers in the kingdom, who sometimes had as many as 200 hunters on his hands. Jem had plenty of practice in riding to hounds, and one day when he was out with the Hertfordshire, that good all-round sportsman, Lord Frederic Beauclerk, was so struck with his riding that he got the lad to ride the Poet, who had run third in the St. Leger, in the St. Albans Steeplechase, then under Tommy Coleman's management, the leading cross-country event of the season. The Poet had to carry 12st., and as Jem was under 8st., he had to carry upwards of 4st dead weight; but he won so cleverly as to convince good judges that he had in him the making of a first-rate steeplechase rider.

It was just after this steeplechase that Jem Mason's connection began with the horse which is as closely associated with his name as ever Black Bess was with Dick Turpin. Lottery was bought by John Elmore, another famous dealer, at Horncastle Fair, in 1836. He was a mealy brown colour, narrow and short in his quarters, and anything but promising-looking; but being put to a post and rails for a trial, he took them so well that a bystander said, "The —— could jump from Hell to Hackney," and thereupon Elmore gave £120 for him. He was at once handed over to Jem Mason, who schooled him daily, but with only moderate success. It was just the turningpoint of Jem's career; he was firmly established in everybody's opinion as a first-class horseman, and only wanted the mounts to lead him on to fortune. As luck would have it, Elmore was just then in want of a firstclass jockey, and gave him the riding of the best steeplechase horses that money could buy, and from that time he was associated with Becher, Olliver, and the of the cross-country cream talent.

It was in 1838 that Lottery first faced the starter. St. Albans was chosen as the place for his debut, and considering that he was

amiss at the time, his performance in coming in third was so good that the general opinion was that, had he been in condition, he must have won. Six weeks later, Lottery took the Metropolitan, winning easily, and the rest of the season was a succession of victories. But his grand coup was at Liverpool the following year. When he came to the five-feet stone wall at the end of the first two miles, very few were in it: Charity, who was leading, refused; Railroad, who was next, went close up to it, and cleared it beautifully; Lottery and the Nun followed, the former taking a tremendous flying leap, enough to have cleared a wide brook on the other side, but the Nun nearly unshipped her rider. McDonough. At the finish, as soon as Mason saw fit to let his horse go, the race was never in doubt; so fresh, in fact, was Lottery, that over the hurdles placed for the run home he cleared the enormous distance of 33 feet.

An amusing anecdote is related in connection with the foregoing race. Josh Anderson, then so well known in sporting circles for his fine singing, one night, in a convivial circle, refused an encore for "Farewell, my Trim - built Wherry," unless the odds of one hundred pounds to ten were given him against Lottery; and so enthusiastically musical was some one present that he laid Anderson the bet at once.

To Jem Mason Lottery brought a wife. He had quitted Tilbury's service to engage with Elmore, and fell in love with one of the latter's daughters. So delighted was the old trainer with the young fellow's performance that he gave him the girl, and the marriage was celebrated forthwith.

During the remainder of the season Lottery carried everything before him at Maidstone, Cheltenham, Stratford - on - Avon, and elsewhere. But Jem's next great feat was at Dunchurch in 1840, when the Nun, again mounted by McDonough (who, next to Tom Ferguson, was esteemed the best horseman in Ireland) made a tremendous fight with him. From the winning field only this pair were in front, and it was here that Jem gave an instance of that wonderful readiness in availing himself of the advantage of a situation, that almost amounted to instinct. As they approached the goal-with deep ridge and furrow before them—his quick eye to a country told him that by jumping some high post and. rails two fields distant, he should be enabled to ride straight up the ridge. This he did, and as McDonough did not like to follow with The Nun, who was a slovenly fencer, the mare had to come floundering across the ridge and furrow in the last field, and was beaten in a canter.

At Liverpool, in the following year, Lottery had his first fall, and strange to say he and his old adversary, The Nun, tumbled over the wall together. The latter never recovered the shock, and Lottery was much shaken. natured people said that Jem's servant was just behind, with his great coat ready to pick his master up; but I believe this to have been a calumny, and that the cause of the accident was the pace, which was so tremendous that the horse was really blown. Elmore, however, owned the two favourites, Lottery and Jerry; the former stood first in the betting at 4 to 1, so there is no knowing what little games may have been played on the sly.

During the next two seasons Lottery—of course, always ridden by Jem-won the Metropolitan, Dunchurch, Learnington, Northampton, Stratford and Cheltenham steeplechases, until Mrs. Elmore used to say she was quite ashamed of going about the country and carrying away the money from every place. haps the greatest feat performed by the pair was at Cheltenham, when Lottery had to carry a heavy amount of penalties, and meet some of the best horses in "You won't run the old horse with all those penalties, it would be a regular shame;" someone remarked to Elmore. "Yes," was the reply, " it is a shame that he should have to carry them; but he shall go and do his best, poor old fellow." "Now," said he to Jem, when he was ready to start, "you can have no chance to win; but send the old horse along, and gallop him as long as you can."

What followed I will give in the words of an old sportsman who saw the race:—"I was standing about a mile, or something more from home, where they had to go in and out of a road, and there were two gates, one on each side, between the flags. What was my surprise to see Mason, who, I thought, must from the weight have long since been out of it, coming with a strong lead, and making all his own running. Down to the gates he came, and bounded over them, in and out of the road like a football, while the lest, not daring to take the timber, rere pottering and scrambling at he fences; and moreover, he ras never caught, but went on, nd won as he liked." Weight ad evidently little to do with ottery when in his best form, nd this bears out what has been

recorded of Jem Mason's saying, when looking over the line at Dunchurch, where the choice lay between a strong bullfinch and a high new gate off a fresh metalled road, "I am not going to scratch my face, as I am going to the Opera to-night, but I shall go forty miles an hour at the gate, and there is no man in England dare follow me." But the custom of handicapping steeplechase horses, which came in at this time, imposed such penalties upon Lottery that during the two years longer he was in training he only won once, at Newport Pagnel.

The next two horses upon which Jem Mason distinguished himself were Jerry and Gaylad. He once rode the latter for two miles with the stirrup iron up his leg, and when he came in to weigh it was with the greatest difficulty he could be got out of the saddle. Gaylad's great match with Crosby over four miles of the Harrow country was one of the most curious things in steeplechasing. During the race both horses were not less than four times reduced to a walk, and when they got to the last fence neither had a jump left in him. The friends of both then began pulling down the fence for them, and Jack Darby boldly shoved Gaylad into the winning field, and Jem managed to hold him up and walk in, greatly to the chagrin of McDonough, who was on Crosby.

With Trust-me-not Jem also scored heavily, and of his connection with the last-named horse a good story is told. Jem was always ready to serve a friend in distress, and having received a confidential communication from Tom Olliver, who as usual was in "Short Street," to the effect that all he possessed between earth

experiment in this direction next year." And his lordship would appear to have found the truth when he proceeds: "Personally I am very doubtful whether the exertion of running will much affect many batsmen. Once a batsman has got his second wind and has settled down to running at a regular pace, it really makes very little difference whether he has to run out those extra number of hits which go to the boundary. I have had some experience of this myself in the last two years on a ground which has no boundary on three sides, and by the scores which were made by the oldest cricketers playing, I should judge that having to run out all hits makes very little difference to the batsman. On other hand, it is perfectly certain that such a change will not tend to make the game quicker, as batsmen will take a little time to recover their wind. There is also some risk that it will discourage brilliant fielding. A lazy field will make no brilliant attempt to cover the ball, he will be satisfied with waiting until it has struck the boundary fence, when he can pick it up without exertion. Still the experiment is quite worth trying, and it seems to me that if this is done at Lord's the M.C.C. will be taking a very wise course." So writes Lord Harris, and it is gratifying to find that the views of this important person accord with those expressed in an article in the December number of BAILY on the subject of boundary hits. We dislike his lordship's idea that Lord's Cricket Ground should be made a base of operations for experimentalist cricket faddists: not content with recommending a trial of the running out of boundary hits at Lord's, although he himself says it is not likely to prove successful, Lord Harris proceeds: "I very respectfully suggest that the M.C.C. might go a step further and make an experiment as regards the l.b.w. rule in its own matches at head-quarters, with the consent, of course, of the opposing clubs."

Exigencies of space forbid our writing further upon this excellent volume, whose 506 pages afford the best value for one shilling that any cricketer can

hope to possess.

This,* in the words of the author, is "a short treatise on the law of chance, with an example of how I attempt to combat the eccentricities of this same law." "H." fears that the application of science to a betting system will frighten away disciples; but we think he need have little apprehension on this point. By applying his system to the jockeys, "taking three English and three American for purposes of the same," he shows a substantial profit for the season; and so long as a system shows a balance on the right side, the confiding punter will not regard any scientific element it may contain with dis-Those more enquiring approval. spirits who wish to probe the mysteries of the system must read this little pamphlet in conjunction with an "Essay on the Law of Chance" in the Fortnightly for March, 1894—"Science and Monte Carlo.''

^{* &}quot;Amongst the Jockeys of 1899." By "H.' (London: Edmund Searle.) 6d.

"Our Van."

The War and Steeplechasing.— In times of peace, never a steeplechase season was allowed to pass without one or more quotations of the "poet" Bunn's line, "Let me likea soldier fall." It was supposed to be a humorous reference to the tumbling propensities of the average military rider, and the criticism came invariably from people who had never sat on a horse, much less attempted to jump the Sandown fences on one. Now, with our soldier riders falling in real earnest in South Africa, never to rise again, it is a different story that is told, and, as was to be expected, the men who risked their limbs and lives day by day for sport are in the forefront when it is a question of doing for the old country. In a way we were saying to each other three months ago that the war would interfere with the steeplechasing, but few, if any, could have realised to what extent. The sporting element has been almost entirely removed, and if, in previous seasons, there has been just reason for complaint of dulness, what must it be now, with scarcely a military man in the saddle? The havoc with the steeplechase season has wholesale. The abandonment of the Grand Military Meeting of two days is to deprive the Sandown Park March Meeting of its chief attraction. Last year the scene was a miniature Ascot, though it was March; this year half of those who were then present, who are not on active service, will be in mourning. The Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill is another important meeting that has gone by the board, and it is scarcely possible to hope that the V.W.H. Meeting completes the list. Al-

dershot, where abandonment has already been announced, must suffer as severely as anywhere. It is worthy of record that the steeplechaser, March Hare, was to have been taken out to the Cape by Lord Stanley as charger.

Abandonment v. Postponement —A Close Time.—At last the dissatisfaction with mid-winter racing is making itself heard. The expression does not yet take the form of a desire for total abolition. but the thin end of the wedge has been inserted in the shape of the commencement of an agitation in favour of a rule providing for the abandonment of any National Hunt Meeting that cannot be brought off on the day originally fixed. Clerks of courses, after this winter's experience, are not likely to be antagonistic to this step; and in my, perhaps optimistic view, a little more bad luck in the way of weather and entries will bring about the much needed interregnum. I am aware that there are stables who look forward to the end of the flat racing and the beginning of the jumping with the same eagerness with which the other party await the precise opposite, and they will of course not view with favour any curtailment of their harvest time. But I fear they will have to do as many better men have done before them and adapt themselves to circumstances. In England, and probably all the world over, before any important step is taken that affects a community, the matter at issue will have been the theme of discussion for some time previously, and this is emphatically the case in this instance. No proposition is more readily agreed to by the great majority of racing

stated, that anyone was fined or reprimanded for the omission. But perhaps Newmarket officials are not amenable to such disciplinary measures, however much they may stultify their employers.

Hunting—Yacant Countries. -The Vine Hounds are advertising for a master, Mr. Pember having resigned. This Hunt, although its country is rough, being divided about equally between rough woodland and stony plough, is essentially a sporting one. The fame of the Hunt dates from the days of Mr. Chute, of the Vine, who liked to breed his hounds small and of great substance. The most distinguished member the Hunt ever had was the great Duke of Wellington, who was a regular subscriber to and follower of these hounds. The resignation of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) by Lord Bathurst is little short of a calamity to the Hunt. Since the division of the country, the mastership has been in the hands of Lord Bathurst and his father. It is a delightful country to hunt in and to ride over. Another very popular master who resigns is Lord Longford, who has been joint master with his brother. Captain Pakenham, of the West-He will be a difficult meath. man to follow. There is a good pack of hounds and a capable huntsman.

The Belvoir Hounds.—Those who followed these hounds on Saturday, January 6th, and again on Wednesday, the 10th, had two different illustrations of the old saying that blood will tell. The famous pack showed on the former day that they could hunt, and on the latter that they could stay. Both runs were, as it happened, on the Melton side of Belvoir. After a race on a good scent with some of the keenest spirits riding on their sterns, they

steadied down to hunt a very dodging fox on a fading scent. Some at least of the credit must be given to Capell, who put hounds right very cleverly more than once. Under a covert of darkness the fox escaped a welldeserved end. If Saturday was an example of dash and patience, the Wednesday after was an example of the stamina of the great pack. Hounds ran fast and last, though, of course, not with the same fox all the time, for three hours and a half, and covered at least twenty miles.

The Pytchley.—A Wednesday meet, a Wednesday crowd, though some well-known faces were missed, and among them the chronicler of the pack in the field, who rode as hard as he wrote well, which is saying a good deal. There were two foxes in Lilbourne, and hounds settling down, drove him right - handed over the road, and began to run nicely. At Yelvertoft there was crush at the gateway, hounds had gone some distance before the field were on terms with them, Mr. Wroughton and Miss Dawkins having perhaps the best of it up to Winwick. After hounds crossed the road, they could not do much more, though they showed a faint line on to Guilsborough. A bright gallop from Thornley Village to Cottesbroke finished the day.

Rufford.—Quite a hound run was the great gallop with these hounds from Willow. There was a quick find, and Frank Scorey, who was hunting hounds, never touched the pack from find to finish. There was no serious check, and hounds did the work. Doubtless they changed foxes, but it was a run to make any master proud of his pack, and it was a matter of regret that Mr. Rolleston was not there to see the fun.

Albrighton.—This pack, with which Mr. Monro, master and huntsman, is having his first season, has been showing good sport. On the last Friday in the old year, hounds had twenty minutes at a good pace over some heavy country. When the who-whoop sounded over the earth the horses were quite ready for a halt.

The Cottesmore have had quite their share of sport, and perhaps the best was the gallop from Mr. Peake's Covert on the last hunting day of 1899. A run that began in the Cottesmore crossed a good corner of the Quorn, returned to the Cottesmore, ran over the steeplechase course, thence into the Belvoir, and to ground, near Melton Spinney.

The Croome.—From this country there reaches me a tale of sport which includes much hunting, much galloping, and the finding of many foxes, yet so far nothing of such distinguished excellence as to merit a special record here. The season so far must be called a success, and Mr. Coventry promises to be a worthy successor to Mr. Wrangham and the Earl of Coventry. By the way, it is not often that a father and son are carrying the horn at the same time. There are the two Watsons, of course, but I cannot recall any other besides Lord Coventry and his son in my recollection.

Mr. Fernia's.—What a wonderful little covert Thurnby Spinney is! On Friday, January 5th, some time had been spent in hunting a fox from Glen Gorse, and the morning was old before the pack were thrown into Thurnby. Scarcely were the bitches in covert when there was a holloa from the far end. Thurnby is an easy place to get away from, and as we galloped our hardest while the pack flitted through the

covert, hounds arrived at the far end about the same time as the Hounds were driven off the line, and it took them some time to settle. As soon as they were well over the Uppingham Road, they began to run very hard, with Botany Bay to the right, past Ingarsby and Keyham. we were running we saw the Quorn trotting along to draw the Coplow, and some of their field joined our hunt, which swept on to Humberstone, the spire of that church being the landmark. There was a check on the road which runs from Scraptoft to Leicester, and then came the brook, which is easy in some places and very awkward in others. Here the huntsman got in, and the first whipper-in thought it proper to lift hounds, and lost the fox.

Isle of Wight.—This charming sun-trap is not generally regarded as a hunting country, yet people do manage to get some sport there, though there is a good deal of wire on the downs. There is a good supply of foxes in the coverts near the Kennels and on towards Shalfleet. It is always worth while to keep one's eyes open for a good horse on the island, for they breed some excellent ones there.

The North Cheshire.—With such a country it would be hard if the Cheshire could not get sport. The afternoon gallop from Rudheath on New Year's Day will long be remembered for pace and brilliancy by the few who shared it. Unluckily, as often happens, it took place late in the afternoon, and a great number of people had gone home.

The Brocklesby.—It is interesting to note the restoration of a dog pack to the Brocklesby kennels. Everyone will remember the famous pack which after some

he got of catching him, for darkness closed in rapidly, and after hunting on to Dodershall and Lower Westcott he was obliged

to give him up.

The Grafton.—The Hon. E. Douglas Pennant's hounds have succeeded in showing excellent sport during the month, a capital hunting run on December 20th from Castlethorpe, for, finding a brace of foxes in Mr. Pike's Gorse, they drove one across Henslope Park to Bunstey and Stoke Park Woods. In the latter they dwelt a time, then getting away by Gore Fields almost to Salcey Forest, hounds swung round by Long Street and Hanslope to Haversham, where their fox got to ground in an open earth. Coming to the New Year, January 5th found them at Syresham, the occasion a remarkable display of staunch hound work, and the handling of a stout woodland fox in a very masterly fashion. Mr. J. Timms, as usual, dispensed hospitality, then Whistley Wood supplied the fox which was to make the day memorable; fox going away in the direction of Radstone, hounds turned by Whitfield to Syresham, and passing within one field of the village crossed Biddlesden Park to Whitfield Wood, Three Parks Wood, and nearly reached Stowe Ridings. Holding to the left, however, to Wet Leys and Hatch Woods they nearly completed the circle to Whistley Wood before they turned over a strong. country to Bucknall's Wood. This stronghold is usually sufficient to hold the hunt for some time, but on this occasion hounds drove their fox straight through, threading Porter's Wood ere they reached Whittlebury Park, and pulled this good fox down on Wakefield Lawn, having been at him nearly three hours. January 10th saw them at Castlethorpe again, and

on this occasion they were able to cross into their neighbours' territories, bringing a fox to hand at Mr. Uthwatt's house at Great Linford, where a drain had given him shelter.

The Cakley.—Mr. P. A. O. Whittaker has scored a really useful season's sport up to the present time, though perhaps there have been but few strikingly brilliant days amongst them. We will only introduce one into these notes to testify to the staunchness of the Woburn side of this large country. Meeting at Little Brickhill on January 10th, the master trotted on at once to King's Wood, quickly found a fox, and going away by Over End Green to Shenley Hill and the Mile Tree Highway, hounds ran fast over grass to Fourn Hill and Battlesden, then coming to slower hunting on the left of Hockliffe, a series of small fields were crossed to Kates Hill and their fox forced on to Tilsworth, where he sought refuge in a fowl-house. Unfortunately, the good woman who owned it evicted him before hounds got there, and although they hunted on to Standbridge Windmill, he succeeded in beating them amongst the environs of that village.

Berkhampstead Staghounds.—A great run with Mr. R. Rawle's celebrated little pack deserves a place in these pages, recalling, as it does, some of the great gallops which marked the earlier days of this justly popular pack. The meet for January 3rd was the "Bridgewater Arms," Ashridge, and a stag was uncarted close by, piloting them through Little Gaddesden Hoo to Ringshall Coppice and Wardes Hurst. Crossing the Coombe to the Ivinghoe Hills the little pack raced on to Ivinghoe Grove, turned across to Ivinghoe Aston, and from thence set their heads for Horton

and almost to Leighton Buzzard. Before reaching that, however, they bore down upon Mentmore, passed Wingbury to Hoxleys and Aston Abbotts, and having passed Cublington, crossed some of the cream of the vale pastures to Littlecote, where they safely shut their stag up in Mr. W. Hedge's buildings, having been going about one hour and three-quarters. A worthy example of what this popular pack are able to do.

The Whaddon Chase.—Boxing Day was perchance the best of a series of good days the Whaddon Chase hounds have shown their followers during the past month, for, meeting at Swanborne, they opened the ball with a short but merry ring by Mains Hill and Hoggeston to their trysting-place, where their fox beat them. Going on to Highhavens the hunt drove across the bottom to Salden Windmill, and having threaded Salden Wood returned to Drayton Potash and Drayton Parslow, where they also lost him. The gallop of the day, however, came when Highhavens was reached a second time, for, getting a fox away at once, hounds raced across the bottom by Hoggeston to Christmas Gorse, where it was said they changed foxes. Be that as it may, they got away from the upper side of the covert close to one customer, and held a decided advantage of horses as they recrossed the valley to Highhavens, passed the covert on the left, and wafter bringing a piece of road work into the programme, crossed he Stewkley Warren Farm to the Wing Road near the wood. Again **king** to the road for some disance this fox crossed Tinkershole early to West Park Farm Wing re he doubled back over the same puntry to Stewkley, recrossed the Varren Farm, and after a circuit wards Cublington, were stopped

dark near King's Bridge. Saturday, January 6th, from Shenley Brook End, was also marked by a very fast gallop from Howe Park Wood, the bitches literally racing through the Whaddon Woodlands to College Wood, up to which point the pride of place was held by the master, Mr. W. Selby Lowndes. Beyond College the hunt held on slowly to Nash Brakes and Furzen Fields. Beachampton Grove being touched ere Oakhill and Shenley Woods were reached, the hunt eventually returning to Furzen Fields before night, though Sturman was unfortunately unable to handle a fox. January 13th was remarkable for a good hunting run from Shenley Wood, whence hounds crossed to Howe Park, and passing Cold Harbour to Loughton, crossed the L. & N. Western railway to the Woughton country. Then returning by Den-Hall to Bletchley Park, bigh Sturman hunted his fox back by Bletchley Leys to Salden, finally

Sport in Yorkshire.—Sport in Yorkshire, which was brought to a stop after the good day's sport which Lord Fitzwilliam's had on December 8th, has been cellent since the break up of the storm, and indeed during the storm one or two excellent days' sport were stolen. There has perhaps not been anything exceptionally brilliant, but there has been what is more satisfactory to the general body of hunting men, a high average of sport. the thaw came a succession of heavy rains, which have had the effect of making the country abnormally deep. Indeed, it is deeper now than it has been for the last three or four seasons, and a great deal of low-lying land is under water: so falls have been

stopping hounds at Whaddon

Thrift at night.

rolled him over near the Brickyard. Time: thirty-five minutes. They found again in Bossall Wood, and ran smartly over the Barneby House Farm to Willow Turning to the left, they crossed the road and ran through Hudson's Plantation. Then, leaving Harton to the right, they bore left-handed for Claxton, where they checked. Grant soon had them on the line again, and they ran round by Kissthorns and Pasture Farm, pointing for Buttercrambe Moor, and rolled their fox over in a small plantation by the road-side not far from Sand Hutton Hall. Time: forty-three minutes.

Ireland.—The first real breath of winter smote Ireland on the night of December 29th, when a frost of great severity in a few hours made the country unrideable. This was followed by a fall of snow, and the weather prophets said, "I told you so; we were bound to have a hard winter." The snow, however, turned to heavy rain, and on the second day of the New Year horsemen were fairly in the mud again. barometer in this uncertain period was very restless, and bad scenting days were then rather frequent. particularly in the most fashionable countries.

Another Irish M.F.H. is off to the war, for Captain Harrison, Mr. Frank Wise's locum tenens in Limerick, is following his predecessor, and goes out with Lord Chesham's yeomanry; he holds a Major's commission in his county corps. His loss will be sincerely felt in Limerick, where he had already achieved great popularity and shown capital sport. G. Heigham, who whipped-in to his brother-in-law, Mr. Charters, when he hunted these hounds, will carry the horn for the present.

Sad news from Kildare, where

the Master, Colonel Harry de Robeck, is laid up with typhoid fever. Major St. Leger Moore, the late M.F.H., is doing duty for him, but now we are told that he also is bent on South Africa, where let us hope he will be at the rescue of his old regiment, the 5th Lancers, from their irksome position at Ladysmith. Certainly Major Moore is one that "can shoot and ride." But from every hunting country in Ireland we hear of hunting men volunteering for the front; men, too, who have sons of their own among the cheery subalterns of horse and foot now in touch with the enemy.

Sport with the Kildare hounds, which waned for a short time after the illness of the M.F.H., has of late been better than ever, and six consecutive days of fine sport have gladdened the hearts of all, while Champion's fame increases as the season goes on. They had a very good gallop from Bishopscourt through Kilteel to ground at Tinode on January 2nd, and a very fine hunt on the 4th from Ballytore through Scrathens, and on by Davidstown, Hughestown, and Tinoran to ground in Knockrigg, a disused covert, a great deal of country, and most of it very good, being covered in this run. On the 6th, after two little spins in the morning, they had a capital fast gallop, and killed their fox, from Turnings; this was not straight, but pace and country were first-rate. Tuesday, oth, came more good sport in the shape of a run from Lord Mayo's demesne, through Bishopscourt and Cullen's Wood on to Boston. where they say there was a change of foxes, but they ran quick through and back to Bishopscourt, through the privet there, and away to Kill Hill, where the fox got to earth.

In Meath, the best items since

the last parcel to the "Van" was packed, may be mentioned a "cracker" on December 22nd, from Kilcarty to Galtrim, on to Ginnetts and back through Trotter's Gorse to Scurlogstown, where hounds were stopped owing to darkness. Then, to wind up the old year—if not the century—they had one hour and thirty-five minutes from Boltown Laurels by Cross-a-keil and Ballinlough to the long wood of Clonebraney, where they had some work in covert before getting their fox into the open again, when he ran by Bobsville nearly to Loughcrew, and turning south went to the borders of Westmeath before wheeling for Hamlinstown, where he got to ground. On the 6th, and in the Loughcrew country also, they had a glorious run from Drumlerry past Ballyhist to Virginia Lake, and back over the hills by Stonefield for Knockrath, but rolled over their fox before reaching this. Seventy minutes in all, and the first forty quite impossible to beat from a rider's point of view. They had good sport and great scent in a difficult country on the 8th, with a fox from Killbog, winding up Rahinstown after a deal of hunting and the jumping of some almost impossible fences. correspondence between Mr. Watkins—late of the "Scots Greys" the field master in the northern end of Meath, and Mr. Markey, has been the subject of much comment in the sporting journals, and the Field had a "leader" on the subject; but the matter need never have been made so much of, and should now be at an end, as both parties acted in what they conceived to be the interests of fox-Mr. Markey hunting. (whose letter leads us to believe that he is a sportsman as well as a good fox-preserver), when the momen-

tary excitement passed away, was doubtless able to understand the matter from the huntsman's point of view, and to recognise the disappointment of Mr. Watson when his hounds were robbed of a wellearned fox; while Mr. Watson must wish for men who will take as good care of the foxes as Mr. Markey apparently desires to do. For, as usual, there are both sides of the question to be considered; the huntsman's, who is anxious for the death of the fox which he and his hounds have been striving to kill, and the covert owner's, whose dear delight is that his covert shall hold a good fox and never be drawn blank.

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There was a case in point many years ago in Kilkenny, when Caunt, a brother of the prizefighter, was huntsman. He found his fox in the covert of a squire who was a keen sportsman and a member of the Hunt Committee. A glorious run followed, and at length the fox, dead beat, drew near his home from which he had been driven nearly two hours before. Seeing the state of the case, the Squire, who knew every short cut and bye lane in the hunt, made all haste and succeeded in getting to his earth and opening it just before Reynard, with arched back and protruding tongue, came up to find a welcome refuge. He was soon followed by the pack with the huntsman in attendance, and an angry man was Bob Caunt when he realised what had happened, and being inclined to speak his mind, he became very offensive. But no more determined man ever lived than the little Squire, and by orders of the Master (Sir John Power), Caunt had to accept between humble apology or dismissal, and wisely chose the former.

Against this tale may be re-

lated, as a companion, Beckford's story of the famous Will Dean, who, when hounds were running hard towards Daventry, was heard to swear at the whipper-in, saying, "What business have you here?" and when the man was amazed at the question, he added, "Why, don't you know, and be bad-worded to you, that the main earths at Daventry are open?" The man got forward and reached the earth just in time to see the fox go in. Mr. Jorrocks, who quotes the story, observes, "'Ow provoking, absolutely distressin', enough to make a harchbishop swear. Don't know that I ever read anything more 'eartrending. The most likely been racin' and tearin' for blood, and then done out on't. Dash my vig, if it hadn't been a main earth I'd ha' dug him."

It is cheering to hear that that veteran, Mr. Robert splendid Watson, Master of the Carlow and Island hounds, is now having a run of very pleasant sport with his beautiful pack, and is gallantly working through his fifty-fifth season. A flying burst from Rathdanniel to Rathmore on December 12th. succeeded by slower hunting, when the fox jumped up in a turnip-field and was run back to Rathdanniel where they left him, and that afternoon they drew Maplestown for the first time since the great run of November 21st, and had a pleasant hunt over a big country nearly to Rathdanniel.

On the 16th, after poor sport with a lot of foxes at Garryhundon, they had a very nice gallop from Kellistown over the hills to Garryhundon, where they ran close past the gorse and lost their fox at the railway: time I hour. Then followed a cheery little spin from Rathellin to ground at Powerstown on the 19th, the remainder of the day

being spoiled by wet. A rare good forty minutes from Grangeford, although it was a ring back to covert, was brought off on the 23rd, pace and country being all that could be desired. And on the 26th they had a long hunt from Aghade to Ballynoe, Broomville and Ballintemple, and by the bank of the river back towards Aghade, when darkness caused them to abandon the chase, which lasted two-and-aquarter hours, though no great point was made. But a fine run of one hour and ten minutes from his own covert of Ballydarton, with a kill in the open on Tuesday oth, is the best Mr. Watson has had since Christmas.

The Castlecomer Hounds had a good run when they last met at Swifte's Heath, and ran over a good country close to the margin of the river Nore, which was too flooded for the fox to cross, so he ran on towards Ballyragget, and nearly reached the village before turning, when he ran almost in his tracks back again, having afforded an eight-mile gallop. Mr. Wandesforde has had further fine sport in his Queen's Co. country, and has no cause to be dissatisfied with his season.

The Kilkenny record still continues to be a very excellent one. In last month's "Van" a run from Tory Hill and a kill at Smithstown was declared to be the best of this season with these hounds, but on December 16th they were again at Tory Hill. and after sixty-three minutes, rolled their fox over in the open about two-and-a-half miles from Smithstown. The last twenty minutes of this were run at quite top pace, and this time there was no fog on top of Tory, so everyone got "away," and all were pleased. On the 18th hounds had a fast and most ex-

citing gallop of just an hour from Whitcroft's, though it was by no means straight; it was an afternoon run, and hounds had to be stopped at Kilfera at dusk. the 26th they had one hour ten minutes from Knockroe to Sutcliffes, Castle Blunden, and on to Golden Hill, where the fox was marked to ground, bolted and killed; a fine hunt with catchy scent, but pace very fast at times. They were at Kilcoran on the 29th, and Mr. Poe had a leash of foxes for them, but the one they stuck to was a bad one. From the fine outlying gorse of Knockreigh they then had a couple of gallops, one of twenty and the other of thirty-five minutes' duration: the latter very good—a ring back to the gorse, where he was left. On January 2nd, after a poor morning's sport with the wretched foxes of Clara, the "Old Kilkennies" found in the favourite Bishopslough, and ran like fire without checking mineteen minutes to Maddoxtown railway bridge towards Clifden Bottoms, but turning to the left, crossed the Waterford railway on to the river Nore, making a fourmile point in twenty - eight minutes, and then ran him back to Bishopslough, after a rare good run of sixty-three minutes.

Lord Huntingdon and Biddulph have both had good sport, and his lordship's pack, the Ormond, distinguished themselves by having two great runs December 20th and 22nd. the first occasion they found in Kylenoe Wood, and after hunting him for three hours and covering fourteen miles of country, hounds earthed their fox not far from Portumna. On the 22nd they had two runs, one from Corolanty, when a fresh fox got up before hounds and took them on to an open earth beyond Shinrone, and then a fox from Knockshegona was killed at Lochisle. Another great run.

The King's County Hounds did well on December 19th, when they had a really good forty minutes from Moyvoughly to ground near Basken; but they did still better on the 23rd from Tore, when they had a fine run of an hour at least, and killed their fox at Raheenspill in great style.

The United Hounds took the field again on December 15th, after their terrible visitation of distemper, which destroyed no less than seventeen-and-a-half couples of hounds. Though, of course, out of condition at first, they have shown some brilliant sport since their convalescence. On the 15th they ran for an hour from Ballylegan to Hermitage, about ten miles as hounds ran over a fine grass line, and had a very fast burst from Mr. Cashman's new gorse to Regans in the evening. The 26th was another good day with these hounds, for they had a good ring from Corrin, a gallop with an outlier into Dundillerick, and a clinking gallop of some ten or eleven miles over some of the best of the country from Boltons in the evening. On the 29th they ran over a perfect country from Regans to Killuntin -an eight-mile point; and after hanging a bit there they went on to Bride's Brake, where he just saved his brush in the main earth -about the run of the season in co. Cork.

"Baily's Hunting Directory."

—By an unfortunate mistake in the lists of "Winners at the Foxhound Show at Peterborough," certain hounds have been entered as belonging to the Woodland Pytchley Hunt. This is inaccurate. The hounds so described were bred by Mr. Austin Mackenzie, till lately Master of the

Woodland Pytchley, were his own property, and should, in the winner lists of the shows held in 1896, 1897 and 1898, have been described as "Mr. Mackenzie's," under whose name they appear in the At the Show of Stud Book. 1899 Mr. W. M. Wroughton won second prize for Two Couples of Entered Bitches with hounds he had purchased from Mr. Mackenzie; and these - Daylight, Wildfire and Trusty should have been described as "Mr. Wroughton's."

Yeomanry Hospital. — The members and followers of the Puckeridge Hunt have at once responded to Lady Warwick's appeal in the Field recently, and have already forwarded cheques for £100, which sum is enough to equip two beds in the Yeomanry Hospital at the

Front.

Polo.—The Earl of Ava.—The death of Lord Ava will cause universal regret. No one was more widely known, and he had played polo almost wherever the game has found its way. India, when in the 17th Lancers. he played in the then famous team of the regiment. Since then, at Ranelagh, at Hurlingham, and at Rugby, he has been a frequent player. Nowhere will he be regretted more than at the Ranelagh Club, where for a time he acted as secretary, and where his bright face and always courteous bearing will not soon be forgotten by the members. But those who knew him have never doubted that he was at heart a soldier, and that in meeting a soldier's death he fulfilled at least one of the aspirations of his life. Great sympathy will be felt for Lady Dufferin, who was devoted to the son whom she had nursed back to life when he was struck down by typhoid fever at Lucknow.

Polo in India.—Even the war has not been able to stop Indian polo, though it will seriously diminish the entries for the championship at Lucknow. The 16th Lancers had entered, but are by this time in South Africa. This seems to leave the 3rd Hussars with the best chance. The 20th Hussars have been rather heavily beaten by Ulwar in the Rajputana Tournament, and do not seem to have a great chance. Calcutta will have a strong team, as they will be able to include Captains Grimston, Baker - Carr, Lord Suffolk, Major Baring, and Captain White. The other entries are Dilkusha, Chutter Munzil, Kotah, Patiala, Jodhpore, Ulwar. Perhaps the latter are somewhat doubtful starters, owing to the accident to their No. 3, Major Kettlewell, who broke his leg in the final round of the Raiputana Championship. If they can find an efficient substitute they may enter. But as things stand, either Patiala or Jodhpore should win. The former would be my choice if they are in form. Under any circumstances the Lucknow Championship Tournament of 1900 will be a contest worthy of its name. In the minor tournaments the Cheshire regiment beat the Lincolnshires in local ties for the Madras Infantry Tournament at Secunderabad, and the Central India Horse A Team' won the Saugor Goona Tournament.

Egypt.—A letter from Major Macan, the hon. secretary of the Cairo Polo, informs the V. D. that polo is in full swing, and now is the time for polo playing readers of Bally to go there. "Ponies, however, are very scarce, and made ponies not to be had at any price." Monday, Thursday, and Saturday are the days for members' games, and Wednesday is reserved for matches. There ar

three grounds. The committee are Major Lumley, 11th Hussars; Major T. Macan, M.I., and Mr. Hohler, of the Agency. The programme for February, 1900, is as follows:—

Feb. 7th—Abassiyah v. Cairo. Feb. 14th—Staff v. Cairo.

Feb. 21st—Commencement of Open Tournament.

Feb. 28th—Final Open Tournament.

Cricket in South Africa.—A correspondent at Nauwport Junction Camp sends an account of a local match which presents a curious feature. The teams were the Rhodesians and the Gardens, the latter playing two men short, and the match took place on the Rhodesians' ground. The home eleven went in first, and were dismissed for 80 runs; the Gardens in their first innings were got out for 13 runs, and having followed on, in their second for 24 runs, leaving the Rhodesians winners by an innings and 43 runs. The strength of the winners lay in their bowling, against which the visitors could make no stand. Tadman collared 5 wickets for 9 runs in the first innings, and 4 wickets for 12 runs in the follow on; Richards took 2 wickets for 3 runs in the first innings, and 4 wickets for 9 runs in the second. The bowlers' performance was certainly remarkable, inasmuch as all the wickets (bar one—C. E. Dawson, run out) were taken off their bowling. An instance of successful bowling, perhaps even more noteworthy, is recorded by Mr. Philip Norman in his "Scores and Annals of the West Kent At Chislehurst, Cricket Club." on August 28th, 1846, the West Kent played the Royal Artillery, winning by an innings and 60 runs; H. Jennings for the visitors took 6 of the gunners' wickets for 22 runs in their first innings, and

6 wickets for o in the follow on! Research would disclose record of achievements more remarkable than this.

Sport at the Universities.— From a titular point of view, Lent Term is always the most eventful of the academical year. Outside purely 'Varsity competitions of the Isthmian order, a big sequence of inter-'Varsity and Olympian contests are decided on river, path and field, &c. What is more, the various teams, crews, &c., are pretty well advanced in practice and preparation, hence they can devote themselves to final polish right away. Unlike wild partridges after their flight, it doesn't take Light and Dark Blues long to settle down, and thus early some idea of respective strength can be given in many cases. The association football match, fixed for February 20th, at Queen's Club, should produce a capital struggle this year, despite the apparent superiority of the Oxonians. Forward, the Dark Blues are slightly the stronger, while their "halves" and "backs" have hitherto proved themselves the more consistent. Their rivals are coming on by leaps and bounds, however, nor should we be surprised to find them victorious again—albeit, by a much smaller margin than last year. At hockey (another tussle played during February) we confidently anticipate the victory of the Cantabs. They are smarter on the ball, show better defence, and combine better generally. Here again, however, the fight for supremacy should be a superb one. judging from Vacation form both Of the "Lents" and ways. "Torpids" boat races, it is somewhat early to speak authoritatively. Exigencies of the press demand very early "copy," and at the time of writing we can only predict some fully average crews on both

rivers. Once again it has been demonstrated that a sound theory in rowing produces a successful

practice.

Other representative events to be decided during the Term are those at boxing and fencing, chess, racquets, billiards, the Point-to-Point steeplechase, athletic sports, and boat race, &c. For obvious reasons, critical comment on most of these must needs come in later. Both Presidents have already had provisional crews out on Isis and Cam, however, and a deal of interest is being taken in the preliminary practice generally. Cantabs have six "Old Blues" available again, viz., Goldie, Dudley-Ward, Sanderson, Chapman, Gibbon, and Payne, whilst R. B. Etherington-Smith has expressed his intention of doing battle once more, should he be wanted. With so many capable oarsmen available otherwise this is hardly likely, and President Goldie should have no difficulty in speedily getting together a most formidable crew. Five "Old Blues" are available at Oxford, viz., Messrs. Warre, Tomlinson, Johnston, Hale and Steel, but it is open to doubt if all of them will be called upon again. happily, also, the number of really class oarsmen on the Isis just now is very limited, and President Warre will experience a deal of difficulty in getting together a crew equal to those of recent years. The chief desideratum is a worthy successor to Harcourt Gold at stroke!

Golf.—Though both events are still far ahead, golfers are beginning to turn their thoughts to the Championships of the year, and to speculate on the chances of the various likely competitors. In connection with the Open Championship, which is to be played at St. Andrews early in

June, the great question is whether Harry Vardon will maintain his game and position, and like old Tom Morris and his gifted son, have his name inserted in the list of winners for the fourth time. St. Andrews there fond hope that on his native heath Andrew Kirkaldy may at last gain the honour for which he has striven so often, and which time after time has appeared to be almost within his grasp. Amateur Championship is played for this year at Sandwich, the scene of last year's Open Championship. Only once before has it been played for there—namely, in 1896, when Mr. F. G. Tait carried all before him, and for the first time enrolled his name in the list of winners. This year Mr. Tait will be an absentee, for he is with his regiment, the Black Watch, in South Africa, and not unlikely also Mr. John Ball, junior, will be an absentee he having volunteered for with the Yeomanry. With these two players out of the field, there should be a fine opening for Mr. H. H. Hilton, who, though twice Open Champion, has never succeeded in winning the Amateur Championship.

Death of William Bates.-One funeral often leads to another one. and one of the latest victims is William Bates, the famous Yorkshire cricketer. It was when attending the funeral of his old colleague, John Thewlis, that he caught a chill, which, developing into inflammation of the lungs, proved fatal on January 8th. Bates was born in 1855, but although only in his forty-fifth year at the time of his death, he had not for twelve years been seen in firstclass cricket. This was due to a partial loss of his sight owing to an unfortunate blow which he received in Australia, in 1887, when

practising at the nets. Bates was a fine free hitter, and from 1883 to 1887 he annually scored his thousand runs in first-class cricket. He was one of the most effective slow bowlers of the day, and his deliveries had a way of breaking back very quickly from the pitch. Bates paid many a visit to Australia with cricket teams-first of all with Alfred Shaw, in 1881, and afterwards with the Hon. Ivo Bligh, and it was as a member of Mr. G. F. Vernon's 1886-7 team that he met with the terrible disaster which closed his career as a great cricketer. One of his best performances with the ball was done in a match at Melbourne, in 1882, when against the best batsmen in Australia he secured 13 wickets in the match, and in the first innings 7 wickets at a cost of only 28 runs. This included the "hat trick," with three such good wickets as those of McDonnell, Giffen and Bonnor. Apropos of this incident, we may well quote the words of Mr. A. G. Steel in the Badminton book on cricket: "Bates had just dismissed two of their best bats, McDonnell and Giffen, in two consecutive balls. Bonnor, who

used to congratulate himself, and not without a certain amount of justification, that he could make mincemeat of our slow bowling, was the next man in. Somebody suggested that in the faint hope of securing a 'hat' for Bates we should try a silly mid-on. Bates faithfully promised to bowl a fast, shortish ball, between the legs and the wicket, and said he was quite certain Bonnor would play slowly forward to it. Acting on the faith of this, W. W. Read boldly volunteered to stand silly mid-on for one ball. In came the giant, loud were the shouts of welcome from the larrikins' throats: now would the ball soar over the green trees, even higher than yon flock of twittering parrots. Bates began to walk to the wickets to bowl, nearer and nearer crept our brave mid-on; a slow forward stroke to a fast, shortish ball on the leg stump, landed the ball fairly in his hands not more than six feet from the bat. The crowd would not believe it, and Bonnor was simply thunderstruck at midon's impertinence; but Bates had done the 'hat trick' for all that, and what is more, he got a very smart silver tall hat for his pains.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During December, 1899—January, 1900.]

THE Shropshire Hounds had a great run on December 26th, which lasted close upon four hours, when hounds had to be whipped off owing to failing light. The meet was at Battlefields, and the fox found in Mr. J. W. Sparrow's gorse.

While Mr. David Turner was returning from hunting on December 30th his horse took fright and bolted. Mr. Turner was thrown and sustained such injuries that death ensured within a few hours.

On January 4th the funeral of Mr. George Lewis Watson, of Rockingham

Castle, took place at Rockingham. Mr. Watson, who was formerly master of the Woodland Pytchley Hounds, was a well-known Northamptonshire sportsman.

While out with the Quorn on January 5th, Mr. Foxhall Keene was thrown and his horse rolled over him, causing a broken collar-bone and other injuries.

Mr. Harry Cumberland Bentley, the well-known polo player, started the Sportsman fund for the equipment of the Imperial Yeomanry with a donation of £500.

Mr. Elliott Hodgkin, of Richmond, who sustained severe injuries while hunting with the Royal Buckhounds, died in the Windsor Infirmary on January 6th.

The following interesting note appeared in the Field of January 6th :- " A veritable link with the past has been broken by the death of Mr. William Hill Brancker, on Friday week last, in his eighty-fifth year. He was a well-known figure in the shooting world some years ago, and about 1840 became the lessee of the whole of the Lews. In his day he was a good heavyweight rider across country, and hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's and the York and Ainsty Hounds. While out with the latter he on one occasion jumped the wellknown drain known as the 'Cod Beck,' and when the ill-fated Sir Charles Slingsby measured the leap next day he found it to be 34 feet from the take off to the landing. Mr. Brancker also had the honour to be mentioned in the hunting songs of Mr. Egerton Warburton. For some years he was a regular follower of the Cheshire Hounds, and it is worthy of remark that the deceased gentleman witnessed the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830."

The death was announced, on January 8th, of the Rev. Arthur Mansfield, vicar of Elberton, Gloucestershire, at the age of seventy-three years. Deceased was a famous oarsman during his University career, and rowed in the Oxford boat in 1849. He also formed one of the Christ Church crew, and was head of the river at Oxford in 1845, 1846, and 1847; rowed in the Dark Blue University crew that beat the Thames R.C. crew in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, in 1848.

Sir Henry Meux died at Theobald's Park on January 11th, aged forty-four years. The deceased baronet was a very keen shot both with rifle and gun.

The congregation assembling at Broughton Astley Church, a few miles from Leicester, on January 12th, to take part in an intercession service for our troops in South Africa, was thrown into a state of excitement by a fox dashing into the building. Hounds were at its brush, and, following it into the church, quickly caught and killed it in the sacred building.

The Margrave Pallavicini, Secretary to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, and eldest son of Count Pallavicini, died on January 15th from the effects of an accident sustained while hunting with the Quorn Hounds on January 12th. Deceased lost control of his horse during the afternoon run from Adam's Gorse, and was heavily thrown, at a gate leading from the Bur-

rough Road, down to the old steeplechase course, sustaining severe internal injuries. The late nobleman was twentythree years of age, and only came to England on January 6th.

The following appeared in the Sportsman of January 16th: - "A case of no little interest to the racing world was decided at the Wilts Assizes yesterday. The question at issue in a civil action was whether two touts had the right to use the highway near Bishopstone Downs for the purpose of W. T. watching racehorses belonging to Robinson, the well-known Foxhill trainer, who paid £50 annually for licence to use such downs. The point put before the jury was whether defendants had any right on the highway other than as wayfarers, or whether they might frequent it as a means of obtaining a livelihood. The Judge held that it was not a legitimate use of the highway to acquire and publish information of this kind for a livelihood. verdict was returned for the plaintiff for is. and costs, and an injunction was issued to prevent the defendants from using the public path in future except as wayfarers.

The Fourth Annual London Press Billiard Handicap was determined on January 16th, when Mr. S. Mussabini, Press Club (owed 20), beat Mr. A. Scott, Sportsman (received 200), in the final. Scores: 300 against 272.

The German Emperor's Christmas hunting party, in the Royal forest of Gohrde, killed about three hundred deer and nearly two hundred wild boar in two days.

During the Duc d'Orléan's shoot at Wood Norton, over 6,000 head were killed in four days, including 5,000 pheasants.

One of the largest bags of wild fowl ever recorded in the district was obtained by Mr. Orlando Chichester in a day's shooting over the Wooley estate, North Devon.

Over two thousand head of game were killed in the shoot over the Marquis of Bath's preserves at Longleat in four days. The bag included nineteen hundred pheasants.

While hunting the Gogerddan Hounds a few weeks back, Mr. Pryse Pryse, son of Sir Pryse Pryse, the master, was bitten by a fox. Recently acute blood poisoning supervened, and the unfortunate gentleman died on January 9th, in his forty-first year.

The death is announced of Major Levett, of Rowsley, a prominent Derbyshire angler.

A veteran professional cricketer passed away during the first week of the new year, in the person of John Thewlis, who died at the age of seventy-two. The de

ceased played for Yorkshire from the institution of the county club, and contributed scores of 46 and 16 to Yorkshire's eightwicket victory over Nottinghamshire at Bradford in 1863; and at Huddersheld against Surrey, in 1868, assisted E. Lockwood, his nephew, to make 176 for the first wicket, his own score amounting to 108.

At a meeting of playing members of the Kent County Cricket Club, held the first week of January, a presentation was made to Huish, in recognition of his fine performance as wicket keeper during the previous season, when he obtained 78 wickets in Kent matches. At the same time, Mr W. M. Bradley and Mr. C. J. Burnup were presented with the two cricket balls used in the Kent v. Australia match during Canterbury week, when the County beat the Colonials by two wickets. The balls were mounted with silver bands, bearing inscriptions recording the victory.

Mr. E. S. Bowlby, joint master of the Essex Hounds, has presented £500 to the equipment fund of the Herts Yeomanry, and a further £500 to the Essex contingent of the Suffolk Yeomanry for the purchase of a machine gun.

TURF.

KEMPTON PARK.—CHRISTNAS MERTING.

December 27th.—The Sunbury Steeplechase Handicap Plate of 184 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. E. Woodland's b. g. Model, by Herald—Hazelwitch, 6yrs, 11st. 11lb. (inc. 12lb. ex.) P. Woodland Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Uncle Jack, 4 yrs., 10st. 11lb. W. Taylor Mr. W. M. G. Singer's b. g. Runnelstone, 6 yrs., 10st. 12lb. Oates 8 to 1 agst. Model.

HURST PARK.—OLD YEAR STEEPLE-CHASES.

MANCHESTER.—New Year's Steeplechase Meeting.

January 1st.—The Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase of 214 sovs. three miles.

Mr. J. Monro Walker's ch. g. Athel Roy, by Atheling—Lucy, by Rob Roy, aged, 12st. 5lb.

Captain Dewhurst's br. g. Stratocracy, aged, 12st. 2lb. Hogan Mr. A. Jolland's ch. m. Granuale, aged, 11st. 8lb.W. Bissil 6 to 4 agst. Athel Roy.

January 2nd.—The New Year's Handicap Hurdle Race of 173 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. T. Wadlow's br. m. Valhalla, by Westminster—Caliirhoe, 6 yrs., 10st. 12lb. Mr. M. Harper Mr. E. Benjamin's b. g. Cynosurus, 5 yrs., 10st. 4lb. A. Nightingall Mrs.Sadleir-Jackson's ch. m. Saintly Songstress, aged, 11st. 12lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen

WINDSOR.—January Steeplechases.

6 to I agst. Valhalla.

January 10th.—The Eton Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 142 sovs.; two miles. Mr. A. H. Ripley's b. g. Servius, by St. Serf—Ayesha, 5 yrs.,

Mr. A. H. Ripley's b. g. Servius, by St. Serf—Ayesha, 5 yrs., 11st. 9lb.Mr. H. Ripley Mr. Romer Williams's ch. f. Old Girl, 5 yrs., 11st. 2lb.

Mr. F. Hartigan

Mr. H. S. Goodson's ch. c. Spinning Boy, aged, 11st. 3lb.

W. Taylor 3

7 to 1 agst. Servius.

January 11th.—The Castle Handicap Steeplechase Plate of 137 sovs.; about two miles and fifty yards.

Mr. A. Yates's b. h. Lord Percy,

by Autocrat—Early, aged, 10st.

mer Lightning, aged, 11st. 6lb.

E. Driscoll 2 Mr. F. P. Lysaght's b. g. Wood Pigeon, aged, 10st. 6lb.....Nye 3 2 to I agst. Lord Percy.

MANCHESTER. - SECOND JANUARY MEETING.

January 16th.—The Manchester Handicap Steeplechase of 185 sovs.; three

miles. Mr. M. Harper's br. g. Mathioli, by Beauclerc-Oubliette, aged, 10st. 12lb.Owner

Mr. A. Jolland's ch. m. Granuale, aged, 11st. 4lb.T. Bissill

Mr. R. Craig's b. f. Abbey Bell, 5 yrs., 10st..... E. Driscoll 6 to 1 agst. Mathioli.

January 17th.—The January Hurdle Race of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. W. M'Auliffe's bl. or br. g. Idalus, by Primrose League-Ida, aged, 12st. 4lb.

Mr. W. P. Cullen Mr. W. Sanderson's b. h. Phil Brown, aged, 10st. 8lb.

W. Sanderson Mr. A. Jolland's b. g. Checkman, 4 yrs., 10st.....T. Bissill 6 to 4 agst. Idalus.

FOOTBALL.

December 23rd.—At Birkenhead, North v. South, former won by I try to o.*

December 23rd.—At Edinburgh, Scotchmen in England v. South of Scotland, former won by 4 goals 1 dropped goal and 3 tries to o.

December 25th.—At Edinburgh, Edinburgh Wanderers v. London Scottish, drawn, o.*

December 31st.—At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Coventry, former won by 25 points to 11.*

January 1st.—At Glasgow, Queen's Par

v. Corinthians, drawn, I goal each † January 3rd.—At Edinburgh, St. Be nard's v. Corinthians, latter won is 3 goals to 0.†

January 6th.—At Gloucester, England Wales, latter won by 13 points to 3.

January 6th.—At Richmond, Richmond

Marlborough Nomads, latter won 2 goals 3 tries to 2 tries.*

January 6th.—At Wimbledon, Harlegal v. Blackheath, latter won by I a

2 tries to I goal I try.*

January 10th.—At Northampton, Midlands v. Kent, latter won by goal I try to I goal."

January 10th.—At Portsmouth, Han shire v. Eastern Counties, former s

by 3 goals 3 tries to 0.*

January 10th.—At Redhill, Surrey Sussex, former won by 3 goals to LT

January 11th.—At Gloucester, Glouces shire v. Durham, former won by points to 6.*

January 13th.—At Birkenhead, Check v. Northumberland, former won 10 points to 9.*

January 13th.—At Exeter, Devon Durham, former won by 14 points

January 13th.—At St. Austell, Comm v. Devon, former won by I goal to

January 13th .- At Catford, Old Etoni v. Old Carthusians, latter won by goals to 0.+

January 13th.—At Birkenhead, Chesi v. Northumberland, former won 10 points to 9.

January 17th.—At Richmond, Middle v. Somerset, former won by 23 ps to 8 points.

* Under Rugby Rules. † Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

January 3rd.—At Surbiton, Surrey Hampshire, former won by 6

January 6th. -- At Bristol, Gloucester v. Somersetshire, former won goals.

January 10th. - At Surbiton, Surrey Hampshire, former won by 6 get

January 13th.—At Sale, Cheshire v. Li cashire, drawn, 2 goals all.

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tipes the more interesting points in the listery and development of the Rills. The author's experience has enabled him to deal will those points which must concern the markaman, on the mark or in the ball. The listerations include protoners, from instantaneous photographs, of Lee Mathaul Bullets in flight, and smarry diagrams are given.

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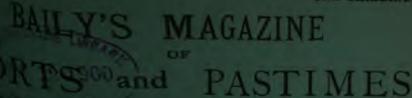
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MARCH, 1900.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 481.

MARCH.

Vol. LXXIII.

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Engraved Portrait of Mr. John George Bulterl; Engravings of Manifesto, Drogheda, and R.H.A. Team Horse.

Mr. John George Bulteel.

THE subject of this sketch comes from a well-known sporting family which has long been established in South Devon; he is a son of the late Mr. John Bulteel, of Pamflete, who was a first-rate shot and a good man to hounds across Dartmoor; and a grandson of John Crocker Bulteel, of Flete, to whom belongs the credit of having first established foxhunting in South Devon upon its present satisfactory basis. He took over the hounds belonging to Mr. Pole, who, with John Roberts as hunts-

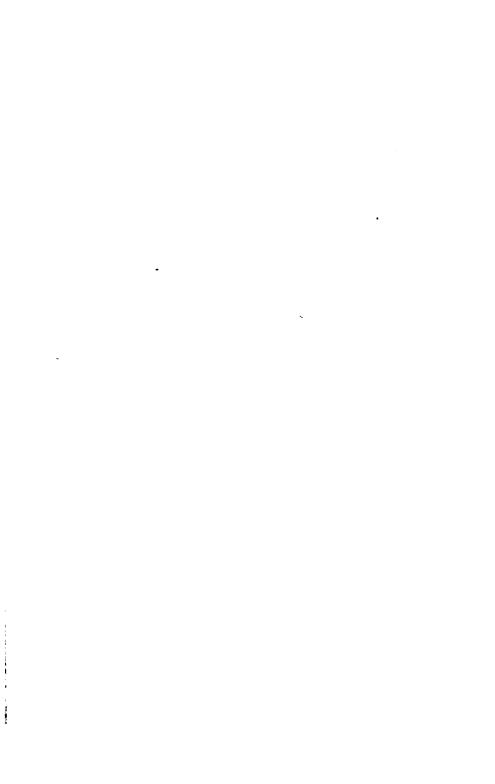
man, had hitherto hunted both fox and hare; and, having procured drafts from some of the most fashionable kennels in England, he laid the foundation of the celebrated pack which his widow, Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, a daughter of Earl Grey, gave to Mr. Trelawny, who hunted them at his own expense for over thirty years, and which are now known as the Dartmoor. The present Mr. Bulteel was born in 1856 and was educated at Eton, where his contemporaries included Lord

Durham and Mr. "Bunny" Leigh. He was, therefore, entered in a good school for sport, and from his boyhood took kindly to hunting, and was, from the time that he first handled a gun, a good shot. He was also a constant follower of the otter hounds, and this was a form of sport with which he had been familiar from his youth, as his father had a quantity of otter in the ponds at Pamflete, and young Bulteel, as a boy, used to be much interested in watching them taking fish to their young. The Badminton Series describes at some length the steps taken by the late Mr. Bulteel to let them breed there; and nowhere is better sport with the otter to be had, even to this day.

After leaving Eton he spent a couple of years in Germany, and then was appointed secretary to Rivers Wilson, when the latter was Finance Minister in Egypt. Upon his return to England he went into business as a stockbroker in the City, where, save for a brief visit to South Africa, he has remained ever since. He does not, however, live in London, but has a nice place at Stoke Poges, where he has resided since he married sister of Mr. Cecil Grenfell, the well-known steeplechase rider. Their eldest son, now nine years of age, has inherited his father's taste for hunting, and is never more at home or more delighted than when he is mounted on his pony and is enjoying a day with neighbouring foxhounds. Business prevents Mr. Bulteel himself from hunting now so much as he would like to, but he finds time to get plenty of shooting, though it need hardly be said that steeplechasing holds the first place in his affections just now, seeing that he enjoys the unique distinction of owning the winners

of three "Liverpools." The story of how he came to buy Manifesto is rather curious. horse, as some readers of BAILY may remember, was put up for auction at Sandown soon after his first victory in the Grand National and bought in; Mr. Dyas, his then owner, afterwards sold him privately to Mr. Bulteel, who for some time had had a few moderate "jumpers" in training, and who was anxious to get hold of a really good one. He accordingly determined to see whether Manifesto could not repeat the doings of The Lamb, The Colonel and Abd-el-Kader, and win the Grand National a second time. Manifesto had only run three times that spring, securing the International Steeplechase at Sandown after his Liverpool victory, having in the meanwhile been defeated for the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester which he had won three years before, beating Fanatic, The Midshipmite and many others. Manifesto, who had been placed by Mr. Bulteel under the charge of Collins at Weybill, did not run again until the early part of 1898, when, after winning the Holmwood Steeplechase at Gatwick, he was second to Mr. H. W. Gilbey's Rampion in a flat race at Kempton. He was ridden on this occasion by Mr. Cecil Grenfell, who was on his back a few days later when, in a gallop at home, he hit his near foreleg. It has never been known how the mishap occurred, but all hope of running him for the Grand National, in which Mr. Grenfell was to have had the mount, had to be abandoned, and he was put by for another year. It is scarcely necessary to remind readers of Bally that patience under disappointment had its reward, and that Manifesto, carrying a weight which Cloister alone of his pre-





decessors had borne to the front, beat a fairly large field.

Among the eighteen whom he defeated was his late stable-companion, Gentle Ida, who had become the property of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, and who, as more than once before, fell during the race, and this was the fate which befell Manifesto himself in the Manchester Steeplechase which he was contesting for the third time. Gentle Ida was a good second on this occasion, and thus arose a proposal for a match between the pair. Nothing came of this, and Gentle Ida was put in training for the big steeplechase at Auteuil in which she had run before, but for which Manifesto, as a gelding, was not qualified to compete, while Manifesto himself wound up the season by falling in the International Steeplechase at Sandown, for which he was set an almost impossible task, being asked to give almost half a hundredweight to animals that can jump. He had not Williamson on his back this time, as his second Liverpool pilot (he was ridden the first time he won by Kavanagh) had gone to ride in Austria, but Mr. G. S. Davies did the best he could with him, and it is to be hoped that Manifesto will, despite the fact of his having gone through eight seasons' jumping, be none the worse for his work and live to fight another Liverpool a month hence. There is the more probability of his doing so, because,

| Year. | Number of losses. | | Number of wins. | | | Total won. | |
|-------|-------------------|---|-----------------|------|--------|---------------|--|
| 1892 | ••• | 3 | | 2 | | £540 | |
| 1893 | ••• | I | | I | ••• | 137 | |
| 1894 | ••• | I | | I | ••• | 2,170 | |
| 7895 | ••• | 2 | | 0 | ••• | | |
| 1396 | ••• | 2 | | I (v | valk (| over) 98 | |
| 3397 | | I | | 2 | ••• | 2,387 | |
| 3398 | | I | | I | ••• | 172 | |
| 1399 | •••, | 4 | ••• | I | ••• | 1,975 | |
| | 15 | | 9 | | £7,479 | | |

as will be seen from the foregoing table, he has not been overworked, having run only twenty-four times in the eight years.

This is in striking contrast to a French steeplechaser named Horloger who has recently run his 144th race, having won two steeplechases last summer in one afternoon. Manifesto is, like Gentle Ida, of Irish breeding, their common sire, Man-of-War, having been left at Mr. Dyas's stud near Navan and having got other good jumpers, though nothing of the class of this pair.

Upon the day that Manifesto ran his last race, Mr. Bulteel became the owner of another Grand National winner, this being Drogheda, the eight-year-old son of the Sterling horse Cherry Ripe, whose owner sent him to the hammer at Sandown. Drogheda, who had won at Liverpool the year before in the enforced absence of Manifesto, was made a great favourite last spring, but he was struck out on the morning of the race. What was the matter with him no one quite knew, but Mr. Bulteel evidently did not think it serious, for he was content to pay a big price for the son of Cherry Ripe, who, like Manifesto, has not been overworked. His first appearance was as a four-year-old at Leopardstown, where he ran unplaced in a Maiden Steeplechase. His only other appearance, in 1896, was for a small flat race at the Ward Hunt Meeting, which he won, while in 1897 he secured three steeplechases in Ireland—at Galway, Bellewstown and Baldoyle, before making his début in England and running third in the Aintree Steeplechase at Liverpool and in the Metropolitan Steeplechase at Gatwick. These were his only seven performances up to the date of his victory in the Grand National, and, like Manifesto in the previous year, he was sent to run for the big Manchester Steeplechase a fortnight later. But he, too, came to grief, and nothing more was seen of him until last spring, when, still backward in condition, he ran for the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase at Sandown, but failed to get a place behind Ambush II., who is the property of the Prince, whose name is given to this race. Elliman occupied the same third place in this race

which he was destined to do at Liverpool. Drogheda came out again in winning colours at Kempton the other day in a hurdle race, so that he has now won six races out of twelve worth about £2,600. It is much to be hoped that both he and Manifesto will winplenty more good races for Mr. Bulteel, as we only want a few more owners like him and a few more horses like them to allay the qualms of those who, not without cause, have been deploring the decadence of cross-country sport.

Game Preservers and Peregrines.

THE increasing taste for falconry in the British Islands at the present time is attested by the fact that the professional hawkcatchers in Holland were unable to fully supply the demand which had been made upon them this winter for passage peregrines. is also beginning to be more than difficult in the summer to procure nestling peregrines from the eyries round our coasts. In fact, the whole race of falcons threatens to become extinct in England, and must before long do so, if they continue to be proscribed and massacred on all possible occasions as "vermin." If all gamepreservers were imbued with the same opinions which commonly prevail amongst their keepers, there could be no doubt that the survival of the peregrine and the rest of the available falcons would very soon become impossible. There are, however, signs that an increasing number of large landowners are beginning to doubt charges brought whether the against these hawks are to be taken quite as implicitly upon trust as has been commonly supposed. Several of them are willing when they meet a falconer or anyone who is conversant with the habits of birds of prey, to give a hearing to the pleas which he has to urge on behalf of the accused Instances have of late hawks. years been by no means rare where an ardent persecutor of peregrines and merlins has been converted into their good friend, and has not only tolerated their presence on his property, but has put a strict veto upon the indiscriminate slaughter of them. The comment of the typical game-keeper upon the action of such a person is simply "more fool hel" there will always be men, even amongst the educated classes. who, having grown up in the hatred of all hawks, and having heard evidence against them which : they consider quite sufficient, will think it a mere waste of time to argue about the matter. however, is an age of tolerance for free opinions; and some of our readers are certainly upprejudiced enough to be curious to know



From a drawing by F. Babbage.

what the advocates for the falcons have to say for them.

These advocates have, at the outset, to face an argument which is often considered by their antagonists as decisive of the whole controversy. It may be most conveniently stated in logical form, thus: " Every creature which kills grouse or partridges ought to be destroyed as vermin. Peregrines kill grouse and partridges. Therefore, &c. O. E. D." Ninety-nine out of every hundred gamekeepers accept this reasoning as conclusive -a sort of knock-down blow for the friends of the peregrine, from which nothing can protect them. Nine out of ten of them probably use the same argument, but with this far more extended application, that they substitute the general word "hawk" for the particular word "peregrine." In this article the latter alone is in question, as it would involve too long a discussion to deal at the same time with other species.

As regards the peregrine, then, which for sporting purposes is the mainstay of the modern falconer, counsel for the defence must, like the fox-hunter, but in a very different degree, admit the minor premiss. It is altogether deniable that peregrines, foxes, do occasionally kill game. But just as the fox-hunter denies that the bald syllogism, as above stated, puts him summarily out of court, so the falconer, though on different grounds, maintains that there is a good deal more to be said before the case is finally decided against him. In the world of sport generalisations of this sweeping kind are often Where fallacious. nature has established a certain order of things, such as the principle that where game and other wild creatures exist there foxes and hawks should also be found, any violent

artificial interference with the rule that has been laid down, and which has been in force since the world began, is apt to be risky, and sometimes productive of unexpected results. Thus, for instance, the wholesale slaughter of owls and kestrels appears to have led, not so long ago, to a plague of mice and voles in some parts of the world. And the destruction of insectivorous birds is believed by many people to account for the unproductiveness in many places of common fruit-Few men who have any real knowledge of the habits of wild animals will admit that any question concerning them can be thus settled offhand by an Aristotelian phrase.

What more, then, is there to be said? And how does the friend of the falcon attempt to make out He has two main his case? charges to meet. First, that peregrines kill off the game on an estate, and leave less for the guns. And, second, that they drive game off a property. These are separate accusations, the first relating exclusively to wild hawks, and the second having relation sometimes indirectly to trained hawks. as long as a man chooses to fly trained hawks over his own country the injury to shooting, if any, is entirely his own look-out. It is only when he attempts to rent a moor or a partridge country for hawking purposes that he is confronted with the theory that the presence of hawks frightens the game away, and leaves less for the subsequent lessee. Let us, however, see what the falconer says on each of these two important points.

He admits at the outset, as we have seen, that his winged client kills game. But he asks "how much game?" And "what sort of game?" And "under what

conditions?" The more ignorant and careless game-keeper rushes straight to the conclusion that, because he has seen a peregrine take a grouse or a partridge, therefore he is entitled to say that gamebirds are a common or even an habitual article of her diet. theory is, moreover, a godsend to For the hawk may be made a scapegoat in the same way as a household cat for some domestics. If his master grumbles at the scarcity of game, what is easier than to lay the fault at the door of "them 'awks?" But this conclusion is one of those that the falconer most emphatically denies. and which he asserts that he can most easily disprove. Nor is he at a loss for cogent reasons to back up his opinion. No peregrine has ever been known to take partridges on the ground. Therefore, in order to be taken, they must get on the wing. How often will they do this when a peregrine is within sight? The answer is How often will not doubtful. they do it when a hawk is so near to them that she has a good chance of taking them before they can get to the very small covert which is a safe refuge? The answer is-never, unless by some strong compulsion or by a very sufficient cause they are impelled to do so. And this disturbing cause is almost always a man, or else the dog which accompanies a No other quadruped will, in moving about, so trouble their minds as to make them get up and immediately attract the notice of their high-flying foe. The long odds are, consequently, that when a grouse or partridge is flown by a peregrine some man was by to put him on the wing. And the man in question is pretty sure to remember the circumstance. will be strange if in well preserved districts he does not report to

some keeper or his master an incident which he knows will interest him. Unobserved flights, where no human being was present, are, if the falconer is to be believed, not only uncommon, but almost unknown, and almost impossible.

How do the facts tally with this conclusion? On the greater part of Salisbury Plain there are still a considerable number of wild peregrines, some of them no doubt formerly trained, but which have been lost by the Old Hawking Club, or some other of the hawking men who visit this open ground. These wild falcons quarter the ground in wide and wandering circles, each within a radius which varies uncertainly, according to wind, weather and other considerations, from ten to perhaps twenty-five miles. There is hardly a village in the central and western parts of the great Wiltshire downs where at least one peregrine does not pass over within sight of men once in a day. Yet, in spite of this, keepers and shooting men will tell you, if they tell the truth, that day after day through July, August and September, on the fields and downs where certain coveys have been seen, their number remains the same. In the rare cases where a bird is found be short, diligent inquiry amongst the shepherds in the place will sometimes show that one of them has seen the bird taken-not, however, because it elected to get up in front of a wild hawk, but because either the shepherd or some other man put it up. No one has ever explained how the peregrine can get a partridge to rise under her, or, consequently, how she can take one, without the assistance of some human agency. And if not, then the number of partridges which have actually been seen to be taken, or at least flown, by this hawk will very nearly represent the total actually pursued.

But what, then, the objector asks, does the peregrine live upon? The answer to this is very ready. Falconers declare that the chief food of the wild peregrines is wood-pigeons, rooks and lapwings in the inland districts, gulls and rock-doves on the coast, and wildduck when and wherever they are to be had. Of these latter fowl they are so fond that in Ireland the peregrine is commonly known as the duck-hawk. Turtle-doves. magpies, and fieldfares are often taken; and the male peregrine by no means despises a redwing or a starling. Why should all these be a much more common quarry than game birds? Simply because by their nature they have to be constantly on the wing, making their way from one place to another in search of food; whereas the grouse and the partridge seldom willingly take wing, but will walk about for miles without leaving the ground. No one can have watched a flock of rooks when a peregrine is in the sky, and noted their discordant cries and wild evolutions, without understanding how often they have seen one of their comrades struck down by this cruiser of the air, and how much they dread the risks which they are compelled to run of sharing his fate.

This, it may be said, is the falconer's idea of the matter. But it must be remembered that falconers have a very exceptional reason for being able to speak as to the habits of wild hawks; and that for a very particular reason, which is not often understood. When a peregrine passes over—at the stupendous height which she usually attains when soaring—nothing like one in a hundred of ordinary mortals catches sight of her. Nor will

the falconer, probably, if he is alone. But if he has an unhooded nawk of any kind on his fist, or if he is watching his hawks while sitting out on their blocks, or taking their bath, it is a different matter. The unhooded hawk will most certainly descry her wild cousin in the air, and will immediately look intently up towards her. The man's eyes, thus directed will, after a while, make out the stranger; and, once having her in sight, he will naturally follow her movements as long as he can. If after a minute she makes a dash —or, as he calls it, a stoop—from the sky, will he not be more likely to see what it was made at-or, at least, be more able to find this out—than the man who never watched her at all? If the finish of the stoop was not in sight, still, if it was successful, he can often by running or riding up find the hawk, either on her victim or carrying it away. The testimony of falconers—unless it is to be treated as wilfully unveracious —is not to be discarded in such cases as this. And falconers will tell you that a wild peregrine—or game-hawk which has even a been lost-will be found fifty times more often upon some victim other than a game bird.

Not only do the birds which fly about in search of their food give the peregrine more chances than those which walk for it, but they give her better chances. When a partridge or grouse gets up, it is oftenest from an open place where they can see all around them into the air. And, once on the wing, they flit rapidly, and in a tolerably straight line, to the feeding or basking ground, or shelter, for which they have resolved to make. The peregrine, therefore, if she is in the air, will be a long way off; and she will have a very long distance to make up while the quarry takes his short journey. It is otherwise with the other birds. Rooks often go voluntarily some miles in a single flight. Pigeons, magpies, and many others, get up as often out of the side of a plantation or thicket as off the open fields. When they do so, it is impossible for them to see whether a peregrine is not coming over from the other side behind them. When the pigeon has got fifty yards or so from the covert. and comes in sight of the soaring hawk, down comes the latter like a thunderbolt, cutting off his retreat, and dealing a stroke to which the impetus of a long descent lends a deadly speed. These are not isolated or imaginary cases. They are constantly occurring. Otherwise the woodpigeon, which is a very prolific creature, and is not persecuted very greatly by shooting men, would by this time have become as common in open spaces as he is in the wooded districts of Somerset and Devon. The wild-duck usually has to make, twice a day at least, and often very much oftener, a long voluntary flight. And unless there is water near, into which he can take a "header," he is ill provided with the means of sheltering himself from a stoop. He has, therefore, pretty often to run the gauntlet of the peregrine's most tormidable pursuit, or, in other words, to save himself by mere excellence of flying. Very different is the chance of the game-bird, to which a small hedge or ditch, a field of standing corn, or even a decently well-grown crop of mangolds, will afford a secure hidingplace.

There is another question which is pertinent to the game preserver, and cannot be quite ignored. What sort of game bird is it which the peregrine takes, when she is "served," as the falconers call it, by some person who has put up a covey within reach of her? That covey cannot have been very near to her when it rose. For game birds are quite clever enough, even when they are made to get up, to choose a moment when she is in the least likely position for a stoop. Moreover, the wild hawk will certainly be not very near the man; for she on her part is clever enough to know that approaching him means provoking a charge of shot. Consequently, as the covey rises, the peregrine must do all she knows if she is to catch even the hindmost bird. hindmost bird it is, then, which has to bear the brunt of the day. Now if all birds were always sound, and there were no such thing as disease, this would matter little. But most people know that there is a good deal of disease and weakness prevalent amongst game birds, and that a bird which is out of health does not fly as fast as one which is sound. Is it now altogether a loss to the estate that in the exceptional cases where a game bird is taken by hawks this bird should as a rule be the weakest of his family?

All this, it may be said, is mere theory. But what does practical experience say? The year 1898 was an unhealthy year for part-ridges. In most parts of the country coveys were small, and "barren" birds were common. But on Salisbury Plain, where peregrines were numerous, there were no complaints, and supply of birds was up to the average of other years. also, although the cover was as deficient as elsewhere, the birds were not so wild as in more enclosed districts where the peregrine is a rare visitor. In 1896, in a certain parish on the Plain, better bags of partridges were made in September than had been made for years past. Yet during that very month, and for some weeks before it, that selfsame parish had been quartered daily by three wild peregrines which had taken up their abode in a certain plantation nearly in its midst.

The second accusation which the falcon's advocates have to meet is one against which they loudly protest and most bitterly complain. They assert that both common sense and experience ought to teach the most careless observer that wild hawks do not scare game away. They cite examples which, as far as practical results have any significance, certainly seem to completely wreck the common theory. Thus Major Fisher flew his trained falcons for many years, and for many days in each vear, on a moor in Northumberland which could not be called in these days extensive. Yet in no year could it be said that grouse were at all more scarce on this moor than on any of those adjoining. Nor did the number diminish the least from rear to year, but steadily increased. Mr. St. Quintin has had in Yorkhire a similar experience, and for many years has flown hawks at ame without ever finding that is land was denuded thereby. We have the evidence of several alconers to the effect that a cover as been found day after day not aly on the same estate but in the ery same field, although it has accessively lost member after **hember of the brood by the stoop f a trained hawk.** Yet the range f a trained hawk is smaller beyond ll comparison than that of a wild he; and the results just noticed the case of the former would be ill more striking where the ques**bn was as to the latter.**

What the falconer would like to k his opponent on this point is

"Where would a partridge go to get away from the wild pere-grine?" The idea that they should fly "away" from him is, to a person really acquainted with the habits of hawks, too preposterous for words. For the daily range of a peregrine is certainly not less than twenty miles square. Generally it must be very much greater. Does not the partridge know this? He has watched the peregrine as she roamed about, soaring perhaps for a minute or so in immense circles far overhead, and has kept an eye ou her until, more than a mile away, she has faded slowly from a tiny speck in the clouds into distant space. Does that partridge ever for a moment think that by getting up and flying away he would do himself any good? Why, the very thing that he most wants to do is the exact contrary of this. He is not such a booby as not to know what his best policy is, viz.: to sit still as long as he can, and, if by bad luck he has to fly, to make at once for the very nearest covert. The further he goes the more chance he has of being struck down. This he very well knows; and to think that he will try to keep the air against such a pursuer is simply to ignore nature.

When, however, the peregrine is not in sight, but the partridge or grouse knows that the country is frequented by her, will he not then shift his quarters? Why should he? Does he suppose that the neighbouring estate is not frequented by her also? He is not such an idiot. That very flight of his to the neighbouring country is in itself an invitation to the hawk to take him. How does he know where the hawk ranges? He has seen her come up from one direction and go in another. He knows quite well that she may well have gone thence to a third

or fourth side. In order to get out of range he would have to fly twenty miles. And then would not know that he was safe. And partridges do not fly twenty miles.

Oh, but the flying of artificial kites and hawks does scare away birds. This is a common argu-Let us admit the fact, if it is one, which some people may doubt. But is the arguer so little acquainted with the ways of birds as to suppose that partridges know no difference between these shams and a peregrine? Does the partridge imagine that the range of the artificial kite is the same as that of a real hawk? When he has once got up under the threatening monster, has he seen it stoop, or kill anything? The analogy is untrue in all but one of its points. And if the kite is an annoyance, as it very well may be, hovering often over a particular set of fields, why, there is no reason in nature, as there is in the other case, why the partridge should not just "make tracks."

If these facts and arguments are

controvertible, falconers ask why for the last half century—since they were first brought forward by earnest writers—no one has shown cause against them. Surely the peregrine—but type of combined speed, strength and beauty -does not deserve to be condemned unheard! Of all falconers now existing in England the greater number are hunting men. They would be as ready as any other sportsman to condemn a vulpicide. But they declare that any single peregrine is capable of affording as much sport as fifty foxes, and that of the thousands of foxes whose lives are spared for considerations of sport, each one killed more game (rabbits included) in a month than a peregrine in a year. They think that, all things regarded, and seeing that peregrines are now on the very verge of extinction, it would be, to say the least of it, a graceful act if sporting men would show more consideration for this splendid creature than to class it on doubtful grounds with stoats and such like outlaws. E. B. M.

Sport and the War.

II.

There can be no need for an apology in again reverting to this subject in your pages, for does not each week, each day, aye, and even each hour, increase the intensity of our interest as sportsmen in all the incidents that are taking place in South Africa? The flood of hope when at its height seems destined to fall flatly into the dead level of failure, and our efforts, supreme at first view, seem to turn out to be as idle and fruitless as the stone wall that we essayed to jump easily, but that

has proved an obstacle of tremendous proportions, and one that, ride as we may, we have not yet! learnt how to clear.

Much that I ventured to allude to last month from a sportsman's point of view has expanded and ripened ere this. It has been the great opportunity of the century for the bone and sinew of young Britain to come voluntarily to the front, and right nobly has that opportunity been taken advantage of — Yeomen and Volunteers. scouts and sharpshooters, have

donned the khaki in right earnest, and gone forth in their thousands to take part in a war which we all by this time know to be no child's play—no mere playing at soldiers, but a contest in which tactics and the highest qualities of soldiering must be called into play. This is indeed a war where you must fight with your head, as well as with weapons—each man for himself. Cunning has never been our strong point as a nation, although we delight to hunt the fox; yet a more cunning foe is before us now—he hangs in cover, he dodges among the rocks, be is swift in the open, and sullen Our Tommies have in hiding. fared badly in their frontal attacks It now becomes the sportsman's turn to stalk him. bunt him, out-ride him, out-shoot him, out-root him, and, with a wild whoo-hoop, over-Boer him.

What a marvellous thing it is to see our so-called gilded youth casting aside their luxurious ease, their comfortable clubs, and their sweet homes, for the drudgery of the riding school and parade ground, and the rebukes of a Methinks that sergeant-major. perhaps I libelled them when I held them up to ridicule in an article "What is a Sportsman?" In truth the germ was there. was the chrysalis of a sportsman, which the hot breath of war has fertilised into life and action. There will be no turning back now. Our best and bravest have gone, or are going forth into the fray, and our confidence in them is great, only we could have wished them a few more weeks of military training ere they embarked.

What a grand list they would make—M.F.H.'s in plenty—the dite of many a county, the pick of every hunting field, sportsmen of every hue, all steadily voyaging to the front with one and the same

watchwords, "Forward, for the honour of England." Let us hope that this roll so honourable, so historical, will some day embellish your pages, and be handed down to posterity as something to be proud of.

Apart now, and beyond the pride which this exhibition of patriotism has evoked in the hearts of all true sportsmen, we have the lessons growing more serious every day of our shortcoming in the Arts of War, and the Reforms which knock at our for enactment. Among sportsmen especially is it not most galling to be told, and truly told, that our guns and rifles are inferior to those of the Boers? a race that we have learnt to look upon as antiquated, almost antediluvian in their ways and practices, forgetting, as we had no right to do, that money (our outlanders' money) could buy anything from a toasting fork to a 100-ton gun, and that Dutch ways have ever shown depth and cunning, only equalled by their determination.

Nothing surprises me so much as that we should be behind other nations in our manufacture of the best guns and rifles. With the possession of unlimited iron and steel, with the largest manufactories and furnaces, the inventive brains, the willing hands, the money, nothing apparently wanting, except the laxity begotten of over self-confidence and selfsecurity. It is so easy to turn things out by the gross, all of a pattern, and thus cheaply. There is no one, I am told, so hated in our great spending departments of the Army and Navy as the Inventor. He is considered the crazed individual, who is told politely to go to the d——l, more often than not, without any test being made of the value of his notions.

On this head one ounce of fact is worth a ton of assertion. Our gallant and intrepid Colonel Lord Dundonald, while in the far west of Canada, invented a mounted gun-carriage with buggy wheels for working handily with cavalry, which he took to the War Office. only to have it summarily reiected. Not to be beaten, however, he patented it himself, and has shown in South Africa the practical use of it in a most undeniable way. Now the War Office are becoming alive to the fact that the inventor was no fool, and they are taking up his galloping gun-carriage with a zeal which has only been awakened at the eleventh hour and by the compulsion of established facts.

scales Now that the been removed from our eves. what premiums would we not have given for improved essentials in our guns and their carriages, as well as in our rifles? Ignominious, to use a light phrase, is it not, to find the Boers outshooting us in range, and shifting their guns easier and quicker than we do. And then those deadly Mausers, why cannot we outstrip them? Simply because we have never tried; blindly being led to believe that our Lee-Metfords and Lee-Enfields were unsurpassable. I, as a civilian, was horrified when I came to handle my Imperial Yeomanry son's rifle, destined to be his constant companion for many months on horseback and on foot. It weighed 9½lbs., and was a long and unwieldy weapon for a mounted infantry soldier. Are we to be told, and are we to believe it, if told, that lightness and efficiency cannot go together? The new Yeomanry saddles (12 lbs.) and equipments are undoubtedly an improvement; but if modern ingenuity cannot produce a repeating rifle of good range and a handier type than the present Lee-Enfield, commit me to the backwoods of America to sulk over the matter in peace, and let us give up as a nation trying to tackle such a nation as the Boers in their own chosen fastnesses.

I have been reminded by an officer, who was in complete sympathy with my remarks on the cruelty practised on the gunners seated on their gun-carriages in our present field artillery, that in default of improving our guncarriages we might turn most of the field batteries into horse batteries, which are quicker in their movements, and there are no gun-sitters on the carriages. The answer to the question as to how the undisciplined Boers do out-manœuvre us with their guns is a poser that "no fella" can understand.

One of the severest lessons that we have been taught in this war is that unless you possess the best artillery, as well as the surest rifles, you cannot hope for victory, or to save valuable lives attack and defence. both in What avails our pluck and patriotism when we have to play second fiddle in these essentials? As sportsmen we naturally want to see the game played on our side with the best materials that money can produce. This may all sound like empty grumbling, but we opine that nothing should hide the naked truth in a time of trial such as this. Another essential thing in the present day is, I think, that more encouragement to rifle shooting throughout the country districts should be afforded by Government—more rifle ranges and plenty of the best rifles and cartridges to practise with. cartridges might be charged for to persons who are not volunteers at present you cannot obtain a Government ball cartridge for love or money in most districts. Why should this be? That the volunteers are henceforth to be a really effective force we all believe, and my heart went out to Colonel Edis, the commandant of the Artist Corps, in his able letter in defence of volunteers. Thus, and thus only, can we hope to stave off conscription.

And now let us recur to our pet hobby, the formation of a regiment of Liliputian horse—emboldened to do so by the kind and favourable criticism with which our remarks on this subject have been received in the Press. There is a great deal in a name, but perhaps the travels of Gulliver and his favourite Liliputs are hardly of sufficient authenticity from which to christen my pet regi-We have already the "Light Brigade," but we have not "the Little Hussars," or the "Young Lochinvars," or "Gallopers"—a wag suggested the "Little Borderers." Perhaps the "Nippers" would not be inappropriate, the "Flying Childers" or the "Pony Brigade" would fit our sample. Call it what you may, this regiment, limited to men under 5 ft. 5 or 6 in., not weighing more than II stone. of good chest measurement, and on ponies not exceeding 14.2, and with light arms and accoutrements to match, what, I repeat, might it not accomplish? A regiment handy of transport, easy to remount at bome and abroad, quick and smart in their movements, splendid scouts, not a big mark for the enemy, they would be the veritable Goorkhas for our home Army that would soon gain a prestige that would make them one of the most popular corps in our Army. What has our War Office or our leading military authorities to say against the formation of this regiment? It is well to listen to the cons, as well as the pros, and perhaps we shall be treated to these ere long—a poor civilian, such as "Borderer," fails to grasp them. The increase in our cavalry is an admitted necessity, and this branch of it in particular appeals to the commonsense of the people as a quick and handy service, which will ere long sweep aside the cumbrousness of our heavy cavalry with its more than 20 stone in the saddle.

After many years of practical experience of what ponies can and do accomplish, especially well bred ones, hardily reared, I do not hesitate to say that they will beat moderate horses of double their size, and that very few of our present cavalry horses could live with them in a campaign they are more easily taught, handled and mounted, than bigger horses, and with twice their constitution, and thrice their sense with riders to suit them, where the drawbacks to employment?

As one of the founders of the Pony Society and "Stud Book" I am pardonably proud of our success. Influentially and liberally supported the Society is bound to succeed. It has indeed before it a bright vista, which in a few years will show a marked advance in our highly bred ponies. What fitter corollary could there be to the advance of this Society than the establishment of a pony regiment?

So difficult is it to bring about practical results by holding forth even in your influential pages, dear Bally, that I would earnestly impress upon you the desirability of enlisting the aid of some good friend to the cause in the House of Commons, who will impress on the Government the advantages

which the State would gain from such a distinctive corps as an addition to our cavalry. Much discussion will take place on the great Army Reforms that are on the eve of being brought forward, and ample opportunity will be found for ventilating this pet scheme of ours—and, let us trust, of bringing it to a successful issue.

But while we at home are wildly criticising, scolding, and fussing over events and incidents upon which it is impossible for us at present to form to correct approach judgment, our bravest and best scions are toiling in an African summer at the call of duty, and nobly shedding their blood on our behalf. Many a good sportsman lies in his silent grave in that far away country, but we trust that many may yet return to us, thick with well won honors. Some have already attained them, and we heartily congratulate our friend, Sir Claud de Crespigny, on the expected honor of a V.C. for his eldest son. If ever a sportsman's pluck was inherited, of a surety Mr. Claud has that inheritance;

and has right well availed himself of it. Without the slightest pretensions to the art of poetry, I was guilty of a little sonnet the other day after bidding adieu to one of the best of sons departing in the Shropshire Yeomanry, and here it is slightly altered to apply to all our brave lads:

THE YEOMEN'S SEND-OFF.

Adieu, ye bravest soldier boys, God speed you on your way; Adieu to all your homely joys, For you're off to the war to-day!

Proudly we cheer our yeomen strong, All bound for Table Bay, Sailing away on a voyage so long, For you're off to the war to-day!

Our hearts are on the sea to-night, We that at home must stay; Our hopes and fears are in your might, For you're off to the war to-day!

Ye champions of our country bold, We'll dream of the Boers ye'll slay— Your prowess must a tale unfold, For you're off to the war to-day!

Farewell, again farewell, we cry, Your ordain'd fate is as God may; In Afric's clime your mettle try For you're off to the war to-day!

BORDERER.

Feb. 2nd, 1900.

Verses by the late Whyte-Melville.

[We give the second set of some early and hitherto unpublished verses by the late Major G. J. Whyte-Melville. They were written about the time his military career commenced (one being dated Quebec, November 4th, 1841). Of course, the finish and power of his more matured work will hardly be looked for in these youthful efforts; but the swing and attractiveness that belong to all Whyte-Melville's poetry will not be found altogether wanting.]

II.

(To the air of "Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam.")

Some love to ride o'er the flowing tide
And dash through the pathless sea,
But the steed's brave bound and the opening hound
And the rattling burst for me.

Some track the deer on the mountain clear, But, tho' wary the stalker's eye, Be it mine to speed o'er the grassy mead And ride to a scent breast high.

There are those that love all the joys to prove That crowd in the mantling bowl, Who bow to the nod of the Thracian god And yield him up their soul.

Some speed the ball thro' the lamplit hall
With music and revel free,
Or woo beauty's glance in the mazy dance,
But the joys of the chase for me.

When we mount and away at the break of day, And we hie to the woodland side, How the crash resounds as we cheer our hounds And still at their sterns we ride.

Till at dewy eve when our sport we leave,
And the board we circle round,
How each boasts the speed of his fastest steed
And the dash of his favourite hound.

Then those that will may the bumper fill,
Or trace out the dance with glee,
But the steed's brave bound, and the opening hound,
And the joys of the Chase for me.

G. J. W.-M.

Nov. 4th, 1841.

The Position of Provincial Countries.

A MATTER of considerable intest just now is the position of ovincial countries, when so my are changing hands, and many are in financial diffi-Things alter with the 🛤, and always will do so, and wincial foxhunting has not n left out in the matter of elution any more than the rest the English pastimes. other it has benefited by the large, or whether it was not in etter position before, is perhaps matter of opinion. For our part are inclined to think it has

not; and the attempt to bring Leicestershire into the provinces has not proved so successful as might have been expected. £750 a day is what is spent on most of the provincial packs at the present time, and this is not considered an expensive estimate. costs a lot to kill a fox at this rate, and if you take the two-a-week packs as an example and put them at thirty foxes during the season, it comes to £50 a fox. What would our forefathers say to that, do you think, the men who kept a family and a pack of hounds on

an income of £500 a year? No, we are not really the better for these extra expenses, and a check or a leaning in the other direction would undoubtedly do good, and make the class of country alluded to in a much easier position when it came to a change of mastership.

It is the future we look at as well as the present, and the everincreasing tendency to increase expenses which is still going on. "We shall soon get to two thousand a day in Leicestershire," an M.F.H. said to me the other day; "we are at fifteen hundred a day now." If this is the case, and the provinces follow their example, what is to become of the provin-They certainly cial countries? are not worth hunting at that figure. That foxes could be killed and sport shown at a cheaper rate we don't think there is any doubt, though it seems hard to believe it in some quarters. Look at Jacob Robson with the Border pack at the end of the season of 1897-98. Fifty-five brace of foxes killed, and 20 brace marked to ground in 88 hunting days with only 134 couple of hounds, and a stud of much more like four horses than forty, and, further, a record of 408 foxes in four seasons. the Pytchley or the Quorn do better than this with their studs of forty horses and sixty couple of hounds, ninety couple of whelps at walk and a large staff of servants? We doubt it; 50 brace is generally what they kill.

Comparisons are odious, we know, and we have no wish to cry down those first-class packs who do the thing so well and deserve every possible praise for doing it; but what we do contend is that it can be done at a moderate price if you wish it. Countries are different, you will say, in reference to the above remarks. Cer-

tainly, but not so different as all that, and we question whether a good deal of expenditure now going on in the provincial packs could not be curtailed. If the extra expenditure meant an extra amount of sport shown, and foxes killed, there would be some justification in it, but it is not so.

The increase that comes with the years does not bring a corresponding result in the way of genuine sport, so the tendency of things is going in the wrong direction, and the money is being spent without anything but smartness and show to show for it. Everything has gone up, they tell you, all round—horses, servants, meal, Yes, the last mentioned item in the shape of drafthounds is, we believe, at four or five guineas a couple. They are not worth it, is all we can say. Three guineas a couple is a dear price for other people's cast-offs. It is hard, we know, to reduce things when you take on a fresh country. "So-and-so spent this," you are told, and "So-and-so always paid for that," but still the general question is the same, and the man who can show good sport for a small expenditure is unquestionably the man for the provincial countries.

Subscriptions do not help one much either. We doubt if the average subscriptions of the ordinary provincial countries are much more than they were twenty years ago, so that the only way to meet things is to get a richer man every time you change masters, and so it goes on, and the £500 a day that did things comfortably in the old days is no use to-day. "Shold hard, gentlemen, please," i what we say, and keep the hunting countries within their propelimits.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

Modern Steeplechasing.

CURIOUSLY enough, steeplechasing has always had its detractors. In the early days of the sport "Nimrod" and others of his school were found writing against it, and latterly we have been treated to lengthy attacks on chasing as a sarcastic sport, and references to the so-called "rags" which take part in it. It is fashionable in some quarters to compare the present with the past to the great advantage of the latter; we are reminded of the glories of Lottery, The Colonel and other giants of the days gone by; we are told of the great things they did; and modern steeplechase courses are sneered at (by those who have not to ride over them) as being cut down till they are ridiculously easy.

That modern steeplechasing is open to much improvement may be admitted at once, and as a sport it certainly leaves a great Small fields of deal to desire. moderate horses run for many of the events, and, in the words of critics, beat each other in turn, and if the season be at all an open one, Easter finds most of the chasers pretty well played out. That this is an evil is admitted. but it is not one which cannot be Steeplechasing as a memedied. sport is attractive enough, and can be made still more so, and it s my object to point out how come of the weak places may be trengthened, so that the sport ay flourish as all English sports ght to do.

It may be said with truth that imparisons between the horses the present and the horses of the past can serve no good practitipurpose, though such comtrisons have been indulged in the since racing came into public

notice, and the horses of the past have been extolled at the expense of their successors. It is well known that Admiral Rous expressed it as his opinion that were Eclipse living at the present time he would perhaps be able to win a selling plate, and it may be said with equal truth that horses like Lottery, Peter Simple, Clinker, and Clasher—horses of which continual mention is made as being so greatly superior to the chasers of the present day, but hunters all of them—would find the modern plater quite good enough them, and it is certainly questionable whether even horses like The Colonel would be able to hold their own with Cloister, Manifesto, or Drogheda.

Discussion as to the relative merits of horses of the past and present may be passed over. Whether the horses we have are better or worse than their ancestors, we have to deal with them as they are and make the best of The courses over which they run, however, can be altered to command, and perhaps the regulation course has something to do with the comparative paucity of chasers. It has been urged over and over again that our modern steeplechase courses have been ridiculously cut down: that the obstacles are so made that horses can brush through them, and one critic has gone so far as to say that the fences lean so much that horses only have to rise some eighteen inches to clear I must own to never having heard those whose lot it is to ride over National Hunt courses complain that they are ridiculously easy, and I have a shrewd opinion that most of those who do say so would be looking for a gate if,

when hunting, they came across a stiff brushwood fence 4ft. 6in. high and 2ft, thick on the top, even if it were not accompanied by a 6ft. drain and guard-rail. My own experience of forty seasons' hunting is that an ordinary regulation fence would thin a hunting field and give plenty of room in front. may at once be stated, the critics notwithstanding, that National Hunt courses are quite big enough, and that the only thing which can be urged against them is that they make special schooling for horses necessary.

The reasons why the National Hunt Committee found it necessary to legislate on the subject of courses are well known, and only need brief reference. When steeplechasing increased in popularity meetings sprung up all over the country, and to attract entries Clerks of the Course and Managers cut down the obstacles till at some places steeplechasing was a farce. But, unfortunately, the rules which did away with these meetings also put an end to the old-fashioned hunt meetings, which served such a good purpose as a nursery of high-class steeplechase horses.

It has been urged by some enthusiasts that the modern pointto-point race has taken the place of the old hunt meetings, and that it answers quite as good a purpose. We are told that only boná-fide hunters take part in these races, that there is no betting in connexion with them, and that they form the ideal of crosscountry sport. Let us see how far this is the case. I have seen myself a horse that won a big steeplechase with a penalty up start in and win a point-to-point There was no objection; indeed, there could not be, for the horse fulfilled the conditions as advertised. He had been regularly hunted, and that is all that

was required. But if this race had been under rules he would, at any rate, have had to carry a penalty, and under rules the conditions are certainly more carefully drawn up than in the point-topoint races. Another instance of a race-horse taking part in a point-to-point race occurs to me, and, of course, the race-horse won A few days after he finished second in a steeplechase, having several good winners behind him. It would have been impossible to have stopped him winning the point-to-point race by any conditions, because up to the time he ran in it he had never been raced. I merely mention the incident to point out the class of horses that may be expected to compete in point-to-point races. As for the betting question, it is certain that, wherever and however horses meet together to race, there will there be betting.

Point-to-point races are very good fun for those who ride in them, but apart from the social surroundings they afford very moderate sport for the onlookers. There is not much fun in seeing horses, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to identify, jump a fence or two and gallop past a winning flag at long intervals, whilst, as a nursery for steeplechasers, these races are nearly What man who is valueless. anxious to buy a chaser would go down to a point-to-point meet ing for the purpose is a question that may well be asked. who wants to buy chasers natur ally wants to see the crucial part of a race, and it is scarcely necessar to say that the crucial part of point-to-point race is rarely, i ever, seen, except by those wh take part in it. Indeed, in a grea measure point-to-point races as better calculated to show off th knowledge of country and horse

manship of the riders than the merits of the horses.

Yet it is possible to combine the good points of the point-to-point and old-fashioned hunt meetings in a way which could not fail to promote the interests of steeplechasing, and do away in a great measure with the congestion which at present prevails in sport. There cannot be the least question that many men who used to run horses before the regulation courses were made are no longer to be found amongst the ranks of those who follow cross-country sport. It is not a question of argument as to whether the, to them, obnoxious obstacle, the dry ditch with its guard rail, is or is not dangerous. They simply decline to have their schooled over it. And these men are more numerous than would be supposed by those who are not in the habit of meeting them and hearing their opinions. The consequence is that, with meetings increasing, there are not horses to keep them going in a satisfactory manner; but once let it be permitted for horses to run over a natural course, and there would be a large influx of good horses amongst the ranks of chasers, and the sport would take the rank that it ought to do.

What I would suggest is that Masters of Hounds or Hunt Committees should hold, once a year, a hunt meeting; that this meeting should be held over a natural course, and if thought advisable it might be made a movable feast. Some sort of central authority to draw up a list of rules would be required, and this authority is ready to hand in the Master of Hounds' Association. 'All that is required is that the National Hunt Committee and the lockey Club should give it official recognition.

Of course this scheme is open to the objection that a third racing authority would be formed, but, in reality, a third authority is needed. Now-a-days there are many ways in which men may transgress at point-to-point meetings without being punished. have seen a man who has not gone more than half the course jump in with the horses coming home and finish second. He did not come back to weigh in, it is true, and there was no objection, as there was nothing to object about, but if such a thing had been done "under the rules," the rider would have been smartly

reprimanded and fined.

Again, the loose and perfunctory way in which entries are taken is an opening for wrong-doing, and, at present, there is nothing to prevent the most notorious ill-doer on the Turf running a horse or riding at a point-to-point gathering.

The rules would not require to be numerous, but the definitions should be practically the same as in the National Hunt Rules. There should also be similar rules about nominations, about jockeys, weighing, closing, &c., for it cannot be too strongly urged that there is no such thing as playing at racing.

With hunt meetings—for pointto-point meetings are nothing else —becoming so numerous, it is of the greatest necessity that a register of the horses that run should be kept. I have pointed out that horses frequently run at point-to-point meetings have won in good company under National Hunt Rules. There is no means of identifying these horses unless the same stringent rules respecting nominations obtain as in the lockey Club and National Hunt Rules.

The questions of whether there should be an enclosure or not, and as to the number of races to be run in a day, are matters of minor consideration, which should be left to the Committee of each meeting. What is of more serious consequence is that the races should be confined to bond-fide No race should be hunters. under two-and-a-half miles, and then there should be only one race of that distance per day. A race for four-year-olds owned by tenant farmers might be a very interesting feature in a programme. Care should be taken, too, to keep the professional chaser out of the field, but this is easily done by making a rule that horses that have run in an open steeplechase under National Hunt Rules shall not be eligible for a stated period—say a year.

Several advantages would spring from a new departure of this kind. To begin with, the register of the races would show in whose hands the good horses were, and there can be little doubt but what many of the best would ultimately find their way into the ranks of regular chasers. Then with a regular code of rules there would be protection against what, perhaps, I had better term "sharp practice," and a certainty that

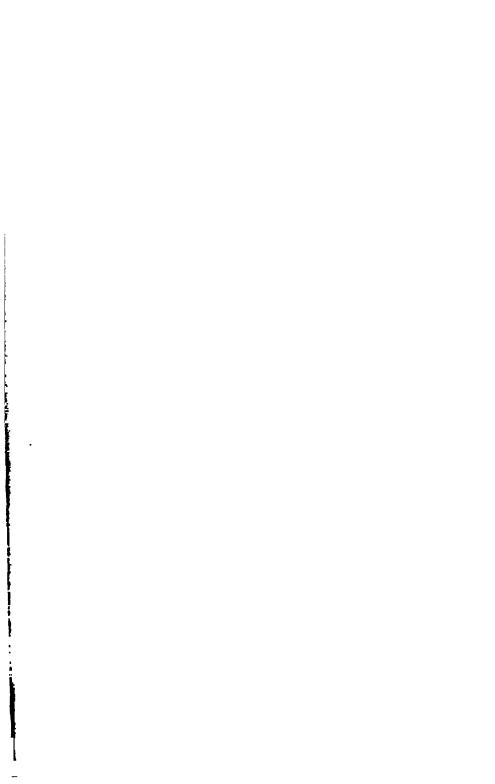
wrong-doers will meet with their reward.

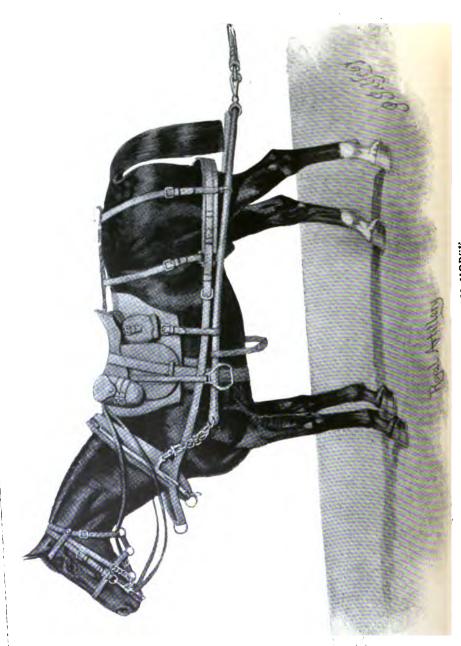
Against my suggestion it may be urged that I am taking pointto-point races too seriously; that the formation of a Committee and the keeping of the register would be a troublesome work, and would not be worth the trouble; and that point - to - point races are merely friendly gatherings of To these objechunting men. tions I would reply: (1) That you cannot play at racing; (2) That anything worth doing at all is worth doing well; (3) That the hunt meetings I advocate would be merely friendly gatherings of hunting men with this addition and, to my mind, a most important one-that those who manage them would be responsible to a duly recognised central authority.

One thing is quite certain, and that is that the point-to-point meetings have been for some time in an unsatisfactory condition, and recent legislation of the National Hunt Committee has not done much to improve matters. Such being the case, I would humbly submit that my suggestion is

worth consideration.

W. Scarth-Dixon.





The Transport of Army Horses to South Africa.

As many of the readers of this magazine may not have had the opportunity of inspecting the stable arrangements on board a transport, this short account may be of interest.

Considering that none of these transports, with the exception of a few employed in the cattle trade, were built for the purpose of carrying horses, the Admiralty have had numerous difficulties to contend with in adapting these ships to their purpose. I have lately inspected four large transports, all of them of from 6,000 to 8,000 tons. The first was the Manhattan, a ship used in the American cattle trade; the others were the Englishman, the Canning, and the British Princess. Two of these ships are fitted with the long stalls and two with the short Slings are provided for the short stalls only. Each kind of stall is about 2 ft. 6 in. wide, but the long stall is about 8 ft. 6 in. in length, while the short stall is only 6 ft. 6 in.

In all transports the troop-deck is underneath the horse-deck. The object of this arrangement is to prevent the smell of the stables being offensive to the men; at the same time the horse-deck must be perfectly watertight, or unpleasant consequences ensue to the men below. The horses had most head room on the British Princess: on the other ships the head room was rather cramped. On one ship, the Canning, I think, the top of the entrance, through which the horses were led into the ship, was only about three inches above the withers of the biggest horses, whose heads therefore had to be

lowered level with the withers in order to get them through. this ship was rather dark inside, a horse would occasionally refuse to go through the low entrance, even when tempted by a handful of hay, and considerable delay was caused, for the gangways up which the horses are led into the ships are so narrow that a horse cannot turn round, and has therefore to be backed down if he is obstinate, and in consequence the horses in rear have to back down off the gangway too. The floor of each gangway was covered with rough cocoa-nut matting to prevent the horses slipping. each horse is led into his stall, the partition, which consists of a stout wooden bar, is put up and the horse is tied up by the head on each side, sufficient rope being allowed to enable him to reach his manger, which is hung on to a bar in front of the horse's chest, this bar forming the front of the stall. The mangers, of galvanised iron, are semi-circular in shape, the flat side being against the bar. The horse when fastened up is unable to lie down.

The horses'-decks were well ventilated on the whole, but I fancy the horses near the engineroom must find it uncomfortably hot when the ship is near the In fine weather the equator. horses are taken out for walking exercise, but the space for this purpose varied considerably in the four ships. On the Englishman and the Canning there was only room to exercise a few at a time. The British Princess was the only one of the four ships which had a gangway in rear of the stalls, which enables the men to remove the droppings without taking the horse out of the stall. This is a great advantage, especially when the weather does not admit of the horses being moved, as standing in a dirty stall injures the horses' feet. The British Princess also had the most room exercising the horses, but then I think she was the biggest ship of the four, and she did not carry quite so many horses. Each ship carried from 370 to about 420 As the head room is scanty, care has to be taken in leading horses to their stalls. It was distressing to see several poor brutes hit their heads against beams overhead owing to the carelessness of the men leading These men were nearly all reservists, and some of them, I regret to say, were such "absentminded beggars" that they had taken considerably more beer than they could carry, and the poor horses suffered in conse-Grooming is of quence. utmost importance on board ship, as horses get so little exercise.

There was a discussion in the daily papers a short time ago as to the advisability of slinging horses. So far as I can make out, it is best to have slings, which of course need only be used in rough weather, provided that there are plenty of men on board to attend to the horses. Slings must be carefully adjusted and kept clean, or else they produce galls. course there are enough men when a cavalry regiment or a battery of artillery take their horses out; but occasionally remounts have been sent out with very few men to look after them. Sometimes each man has had to look after ten or twelve horses. Now it is impossible for a man to groom, water, and feed that number, and look after the slings as well. Grooming, if well done, is hard work; it takes a man quite an groom two thoroughly in their narrow stalls on board ship. I don't believe under these circumstances that a man can groom ten horses a day properly, besides feeding them. I am told that the mortality among the remounts sent out with few men to look after them has been far greater than the mortality on those ships on which there have been plenty of men to groom the horses, and this I can well believe. Some people say that slings are unnecessary, because slings were not used for Ormonde during his This is no argument at voyage. all, for there is no comparison between the accommodation that Ormonde had, and that which can be given to the humble troop-Ormonde had a comhorse. fortable, roomy, loose box, in which he could lie down and take his ease on soft bedding; trooper is confined in a narrow stall and can hardly move, much less lie down.

Some of my friends took out valuable hunters. I think this was rather rash of them. It is, no doubt, pleasant to have a good horse under one in a campaign, especially on certain occasions, but the mortality amongst horses in South Africa is very great. Before the war commenced the death rate amongst our horses out there was about 70 per cent. per annum. Almost every disease that it is possible for a horse to get can be contracted in South Africa. Horse - sickness, sand colic, osteo-porosis, and the tsetse fly, are all common in different parts of the country, and these diseases are usually fatal. During the Franco-German war the Germans had to replace their horses three times, and the war lasted considerably less than a year—about eight or nine months, I think. The average life of a horse in the present campaign will, in all probability, be less than six months. Having regard to these facts, I think an officer who takes out a favourite hunter is unlikely to require a return passage for the animal.

An ample stock of all the drugge

An ample stock of all the drugs and veterinary stores that may be required is carried on each ship, but I am informed on good authority that the less a horse on board ship is physicked the better. A horse's diet on board ship is much the same as that of a hunter which is confined to his box for some days for any reason. Water is laid on to all the stalls, which is a great convenience.

I noticed that nearly all the horses were embarked without any trouble, in fact they did not seem to mind the novelty of the proceeding or their cramped position at all, and as soon as they were placed in their stalls they commenced to eat the hay that was given them. Poor patient brutes, I felt sorry for them when I thought that in all probability mone would ever return; how grateful they seemed when, as I walked along, I picked up and gave them the few handfuls of hay they had dropped on the deck.

The artillery and heavy cavalry must have big horses, but I am a

great believer in the Arab for officers' chargers, light cavalry, and mounted infantry, in this campaign. The Arab is a hardy little beast, and will thrive and do well on what would be starvation rations for an ordinary troop-As a rule the Arab is rather light of bone, but his bone is twice as strong as that of an underbred horse. I have an Arab pony about 14.2, which I am looking after for his owner who went out to the war, and who is now, I am sorry to say, enjoying Mr. Kruger's hospitality in Pretoria. This pony carries my fifteen stone as if it was a feather. and never seems to tire. What we want in the thoroughbred of the present day are constitution and staying powers, and I believe that if we went back to the Arab, from which our thoroughbreds originally sprang, and by frequent crossing produced horses seveneighths thoroughbred and oneeighth Arab, we should get sound race-horses that could stay. But this is much too big a question to discuss here; however, I wish some rich man would try it. The late Lord Bradford commenced experiments in this line, but, unfortunately, he died before any results were obtained.

> H. L. Powbll, Capt. R.H.A.

Stet Fortuna Domus.

This motto means "Let us return our heritage as we received it, and preserve our old rights." It is beyond all doubt that a stand will be made by cricketers, including not a few veterans who in their days never spared time, or money, or trouble to support the noble game of cricket in accordance with the old laws which were based on chivalry and fair play, to prevent abuses which have crept in from continuing until they gradually become by custom the law of the land.

It is waste of time now to enumerate all the novelties which are suggested, and which may come formally before the authorised tribunals for discussion with an eye to future legislation. us suppose that worst comes to the worst and that the modern abuse of pads by batsmen and wicket-keepers, the propelling the ball from bowler's hand to the wicket by wrist and arm in any mode which the bowler fancies, shall be declared legal, that the fair law of l.b.w. shall abolished and that the conduct of the game shall depend on the taste and fancy of the Umpires without appeal, as is often now the case, what should the lovers of the old game do? Is it not true that some umpires have quietly admitted that they don't like to take the bread out of a bowler's mouth, in other words that they have allowed bowling the unfairness of which has been almost "ridiculously palpable" to every one except the umpire, who refuses to call "no ball?"

Let us suppose that the laws of the game have practically become a "dead letter," and let us act at once as all good men and true would if such was the case.

What we ought to do in such a case we can do now, which is to play a fair game of our own. And now I will preach to Fathers and shall quote the brightest specimen I know of that class. He has a "child" of twenty years old, and I saw the bringing up of that child, at least ten or twelve years ago, when the child was in a skeleton dress, and was his father's constant attendant at the great matches in London. By-the-bye, the Father is, "bar one," the only surviving member of a County Eleven, the names of which Eleven are world known, as that Eleven not only beat a bona-fide Eleven of All England about forty years ago, but that Eleven were all men who were born in the County which they represented. That match was one of a series of played by that eleven against various counties, and all matches so played were conducted on the good old lines of the fair l.b.w. law and strictly legal bowling.

Perhaps I am a little discursive. Return we to the early days when the child was about eight or nine years old, and not only constant attendant, but an earnest watcher of the great matches, knowing all the players' names, and not unfrequently making very intelligent remarks on the game. Between the innings or in the dinner hour, the Father and child pupil got away into a quiet corner, and the former brought out a cricket ball, a large boys' size; and a lesson of catching, throwing, and fielding was carefully gone through, and counted for an hour of "cricket exercise" which father and son indulged in at home daily before lesson time; in fact, the father

was daily cricket tutor.

Time goes very quickly, and it seemed like a dream almost when, on going up to Lord's in 1895 to see a public school annual match which is very historical, as generally the elevens who contend contain amongst their number the finest amateur cricketers in England, to my astonishment, saw father and son walking across from the practice wickets at Lord's, the son in a rig-out of new flannels, wearing a cap with a coloured ribbon. Query, was it dark or light blue? I know, but won't split; horses could not drag the fact out of me. I was on the ground before the gates opened, and a friendly policeman on duty, who had an honest, but reasonable, thirst, undertook to keep a seat which I selected immediately behind the wicket, and a few yards on the left side, for the two days of the match. In that seat daily from 11 to 7 o'clock I sat motionless. To my absolute astonishment, the captain pitched the ball to the "child" of a few years back, and he took eight wickets; he ought to have had nine, for one ball curled at least a foot in, and must have grazed the bails, and poor William Barnes, the Nottingham cricketer, who died within the last twelve months, was standing behind me, and was as much interested as I was, almost cried at the boy's disappointment, and appealed earnestly to Jove and the heathen gods—I suppose for better luck for so young a bowler.

There is not a county in England probably where there are not constant residents — parsons in particular—who have been ardent cricketers in their times, and many of this class have boys growing up of their own—or some other fellow's boys who want sport. Wherever a field or a bit of rough common is obtainable, and

six stumps, bails, bats, and cricket balls exist—although there may not be nets or pads or gloves—the cricket germ can be fostered. There is no necessity to begin with a swell ground man and professional bowler. There is sure to be a handy man who looks after gardens and lawns and Get hold of him and mark out about eight yards square in two places for the stumps, and tell him to get all the stones and rubbish out and do his best with a water cart and turf beater and his scythe to make a fair green sward, and give him a week in the spring to do it in, with a promise of a couple of sovereigns at the end of the week-if well doneand a prospect of occasional jobs. Unless the soil is sand, or soft clay, the wicket will come, safe enough. Begin in a small way, and get the boys to work, and teach them that the only defence of the wicket is the bat: and bowl slow to them, and insist on their learning the defence of the leg stump and keeping their foremost leg firm and clear of the wicket from the bowler's hand. Be patient and you will find that gradually they will learn the defence, with their left shoulder forward, and acquire the art of getting over the ball. Make the other boys longstop and field, and practice them much in throwing and catching. You will find that boys from adjacent parishes will come and look on and perhaps bring recruits until the startling that there fact appears cricketers enough to have match with the fathers and uncles perhaps; and in and before a second summer comes on, you will find yourselves with a good little cricket club. Of course, there must be money, but very little will be wanted, and people are very generous for a village

holiday, though perhaps a little slow at missionary work after a

dry sermon.

If the club becomes a fact, and a dinner is needed in the middle of the day, you must get some old scaffolding poles, or in some counties hop-poles, and in the winter, when work is scarce, get the carpenters to run a rough skeleton booth, strong enough to carry a big rick cloth or two, or tarpaulins when a match These things can be played. hired or borrowed, for very little occasionally. I go every autumn into a wild district in the down country where I was born, and have witnessed the rise of many a village club-one in particular which the parson got up, and always acted as umpire.

Success generally attends hon-I never like talking est effort. about myself, but it was my lot to continue playing until 1883 when I found that sixty years of life had become rather a tax on my cross-sight—i.e., that I lost sight of a ball at point halfway between the bat and my hand. But it is a pleasant reflection now that until the end of my cricket I had—particularly in the Dorking district for two years, and in the Mitcham district for seventeen years — lived amongst the youngsters of all ranks, and made them play fair, qua bowling and batting, and had the pleasure of seeing them pass into good local elevens, and some into the county elevens.

Now, as a last word to good old-fashioned English cricketers,

your motto ought to be, "fair play with the old weapons which were good enough for our fathers and themselves, without the aid of pads, &c., for defence, and a fig for those who want things to remain as they now are—and four stumps instead of three," i.e., and the legal help of an artificial barrier of a wall of leather stuffing horsehair and cane, to form a barrier on the on side; no fatigue of running out runs by batsmen, or running after the ball by fieldsmen; the aid of a pad to wicket keepers, especially when they stand back as short longstops; no play earlier than 11, or later than 6.30; any number of trial balls by bowlers as they are called on to bowl; average and self-glory to be put long before a fair fight for victory.

All these innovations have cropped up in the last twenty years ever since 1880. If I was one of those who might live on till the year 1920, I should not cry if the County Council stamped out cricket as an illegal game—if all the bad tricks remain—just as that mischievous body has issued an ordinance against the gutter cricket in back streets, which was literally the last remnant of the good old "fair-play" school.

If the modern batsmen were to wear the pads which their fore-fathers of 1841 wore against bowling, quite as quick as much of that of to-day, and even to play the strict l.b.w. law of a line from bowler's hand to wicket, a large number of them would never reach double figures.

F. G.

The Yeoman and the Hunting Man as Soldiers.

In the Transvaal war much attention has been directed to the yeoman and the hunting man, regarded as good material for the making of soldiers, a material that, happily, is always ready to hand in this country, where the yeoman has lived a life and the sportsman has had a training which renders them peculiarly useful for the army, particularly for the mounted branches of the service. men, if they are genuine specimens of their class, have nearly always been brought up with considerable knowledge of the horse, and are fully acquainted with his usefulness and his limitations. If the yeoman has not actually enjoyed the privilege of riding to hounds, he is almost certain to have sympathy for the sport which he has seen pursued since his boy-All his instincts are probably sporting, even if, from lack of opportunity, his training has not been so. He is essentially an open-air man, and, being redolent of the soil, is perhaps somewhat given, in good bucolic fashion, to underrate the health and stamina of those who are not country-bred.

To do "yeoman's service" is a high measure of praise, and it is from the yeomen, and their kith and kin, that the army has in the past drawn its best and most serviceable recruits. The word yeoman may merely mean, as it originally did, gaman—a villager—or it may mean, as it generally has meant for the last three centuries, one who farms broad acres, "comfortable" looking in person, and who, until recent years, was comfortable in pocket.

These men sometimes had farms which had been handed down in the same family for two hundred years-farms on which old tenants and new landlords planted and reaped and sported. It was these yeomen who were the very beginning of our army, the root from which our soldier sprang. These farmers, when their country called, and often when, with stern feudal hand, their landlords ordered. exchanged their pruning hook for the bow or the sword, and struggled in the various wars, and fought and won at Crecy and The yeoman farmed Agincourt. as a business and fought as a kind of stern, and often forced, relaxa-More particularly do we find him in the Parliamentary wars, and it was here, under Cromwell's banner, that his prime use as a horseman became fully apparent. Cromwell was the first to discover what cavalry could really achieve; for it was with his horsemen that he won his It was the fate of victories. the cavalry that decided battles. Cromwell's secret was to keep his men well in hand. When they broke the enemy they did not scatter in pursuit, but reformed, to charge again and By Cromwell's masteragain. mind, and through his infinite patience, he made his cavalry the back-bone, in place of an adjunct To the student of to an army. war the study will ever be an interesting one of how a country gentleman turned his raw levies of yokels and hunting men into the finest cavalry that the world had up to then seen. Squire, yeoman and peasant commanded the troops and filled the ranks. All, or nearly all, were, even when they joined, fair horsemen. The gentry and the yeomen, with hunting seat, and accustomed to get across country, were born horse-soldiers; the very best stuff for the manufacture of the finished cavalryman. And so were evolved, from mere rough yeomen, the famous Ironsides, whose wonderful deeds changed the fortunes of an army.

In history this is the best understood, if not the first, instance of what the English yeomen were capable. In the Napoleonic wars our yeomanry were again brought face to face with a crisis: that of the probable landing of the French army; and, imbued once more with the highest military ardour, they filled their ranks with the finest fighting blood in England. But in the South African war the word yeoman has taken a larger significance. For, besides the trained yeomanry who left England's shores, there was that splendid body of volunteers—the Imperial Yeomanry—in whose ranks there is a very large percentage of men who, if they were town-bred, or who, even if they lived in the country, were, in no sense of the word, yeomen. Indeed, the true yeoman is almost absent from the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry. And in his place we the somewhat youthful townsman, to a large extent unable to shoot or ride, although he will probably not admit the latter, believing that every Englishman has a natural capacity for the art of horsemanship. are also our cousins from the Colonies, yeomen and sportsmen of the finest, who, filled with the love of race and true Imperialism, wish only for the honour of fighting on behalf of that mother country which many of them still call "home." All these units make what we may call the new veomanry.

In the hunting man we have the very finest stuff for the officers of any cavalry. He is so well accustomed to the reverses of fortune which he encounters in the pursuit of his sport, that he makes light of difficulties which might deter any but a trained sportsman; his eye for country, in a wider sense than the term means when applied to riding to hounds, has been largely cultivated. has intuitively learnt to observe the formations and height and depth of hill and dale, as well as the weak place in the next fence; he knows what his horse can do in the field, and, what is of equal importance, how he should be taken care of when his work is done. In fact, if the hunting man be a true sportsman, he has the best qualities for a cavalry man. Indeed, this is now so widely recognised that, on the Continent, where there can be little or no hunting, the German and French governments are most anxious to encourage steeplechasing and kindred sports amongst their officers, and in Italy a most perilous-looking form of cavalry drill has been introduced, where the troopers creep down break-neck precipices and cross an apparently impossible ground.

Hunting, more than any other, has ever been the soldier's sport; and it is well that, so far as they can, both officers and men should have a taste for some manly exercise or sport, as a taste and proficiency in them must always denote a certain degree of physical fitness. Therefore it is in every way good that the soldier should look upon the hunting-field, not only from a sporting point of view, as a mere playing-field, but as a stern tournament, where

useful lessons can be learnt in the

The war has shown clearly how strong is the soldierly spirit in Our land. It has shown that ours are not degenerate days, that Englishmen are, all through, as ready now as ever to voluntarily serve their country. And amongst no class has the feeling been stronger than amongst hunting men. Masters of hounds have resigned splendid establishments, and the luxuries and comforts of their homes, for the command of a few troops of cavalry; they have, with the keenest alacrity, given up the pleasant pursuit of the image of war for its reality. From every county hunting men, apparently immersed in nothing but their sport, have thrown off the "pink" for the sober-coloured khaki, and forsaken "the grass countries" for the boulder-strewn By the magic spell of veldt. patriotism all sorts and conditions of men have, in an instant, been transformed into soldiers. It is well to let our town-bred men, our yeomen and our sportsmenthe, as yet, great unplumbed depths of our national reserves—see real warfare; they will then find, each man according to his lights, the truth—the truth, vérité—of war.

A most distinguished general, and keenest of hunting men, in the course of a speech many years ago, said, that "a man who has seen men die in the battle-field can never afterwards be altogether unheroic." And this in itself is a

great thing.

The war has done much to dispel that comfortable, insular feeling of absolute safety. A long spell of successes against coloured races had implanted in the bourgeois mind the certainty that nothing untoward could ever happen. And, now that it has happened, this particular mind is, of all minds, the most violent on the topic of "blunders" and "short-sightedness."

The Imperialists who have stretched out a hand for the Empire will, when they return home, take back into peaceful life many a lesson learnt in the stern discipline of campaigning. England has shown to the whole world the real nature of her reserves; and the spirit they have evinced, and the lessons that they have been able to teach us, will not be lost upon any, except the most inert and least imaginative of their fellow-countrymen.

HUGH HENRY.

Fractures in Horses' Limbs.

None of the domesticated animals is so much exposed to fracture of bones as the horse, and he certainly stands next to man in his liability to this injury. There are, indeed, few of the bones which compose his skeleton that are exempt from the risk of breakage, and this need scarcely be wondered at when we consider the manifold ways in which he is exposed to accident, from the nature of the uses to which he is The powers of no other animal, either for speed strength, are so severely taxed, and often under very disadvantageous circumstances. The bones of the head, neck, and trunk are all liable to fracture, and even those of the tail; but those of the limbs are certainly most frequently broken, either when the animal is at work or when at rest in the stable, and it is on some of these limb fractures that I now propose to make a few observations.

Fractures of bones are most conveniently classed as simple, compound, and comminuted. The first is merely breakage of the bone into two or three pieces; in the second there is, in addition to the fracture, more or less extensive laceration of the soft parts, and perhaps protrusion of the broken pieces through the skin; while in the comminuted fracture the bone is smashed into many We may also have a pieces. combination of the two last—a compound comminuted fracture, which of course is much more formidable than the simple, compound, or comminuted. also another kind of bone breakage—the green stick fracture—in which the bone is more or less fissured or split without the

separated portions being much displaced. Fractures are also distinguished by the direction of the breakage, such as vertical, transverse, oblique, &c., these designations being more particularly applied to the long or limb bones.

Considering the very severe strain and pressure exercised on the limb bones of the horse, it is indeed surprising that they are not more frequently broken. This comparative immunity is owing not only to the direction of the bones, and the manner in which those most severely tried supported and bound together by powerful ligaments, but also to the form and structure of the bones themselves; as well as to their being closely covered by a very firm, inelastic membranethe periosteum—which plays a very important part in strengthening and supplying nutriment to the limb bones, and is also the chief agent in effecting repair when they have been injured.

A popular notion exists that broken bones in the horse do not mend readily, and that a fractured leg-bone constitutes a hopeless case; consequently the animal is consigned to the knacker, or is immediately destroyed by a bullet or the shot-gun. Consequently horses are consigned to destruction for a "broken leg"—no matter even if it be a simple fracture which could easily be placed in a state for speedy repair, and also matter how valuable the animals may be-because of this very often mistaken notion that attempts at a cure are futile. This deplorable alacrity in destroying horses because of fractured limbs has often excited my wrath and elicited an angry pro-

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test, when even professional men have counselled such destruction without attempting surgical treatment.

It should be known, then, by all horsemen that horses' bones unite when fractured even more readily than do those of man; and that some skill and a little care and patience will in very many cases be rewarded with an excellent recovery, and the animals made as useful as ever. Even in very bad fractures of certain bones of the limbs recovery will take place, and though the horse may not be absolutely free from lameness afterwards, yet in the case of a valuable stallion or mare this is not of so much importance, as the animal can be well utilised for breeding purposes. I need only refer to what might well be called the wanton destruction of that splendid racehorse, Holocauste, for a fracture that would certainly have united, and if he had been unfit to race afterwards the injury would certainly have been no very serious detriment to him if he had been kept for stud purposes. And had the fracture been of the very worst description, its situation was most favourable for amputation of the lower end of the limb, so that when the resulting wound had healed an artificial foot could have been devised and worn, which would have enabled him to perform his services as a sire. Skilful veterinary surgery is quite equal to undertake such cases, and the indiscriminate use of the pole-axe or the bullet is a most regrettable blunder in many instances. I have witnessed and successfully treated accidents of this kind which appeared to be so hopeless that I could scarcely believe their recovery possible, and their treatment was therefore more in the nature of an experiment, and to discover how far Nature could or would go in repairing such appalling damage in such a restless and impatient quadruped as the horse. One of these cases, which happened more than twenty years ago, when I was in the Royal Engineers at Chatham, made a deep impression on my mind, and rather revolutionised my notions as to the practicability of treating grave injuries of this description. One evening an excellent young troop horse, while feeding, and fearing that his neighbours in the adjacent stalls would purloin some of his allowance, was very restless, and in pawing got one of his fore-feet so firmly fixed in a square hole near the floor, beneath the manger, that he could not extricate it easily; he consequently struggled violently, and the noise brought the guard into the stable. There he found the horse turned right round in the stall with his head-collar broken and one of his fore-feet on one side of the shank, sole upwards, so that the animal stood on the end of the shank bone when he put his weight on the limb. was hurriedly sent for, the message being that one of the horses had broken his leg. When I arrived the horse was standing outside the stable with a number of soldiers around him, and his off fore-foot turned towards the outside, with the end of the shank bone protruding through a large lacerated wound, revealing the whole of the white glistening cartilage that covers this part of An examination proved that there was complete dislocation of the fetlock joint with rupture of the ligaments on one side of it, a large opening in the capsule of the joint, and a great tear in the skin nearly around the joint; there had been much hæmor.

rhage. The case looked a hopeless one, and in other circumstances I am afraid that a recommendation for the animal's destruction would have been sent in at once. tunately, however, it was too late in the evening to summon a board of officers, and as I did not care to take the responsibility of having the horse destroyed without authority, I decided to keep him alive until the morning, when a board could be assembled. In the meantime, I cleansed the wound, with a little manipulation reduced the dislocation, applied pledgets of fine tow around the joint, and with bandages and splints so fixed this end of the limb that movement or displacement was almost impossible. Next morning the horse looked so well, appeared to suffer so little pain, and was so careful of his damaged leg, that I decided to let him live for a day or two, to see what would happen. He was put in slings, the bandages and splints were taken off and more skillfully applied, the woundwhich was a most formidable one -being dressed antiseptically, and cold water was continually conveyed to the joint by an irrigation apparatus composed of a large barrel, a syphon tube, and a piece of india-rubber tubing. treatment was continued about three weeks; the horse was a capital patient, and when the cold-water irrigation was discontinued at the end of that time the wound was nearly healed. Bandages and dry dressing were then resorted to, and in about two months the wound was completely healed and the joint quite movable and painless, so that the horse could stand upon it and walk fairly well. In the course of time he was turned out to graze in a meadow on the banks of the Medway, where he had not

long been until he was jumping the ditches and galloping about with the freedom and agility of a three-year-old. The only evidence remaining of the accident was a slight enlargement of the joint and a very thick, conspicuous scar marking the site of the wound. The happy result of this case was a valuable lesson to me, and I was afterwards much less ready to recommend the destruction of horses when they met with similar misfortunes.

The chief objections to treating fractures of the limbs of horses are:—(1) The popular notion that these fractures do not unite This, as I have said. readily. is a fallacy, as, if they properly adjusted and maintained in position, they will unite even more readily than in mankind. (2) It is difficult to ensure quietude on the part of the horse while union is taking place; but I have never found much difficulty in this, as, when the horse is carefully slung and attended to, it is wonderful how docile he becomes, while he is generally very careful what he does with his crippled leg. (3) The expense of treatment and the risk that the horse will be lame afterwards. The expense must certainly be considered, as if the horse is of little value only sentimental feeltowards him would fluence his owner in attempting his cure; but if the expense is not a serious consideration—and in the case of very valuable stallions or mares it is not -them if skill can ensure coaptation of the broken pieces of bone and their maintenance in position, and attempt at cure should certainly be made. In some cases there might remain some lameness, but in my experience these cases are few, and with skill and patience these might be diminished in number. And if some degree of lameness did persist, this would not militate much against the usefulness of stallions or mares for stud puposes.

It must be noted, when dealing with the curability of fractures of horses' limbs, that very much depends upon the situation of the broken bones; as those which are at the upper end of the limbs, and are more or less covered by masses of muscles, are most difficult to adjust or "set" when the pieces are displaced, and generally still more difficult to keep in their place. Such are shoulder-blade, the arm bone and the leg bone below it, the thigh bone extending from the hip joint to the stifle, the leg bone extendmg from the stifle to the hock: but even in some of these cases an attempt might be made to effect a cure.

There is a particular fracture of the leg bone that usually takes place a short distance above the bock, and is something of the mature of a "green-stick" fracture. This in nearly all cases is produced by a kick from another forse, the blow being inflicted on the inside of the bone, where it only covered by skin, so that the horse that caused the injury bood on the other side of the one njured, and kicked beneath him. This kind of fracture is not at all ecommon among troop horses, and I have known it happen in e hunting field. Immediately receiving the blow the horse pears to experience much pain, d limps considerably; but this dually passes off, and nothing been but a little wound in the in where the blow was received. metimes days elapse and the se has been going quite sound, thaps performing hard work, den one morning, on going into e stable, the groom finds the horse standing with the leg dangling-the bone having become completely fractured. The bone at first was cracked or split, but the pieces were not separated, being held together by the strong membrane or periosteum already mentioned, until the thrown out to unite it produced slight separation; so that when the horse on getting up after his night's rest gave the leg a twist, complete displacement ensued, and then there was a veritable broken leg of a very serious description. Complete fracture of the leg bone can seldom be remedied, because of the difficulty of bandaging it, so as to keep the fracture and leg fixed. But so well was the nature of the injury recognised that for many years, whenever a troop or other horse met with it, I had him at once placed in a sling, and kept there as quiet as possible for three or four weeks, until I was certain that displacement could not happen. In several of these cases I had satisfaction of discovering that my precaution had saved the horses, as a lump had formed where the bone had been fractured, and this lump was the bone thrown out to repair the

The small bones of the knees and hocks are very rarely fractured: not so, however, the shank, and with it the splint bones, which may be broken either right across or obliquely, either by kicks or in other ways. When the fracture is complete there can be no doubt about the nature of the accident, as then the parts below are pendulous, the bones can be felt or heard rubbing on each other (crepitating), when the shank is handled, and there are great pain and lameness. This fracture is more serious in the hind than in the 190

fore limbs, as, indeed, all limb fractures are. But even such breakages are not hopeless, and provided the bones are not too much smashed, or the soft tissues too much torn, there may be hope of a satisfactory recovery if the leg be prevented from wobbling about until the horse is safely placed in a sling; then if there is an external wound this can be treated antiseptically, the fracture adjusted, antiseptic wool or lint wrapped round it with a bandage and splints, and starch bandages, or those with plaster of Paris, to keep the whole immovable.

The most frequent fractures of



Fig. 1.—Split Long Pastern Bone.

any in the limb bones are those of the pasterns, which usually occur during severe exertion, as in galloping and jumping, or when being pulled up suddenly. I have known it occur while a horse was at exercise and jumping about. It is most frequent with race, steeplechase, and troop horses, and is sometimes witnessed in Of the two pastern hunters. bones, the uppermost and longest (os suffraginis) is oftenest involved, though the shorter one (os corona) is by no means exempt. shape of these bones, and more especially the large pastern bone, predisposes them to fracture, for on the upper surface of this bone is a groove passing from before to behind, into which a corresponding ridge on the lower end of the shank bone fits and moves; there is a similar groove on the other end of this bone to correspond with the upper end of the small pastern bone. Not only is the large pastern bone longer and thinner than the small one-in fact, it is the smallest of all the long bones-but the groove at each end and the wedge-like ridge fitting into these will at once explain why we should have splitting and all kinds of breakages in it when pressure from above is violently or unequally imposed; upon it. Sometimes the bones of



Fig. 2.—Split and Transversely Fractured Long Pastern Bone.

two, three, or four pasterns are simultaneously split or smashed: it is not at all rare for the long bones of both fore pasterns to be involved, especially in cavalry horses when pulling up after The bones of the hin pasterns are most frequently frace tured in turning a horse round suddenly or backing him violently The accident has sometimes on curred in the act of rearing.

The fractures of the pastern bones are of all kinds, and may pass in every direction, but the usually run to the outer side the bone. In some cases the bone is simply split (Fig. 1); others it is split and fracture across, perhaps into three, four or more pieces (Fig. 2).

It is sometimes easy, and often ficult, to tell what has haphed, and in some instances it mands the greatest skill and e to decide as to the existence a split pastern. In all cases re is intense pain and lames, but unless the bone is comtely broken into several pieces, en, of course, there is great bility and crepitation on movthe part, fracture is not easily de out. More particularly is s the case with merely split stern, the existence of which n often only be inferred from e sudden and severe lameness d the acute pain the horse nifests when the seat of fissure pressed by the fingers.

Fracture of the foot or pedal ne sometimes happens, but yound the extreme and sudden neness when the animal places weight on the foot, increased polity in manipulating and ming round the foot, and the sence of pain, crepitation, and splacement in the pastern bones, ere is little else to guide one in thing the seat of fracture, the extence of which can only be spected — at least for some

ys. In the treatment of fracture of e pastern bones, of course alost everything depends upon stting the injured part at rest as eedily as possible, and keeping so until union is complete. th accidents usually happen here there is no stable near, it is important that the damage ould not be made greater by msing the horse to travel, withprecautions being taken to event the broken bones becommore displaced through ovement. Therefore the part ould be temporarily bandaged, th handkerchiefs if nothing atter can be had, supported by rigs, splinters of wood, or any similar material. If a horse ambulance cannot be procured, the injured animal may then be moved slowly and gently to the nearest shelter, and in doing this much assistance may be afforded by a short plank or board, or even a sack, placed across and beneath the chest, the ends of which are to be carried by strong men; by this means the weight of the horse is kept off the injured limb, and travelling is rendered more expeditious.

When brought to the stable or shelter, arrangements must at once be made for slinging the horse in the most comfortable and effective manner possible. very essential part of the treatment accomplished, then attention can be devoted to dealing with the fracture, by setting the part straight, putting the separated pieces of bone in their proper place, rendering the wounds, if there be any, antiseptic, and applying lint, bandages, and, if necessary, splints, so as to keep the whole immovable.

In the majority of cases it is advisable to resort to cold-water irrigation, which has not only a soothing effect on the injured part, but keeps the subsequent inflammation within beneficent limits. In order to prevent the other feet suffering from the standing position, which has to be assumed for two months at least, it is well to have the shoes taken off, and moss litter, or used, but dry, straw litter laid down.

Nothing more in the way of diet is necessary until recovery has taken place than plenty of good hay, with an occasional mash of boiled linseed or bran. The hay may be mixed with a small proportion of green forage if it is in season, and a few sliced carrots may be given.

As a rule, horses which have

met with such accidents make good patients, as they appear to realise their serious condition, and if they are all inclined to be restless, the presence of a kind, attentive attendant with whom they are acquainted will soothe and quiet

It is most important to make sure that, as long as it is in use, the sling is sufficiently strong and securely fixed, as its breaking down while the horse is resting on it might have most prejudicial consequences.

> GEORGE FLEMING. C.B., LL.D., F.R.C.V.S.

Fashions in Card Games.

1629 (PIQUET) — 1899 (BRIDGE).

IT has been asserted positively by the oldest traditions that playing cards came to Europe from India and China, and in the lands of their origin were only chessmen transferred to paper, the game being further improved by admitting more than two players. should be added, however, that this theory has been contested by not a few of those who have made the history of playing cards their special study. Be this as it may, the origin and evolution of the "Devil's Picture Book" do not concern this article, which will only attempt to set forth in chronological order the fashion in card games, from the period when the style and methods of play are of a character to be understood by present-day readers.

The subject is a singularly fascinating one, and has, moreover, been much neglected in its periodical aspect by the historians of the gaming table, who, doubtless confused by the wealth of detail their painstaking investigations have produced, have rather marred their work by a system of heterogeneous classification. to the principle we have enunciated, therefore, the obsolete games in vogue at the courts of

the Tudor sovereigns may be omitted, and a commencement made with the second representative of the Stuart dynasty, and that fine old game, piquet. The marriage of Charles I. to a French princess, in 1629, is said to have introduced piquet into England. where it flourished as the Court and fashionable indoor recreation until the triumph of the Puritan party put a stop to all card-

playing in a social sense.

With the Restoration, piquet appears to have been temporarily revived, but it never regained its former popularity, being soon ousted from fashionable estimation by ombre, a Spanish game. introduced into this country by Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles II. Ombre, or rather "El Hombre," that is, man," was so named as requiring great thought and reflection and considerable application to play well; in fact, until the apotheosi of whist was brought about by Hoyle, this was far and away the most scientific of any card game It is a game of three, with forter cards — that is, rejecting the eights, nines, and tens of all the suits, each player receiving nin cards, three by three. Omber

met with the wildest favour at the court of the Merry Monarch, and its popularity was such that Pepys, who was by no means strait-laced, records with disapproval that it soon came to be played on Sundays, and that the conversation of the fashionable beauties of the day was interlarded with the technical jargon of the game.

of the game. Ombre continued to be the craze until the last few years of this reign, when it was superseded, but only temporarily so, by basset, also imported from France, where Louis XIV. was reported to have already lost several fortunes at it. being a sort of lottery this was a most tempting and fascinating method of winning and losing money, and as such considered only fit for persons of the highest rank to play at. The game itself is of a complicated character, and would require an article by itself to explain its mysteries fully. Suffice to say, therefore, that its chief attraction to the player lay in the liberal odds which it pretended to offer him, after the outh, or even money wager, odds of 7 to 1, 15 to 1, 33 to 1, and 67 to 1, being betted by the bank, in due sequence, against his card being turned up again. As a matter of fact, the dealer who kept the bank had many privileges in dealing in addition to the general advantages of a mathematical order; and this was recognised in France, where the privilege of banker was only allowed to the chief cadets or sons The reason for its of noblemen. sadden popularity in this country may in the fact that the players found themselves pitted against an impersonal bank, so to speak, and for the first time had a wide range of chances, disproportionate though these might be, offered them for their money. " However, it was of so bewitching a nature," says an old writer, "by reason of the several multiplications and advantages which it seemingly offered to the unwary punter, that a great many like it so well that they would play at small game rather than give out, so much did the hope of winning the quinze-et-le-va and the trente-etle-va intoxicate them." Finally, basset claims its chief historical interest as having been responsible for the birth of two familiar terms: the croupier, an assistant to the banker, first needed in this game, and the punter, to define any person wagering a stake.

During the reigns of James II. and William III. basset was the fashionable game par excellence, but with the accession of Anne its decline commenced, and before long ombre had regained its pristine popularity, and maintained its pride of place down till 1725, when it was succeeded by quad-The latter, which was a very poor game, and held out unlimited opportunities for cheating, enjoyed a vogue for only five years, until 1730, in fact, at which date whist first appeared on the social horizon of the élite circle. While the preceding games were in fashion, however, this noble game was steadily rising both in social rank and in style of play. In 1682, Fielding, in the account of Jonathan Wild's detention in a spunging house, mentions that "whisk and swobbers" was the game then in the chief vogue among the lower classes-" swobbers" being the four privileged cards (the aces) only incidentally used for betting at whist, a variation of limited application and which soon went out of use.

But from the commencement of the eighteenth century whist

ceased to be a tavern game, its place in this respect being filled by piquet, which from being the court game during the Charles I. period had descended rapidly in the social ladder; while, again, basset had similarly fallen to middle-class circles, or, as a contemporary poet expressed it, "the city dames amused." Among the latter, though, basset, with all its complex refinements, must have been a tedious affair. In the meanwhile whist had steadily improved its position, until in a society wearied of the inanities of quadrille it came under the notice of a party of fashionable cardplayers, headed by Lord Folkestone, who in defiance of its bad reputation tried it at their meetings. The result was satisfactory in the extreme; the capabilities and subtleties of the king of all card games were quickly appreciated by these early votaries, who, in 1730, formed a sort of club at the Crown Coffee House in Bedford Row for its special study. taneously with the institution of this exclusive coterie, which had the not unnatural effect of advertising the game, the writings of Hoyle on the same subject began to attract general notice, so that within the space of a few months whist found itself elevated to the highest niche among fashionable It is not too much to say crazes. that London soon went mad on the game. Hoyle, who had been persuaded to print and publish his MS. treatise on whist, was compelled to sign every copy in order to circumvent the compilers of pirated editions, while the worthy barrister earned a princely income by giving personal lessons at a guinea each. Ladies clamoured for these advantages, and even the débutantes insisted upon their parents providing them with the recognised course of forty lessons

—as a necessary adjunct to the polite accomplishments of a young

lady entering society. The whist vogue lasted for about ten years, and was attended by considerable improvements and refinements in the style of play; but at last the inevitable reaction set in, and society cast about for something of a more exciting and speculative nature. The choice fell upon faro, the daughter of basset, and its selection was destined to be the forerunner of a gambling mania, unparalleled before or since in the history of the country, and which in the hazard tables at Crockford's culminated in an era of unbridled speculation that ruined two-thirds of the aristocracy, sullied many honourable names, and was the author of grief and impoverishment inconceivable. From effects the last generation was crippled, and even at the present day its traces are only just be beginning to forgotten. Faro was played with an entire pack of cards and admitted of indeterminate number punters. Each player had his stake on one of the fifty-two The banker held a similar pack from which he drew cards, one for himself, placed on the right, and the other, called the carte Anglaise, for the punters. The banker won all the money staked on the card on the right, and had to pay double the sums staked on those on the left. tain advantages were reserved to him; if he drew two equal cards, he won half the stakes upon the card which equalised the doublet (in basset the doublet was all for the bank); if he drew for the players the last card of the pack, he was exempt from doubling the stakes deposited upon that card.

By the middle of the eighteenth century fashionable London was

as crazy or faro as it had been on whist, ombre and basset, respectively. Faro banks were started everywhere, but the chief quarter affected was Covent Garden, where the expenses of an establishment in servants, rents, puffs, candles. and safeguard punch, arrack amounted to money (bullies) Needless to £1,000 per annum. point out, many of the faro saloons were swindling dens of the most infamous character, but for all who had the entrée to good society there was no necessity to frequent the professional establishments—their wants could be more than supplied in private houses. "Our life here," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, in 1752, "would not displease you, for we eat and drink well, and the Earl of Coventry holds a faro bank every night to us, which we plundered considerably." That prince of gamblers, Charles James Fox, preferred faro to any other game. White's, it is well known, was originally a gambling club, but in the very beginning was principally a faro club. member, however, was allowed to hold the bank, professional gamblers, who lived by dice and cards, and whose honour was above suspicion, being admitted for this purpose.

Faro continued to be a favourite game until the close of the century, but its supremacy as a fashionable craze was challenged in 1772 by the introduction of quinze among the exquisites of the period. This, as its name implies, was a game in which he who counted fifteen, or nearest to that number, in all the points of his hand, came out winner. Three, five, or six, might play at it. Two entire packs of cards were used, so disposed that the spades and clubs were on one side, the hearts and diamonds on The players wore the other.

masks to conceal their emotions. At the close of the century the influx of French refugees introduced several new card variations into the country, and chief among these was a game named macao, which encompassed the overthrow of faro in the following manner.

Upon one occasion, in or about the year 1807, some gentlemen of both White's and Brookes's had the honour to dine with the Prince Regent, and during the conversation these chanced to mention to their royal host the monotonous fare, "eternal joints, or beef steaks," &c., which they had to put up with at their clubs. Prince, without further remark, rang the bell for his chef, Watier, and asked him then and there whether he would take a house and organise a dinner Watier assented, and named Prince's Madison, the Labourie, from manager, and royal kitchen, the cook. Premises were taken in Bolton Street, Mayfair, and soon opened for members, among whom was the Duke of York. The dinners were exquisite; the best Parisian chefs could not beat Labourie; but the club flourished only a few years, a dozen at the outside, owing to the night play that was carried on there. Macao was the constant game, and appearing as a novelty, was so much talked of in town that all the young men of fashion and fortune became members, to be initiated into its mysteries after the luxurious dinners, which, now that deep play rendered all charges a matter of indifference, were furnished at any The origin, method, aim and rules of this extraordinary fashionable card game seem, however, to have entirely disappeared; all, at any rate, are now wrapped in obscurity. It is said, though, to have been a method of play attended with the most fatal and ruinous consequences, and one in which thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles. Brummell was the club's supreme dictator, and it was at macao that he made his greatest success, winning in two or three years a large sum.

Among the singular characters that frequented Watier's was a gentleman named Bligh, known to be as mad as a March hare. One evening at the macao table. when the play was very deep, Brummell, having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical manner, a very tragic air, and cried, "Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol." Upon which Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, and said: "Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter." The effect upon those present may easily be imagined on discovering that their mad, but hitherto-considered harmless. fellow-member, was in the habit of carrying loaded firearms about

Raikes, the historian of the club, states that he must render it one justice, namely, the high sense of honourable feeling which prevailed among the members, where all were equally incautious. must also add," he continues, "that the general system of good breeding and good humour was never once interrupted by a personal quarrel." As a matter of fact. Raikes himself here had his head cut open by one of the members, Jack Bouverie, who, irritated at the city dandy's jokes, threw his play-bowl at him and struck him on the head.

But the pace was too quick to

last; Watier's died a natural death in 1819, from the paralysed state of its members; and with its doom the macao vogue disappeared and was soon forgotten. The clubhouse itself was then taken over by Messrs. Crockford and Austin: but before proceeding to describe the next fashionable card craze, more or less initiated by these worthies, who had converted the premises into a common gaminghouse, a few lines must be devoted to the incident to which "short whist " owes its origin. supremacy of whist had long been firmly established, and it began to be played for stakes-which would have satisfied Fox himself.

At the beginning of the century, the exact date seems to be uncertain, Lord Peterborough, having one night lost a large sum of money, the friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his losses. The new game was found to be so lively, and money changed hands with such increased rapidity, that these gentlemen and their friends, all of them members of the leading clubs, continued to play it. Hence it became general in the clubs, thence was introduced to private houses, travelled into the country, and soon entirely superseded the "long whist" championed by the works of Hoyle. Consequently, during the macao period there was also a great deal of high whist play at White's and Brookes's.

To return to our narrative, it appears that Crockford, who had started in business at Watier's with an English hazard-table (the French game was then unknown), was much attracted by the large profits of a rival establishment in King Street, St. James's, where a

novelty in card games, rouge-et-noir, was being introduced. The large sums risked, and the almost invariable equalisation of money giving to the bank the certain continually accruing profit of one and a quarter per cent. per comp, induced Crockford to seek partnership, and, by great perseverance, he succeeded in his object. time moved on, gaming houses playing rouge-et-noir multiplied, and soon this in turn became the allabsorbing and fashionable game of the day; and such was the mania for acquaintance with it, so numerous were the players, that the proprietors realised an enormous amount of gain beyond the extravagant outlay and expenses of their establishment. In these gains Mr. Crockford largely participated, and from this source the whilom fishmonger at length found himself in a position to carry out a long cherished project, the establishment of a New Pandemonium, modelled on the most princely lines, for the reception of aristocratic gamblers.

Accordingly, in 1827 there rose, "like a creation of Aladdin's lamp," on the west side of St. lames's Street, a club-house the like splendour of which had never even been dreamed of before. make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organised as a club, and the election of members vested in a committee. The annual subecription was £25, which gave to the subscriber every kind of firsttate and luxurious accommoda-Amongst other advantages, it secured the convenience and **eption** of dining, at a nominal sum, from the bill of fare of the morivalled artist, Ude, whose **culinary** services were rated at per annum. " Crock-1.200 ord's " forthwith became the All the celebrities

England, from the Duke of Wellington to the latest-joined ensign of the Guards, hastened to enrol themselves as members. popularly supposed that playing here took a fresh lease of life; as a matter of fact, the very reverse was the case. card-tables were regularly placed in the sanctum sanctorum, or play room, and here whist was played occasionally, but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the French hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers.

On this table it may with truth be asserted that the greater portion, if not the whole, of Crockimmense wealth achieved; and for this piece of plain, unassuming mahogany he had doubtless a more profound veneration than for the most costly piece of furniture that ever graced a palace. During several years, everything that anybody had to lose and cared to risk was swallowed up; while the old fishmonger, seated snug and sly at his desk in the corner of the room, watchful as the dragon that guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, would only give credit to sure and approved signatures. For Crockford was a walking "Peerage" and "Landed Gentry," in which were registered the day and hour of birth of each rising expectant of fortune; he could tell with the nicest exactitude the rent-rolls of property in prospective, and his favourable report to the committee seldom failed to ensure the election of so qualified an applicant for admission to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the club, including the distinguished honour of contributing his quota to the "Demon's" own coffers.

The ex-fishmonger ostensibly retired in 1840, "much as an

Indian chief retires from a hunting country where there is not game enough left for his tribe." On his death in 1844 the clubhouse was sold by his executors, and this celebrated gaming resort became a thing of the past. Some good was certainly produced by In the first place, private gambling on the colossal scale between gentleman and gentleman, with all its degrading incidents, came to an end. In the second place, public gambling, which only exists through the agency of "hells," could now be suppressed. "A hell, or common gaming-house," says Byron, " is a place where you risk little, and are cheated a great deal. club is a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more and are not supposed to be cheated at all."

As, however, this is not a treatise on gaming ethics, but an article concerned with fashion as affecting card games, we must return to our muttons. The frightful mischief caused by the Crockford régime (it would be difficult to say how many ruined families went to make the most successful gamester of the age a millionaire) thoroughly sobered Society; and it is no exaggeration to state that a fashionable card craze did not again occur before the early "fifties," and then only as a very pale reflection of those which had gone before. This was écarté, which had been first played in the Paris salons at the occupation of the city by the Allies after Waterloo. It now made its original appearance in London Society, and thanks to the cosmopolitan element introduced into the latter by the exhibition mania, and the Anglo-French flourished as the fashionable game until the outbreak of the Crimean

During the three following decades it is a difficult matter for the historian to lay his finger on any one card game and point to it as engrossing public attention to the exclusion of all others, certainly none of those attaining any marked popularity within this period could compare with the similar vogues of bygone days. Whist, of course, had firmly established its supremacy, but of round games, loo was undoubtedly the premier until the influences exercised by the great civil war raging in America brought forth a formidable rival in poker. At the close of the struggle between North and South the latter became very popular in England, but its so-called transplantation was in reality a home-coming. The game is nothing more than a corruption of the old English "pot-et-paire," and there exists a striking analogy between the use of the poker terms " seeing " and " seeing you again," and the "vying" and "re-vying" or seeing and re-seeing, referred to by Ben Jonson in "Every Man in his Humour." Loo, however, was not vanquished at once; it is, indeed, very much alive at the present day; but its position as the leading round card game was gradually challenged by poker, which eventually succeeded it.

The intervening years until 1890: called for no detailed remark. though it should be stated en passant that about 1872 bézique attained a considerable vogue—so much so that a correspondent of a literary. contemporary then complained d its being quite difficult to obtain handbooks to any other card games; But the next really fashionable pastime of a character concerning this article was the notorious baccarat mania, which for reasons the need not be recapitulated, became the talk of the country. The origin of this game is wrapped in mys tery; it came to us from France where it is believed to have been brought from Italy so far back

the time of Charles VIII.; and though first mentioned in the New English Dictionary in 1866, was very obscure and unimportant till 1890. Undoubtedly the word itself hails from the Spanish baraja, a fray, a confusion, a quarrel, also a pack of cards; but it bears every sign of being introduced into it from the Arabic. For a brief period baccarat was played in what may be termed "fast" private houses, on a scale approaching to that attained by the faro-banks in similar circumstances during the eighteenth century; but when at the height of its popularity it received a social side-thrust from which it never recovered.

It would be hardly correct to state that baccarat, as the all-absorbing game of the day, was superseded by solo-whist, but the latter certainly enjoyed a considerable vogue, that is, among the sporting section of the community, and also among serious card-players, from 1892 to 1895.

Somewhere in the "seventies,"
"solo," as its disciples abreviated
it—a simplified and improved version of Bostonian whist—began to
be played among the London Jews,
who spread the knowledge of it not
only among themselves but outside
their own community. In 1893,
the popularity of the game would
appear to have reached its apogee,
but it was always practically confined to the classes enumerated
above, and cannot, therefore, be
included in our list of fashionable
card crazes.

It has, indeed, been reserved for the present year of grace to witness a card mania which, without being accompanied by a repetition of high play, has struck deep into the pots of the beau monde. The social istorian of the future will assuredly make a note of this remarkible rage for the bowdlerized form whist yelept Bridge; and thanks

to the prevailing taste of Society, paragraphing the material will not The "Social Diary" be lacking. of the daily press and the hundredand-one "Society papers" will inform him that at the close of the nineteenth century, Bridge, its chances and its mysteries, was the all-absorbing topic at the artificial ice-rinks, the smart restaurants, and the supper clubs; that ultrafashionable hostesses provided bridge-rooms at their dances, and that the game became a favourite symbolical character at fancy-dress balls.

But Bridge certainly merits some attention if only on account of its unique method of introduction into London Society. Originating at Constantinople under the name of Britch, it made its first appearance at the Portland Club in 1897, thanks, so it is said, to a fit of absent-mindedness on the part of Lord Brougham, who, in dealing at whist neglected to turn up the trump-card, and explained the omission by stating that he thought he was playing "bridge." Archibald Dunn, junr., in his latest work on the subject, states, however, that he played a hybrid kind of Bridge, which somewhat resembled the modern twenty years ago in Smyrna. may be assumed consequently that nothing really definite is known about the origin of the game. There is now, we hear, some talk of founding a Bridge club, but all such rhapsodies may be taken cum grano salis; few fashionable card manias (as this article has proved) have endured for more than a few years, and of late the tendency of Society to change its mind rapidly, especially where its recreations are concerned, has been growing more marked. It is extremely doubtful. therefore, whether the vogue of the moment will do more than survive the nineteenth century. When, however, Society does cast about for a new card game, it could not do better than turn its attention to a revival of ombre, a game peculiarly suited to its requirements and whose advantages in this respect have been immortalised by Pope in the "Rape of the Lock."

H. G. A.

Hunting Recollections.

It may be because I was associated with them in early childhood that the musical flyers that are dearest to me are the noble hounds that form the Carlow and Island pack, so successfully mastered for half a century by that fine old sportsman, Mr. Robert Watson, of Ballydarton, co. Carlow.

How well do I remember Mr. Watson, father of present M.F.H. He was well advanced in years when I first knew him, and, although he had resigned the mastership to his son, would be found in the van even in the longest run of the The praises of Robert season. Watson's son, the master of the Meath Hunt, as a fox-hunter and polo player, have been sung so frequently in the sporting press that to further eulogise his fame would be needless.

There is, however, one other member of the Watson family whose memory recalls some of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood. I refer to Mr. William Watson, brother to the Carlow and Island M.F.H., who was in my Cheltonian days and for many years afterwards a well known figure with the Cotswold. In him was combined all that in my youthful mind I could picture as the true specimen of a foxhunting gentleman.

My first recollection of foxhunting was when I was about six years old. On the occasion alluded to the Squire of Clobeman Hall gave a large hunt dinner, to which the élite of the county were invited to witness the fox-hunting baptism of a son and heir. The ceremony was performed by one of the company, the youth being sprinkled from the contents of a huge silver bowl which held, I believe, a brew of whisky punch that was mixed, according to the fashion of that date, with the aid of a fox's pad; the youngster being also anointed with some vulpine blood.

The praises of many a Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Rutlandshire, and other county Nimrod have been sung times without number, but scarcely a line has ever been penned that records the pluck of those who have ridden in the company of Robert Watson. Let me draw a slight sketch of a few brother sportsmen that I

knew in palmy days.

When we were boys, brother and I were always greeted, on our appearance in the hunting field, by the wag amongst the select members, as the "Little Christmases." originator of the joke was the Lord of the Manor of Wells, Mr. He was full of fun, very unassuming, and although liberal supporter of the hunt. invariably rode in what soldiers term "mufti." His son Charley, however, donned the pink, and when I was a diminutive "Christmas," he was a young man at Cambridge University.

One of the most accomplished

riders with the hounds was Mr. Breen, of Castlebridge, a thorough sportsman and a gentleman by nature. It was a regular treat to see his quiet way of riding to hounds. Of the heavy-weight horsemen the worthy master was undoubtedly the pick of the bunch, but of the light brigade there was quite a number of firstflight Nimrods, amongst whom mentioned Arthur might be Guinness, William Braddell. familiarly called the " Little B.B."; Steuart Duckett (who now in the master's absence carries the horn), Horace Rochefort, and many others too numerous to This list does not, mention. however, include the gentlemen tenant-farmers who were regular attendants at the covert-side, and it would be difficult to find in any county in the United Kingdom so many real good fox-hunting yeomen as Messrs. Hope, Charlie Ferny, Douse, Death, the Reid brothers, Furlong, and Rudd of Cloyne, who on his own account mastered a pack of harriers for several years.

One of the most wonderful followers of the Carlow and Island hounds was Mr. William St. George, well known for several leagues round his residence as the "Saint." He was an excellent angler, a capital shot in his day, and as fine a horseman as ever The "Saint" tightened girth. was a splendidly limbed man, and although perhaps as madcap an Irishman as ever tasted "mountain-dew," yet the very acme of politeness. Shall I ever forget how the dear old chap used **to** delight us with his fancy stepdances of "Ye Olden Times," and his hunting stories of the early portion of this century? One yarn in particular pleased us *Little Christmases " beyond measure, although we juvenile fox-hunters swallowed the tale with a considerable amount of salt seasoning.

The drift of the story was this: -The hunt the "Saint" followed when he was a young man, the Old Tullow Hunt, consisted of a "set of good fellows," the majority of whom gloried in the chase, and were precious fond of wine and dice. According to the "Saint," these jovial blades with horse and hounds would find a fox, and the pace not being a racing one in those days, they would hunt poor Reynard from early morn till dewy eve. Perhaps during the day the quarry might have to be "dug out" once or twice, but as the sun was sinking he was allowed to seek a retreat in peace. good fat fowl was thrown into his temporary refuge, the entrance to which was then barricaded, and a watch left to guard him so that no one should molest him till the following morning. This detail being arranged, the gallant foxhunters repaired to the nearest wayside inn, at many of which there was a club room belonging to the hunt, where the members dined at periodical intervals. Having partaken of a substantial meal, whisky punch was the order, and the dice in the box began to rattle. Play was frequently kept up till day dawn. When the horn sounded "boot and saddle," the quarry was unearthed, and with the call "Gone away," bold Reynard was once more on his travels, hotly followed by his pursuers. This kind of slow chase sometimes lasted two or three days, the same régime being followed, till finally the death-knell of the fox was sounded many miles away from his own den. All this time the play at night was fast and furious; the ready money had passed into the pockets of the lucky few. Horses,

saddles and bridles, were then staked against the coins of the realm, and as the old "Saint" used to say, "By Gad, boys, I have known one or two fellows to win all the money and the horses, who would for pure devilment clear out with the family plate and the hunters they had won, leaving the losers to walk home."

My memory carries me back to one mad-cap exploit of the old "Saint," and that was when, for a bet of a new hat, he jumped in cold blood off the road into a field over an iron gate that was considerably over five feet high. His gallant steed cleared it like a bird, and had his Saintship rested on his laurels all would have been well, but unfortunately for himself he did not. A fresh bet was taken, the spirited animal was again faced at the formidable obstacle, the leap being now into the road. This time the horse failed to clear, and striking the top bar heavily, the rider was sent a regular cropper on to the highway, one of his thighs being badly fractured.

The "Saint" was a wonderful sportsman, but even he was perfectly eclipsed by perhaps the most marvellous fox-hunter that ever followed the Carlow and Island Hounds, or indeed, any pack that ever drew covert. This was the late Mr. Arthur Macmoraugh Kavannagh, of Boris, who, although born without legs from the knees down, and minus arms from the elbow, yet was a daring and accomplished crosscountry rider. The stumps of his limbs fitted into leather pouches, and the reins he held with some curious arrangement he had attached to his after-arm. He was, of course, always attended by a groom, and his agility in exchanging from the servant's back into the saddle and vice versa required ocular demonstration to be realised.

It is a good many years ago now since I first met him. hounds threw off at Burton Hall, and as the hour of 11 a.m. approached, Mr. Kavannagh came on the scene tooling a four-inhand in a manner no doubt peculiarly his own, but one that, however, showed the driver to be a Jehu that could control his team with ease. As the drag stopped, his mount being close at hand, he, so to speak, sprang from the box-seat on to the shoulders of his groom, and a moment later was in the pig-skin. Mr. Kavannagh, who was for some time M.P. for Carlow, was not only a keen fox-hunter, but also ardent lover of the gun, and in shooting from a pony was generally successful.

It will read like a fairy tale, but it is nevertheless a fact that this wonderful gentleman could draw, paint and write legibly. years ago my father showed me, as a curiosity, a letter written by Mr. Kavannagh himself, requesting permission to hunt the otter with his hounds over the river Slaney frontage belonging to the family estate. The letter, I may say, was as neatly written as if it had been penned by a Bank of England clerk. Afflicted as he was by Nature, Mr. Kavannagh was one of the lightest-hearted men in the world, and, owing to his amiability and ready wit. was a general favourite with all

iasses.

When we were boys there were not many Di Vernons following the Carlow and Island hounds, but the very few that were constantly in the field could have held their own against any set of lady fox-hunters. Some of them may have escaped my memory but I can see to-day, as if it

were but yester - morn, Mrs. Steuart - Duckett, Miss Bolton, (now Mrs. West), granddaughter of Mr. Bolton, the first master of the old Island hounds, and Mrs. Devereux, of Ballyrankin, flying over the fences like birds. I may be mistaken, but I fancy Mrs. Devereux now holds the record, at all events, in Ireland, as a constant lady fox-hunter, as she has followed the Carlow and Island hounds regularly for nearly forty years.

With the county pack—viz., the Wexford Hunt, originally organised in the beginning of the present century by Mr. George Piggot—I was not so familiar. However, when afforded the opportunity, I had an occasional spin with the Wexfords. The hounds were all that could be desired, and a more genial master or a more popular one never breathed than Mr. David Beatty.

Mr. David Beatty carried the horn for several seasons, but when the Land League organisation was introduced evil days fell on fox-hunting in the County Wexford, and finally one of the most jovial sportsmen in Ireland, thoroughly disgusted, resigned the mastership.

The next master of the Wexand with whom I was acquainted
as my old brother-soldier friend,
aptain Tom Walker, formerly
the Royal Dragoons. Never
as the pack so smartly turned
at as when Royal Tom carried
the horn; but he, like David
centry, finding it impossible to
ope with a rebellious mob, was
so forced to chuck up the
onge.

The fair sex that followed the Vexfords in my time were cerinly few, but there were a acc of "model county" ladies to, worshipping at the throne of ana, many and many a time led the field a merry dance. These were Mrs. Edward Flood and Miss Ida Rowe,* the latter in her day being considered one of the most dashing cross-country lady riders in Ireland.

When residing at Weymouth, I recall many pleasant runs in the company of such thorough sporting masters as Lord Poltimore,

Ratcliffe and Digby.

It was whilst hunting with the York and Ainsty, when Sir Charles Slingsby carried the horn, that I became acquainted with the late Baker Pasha, then commanding the 10th Hussars, and admitted to be one of the best cavalry officers in Europe. He was a capital cross-country rider, and also, what even some of his friends were not aware of, an expert wild fowler.

My first hunting abroad was with the Calpe hounds, when quartered at Gibraltar, the master at the time being Lieutenant - Colonel Pearson, of the Royal Artillery, the huntsmen and whips professionals from England. The hounds came from good stock, the pack having been originally imported by the prince of fox-hunters, the late Duke of Beaufort.

Subsequently the hounds were hunted by Captain Fitzroy, of the old 15th Regiment, Maddon Glascot of the 32nd, a Wexford man, acting as first whip, and a professional as second whip and kennel man. "Fitz" made an excellent huntsman, and did all in his power to show sport. When Captain Fitzroy retired from the service he took over the mastership of the Taunton Vale and Somerset hounds, and subsequently the East Kent pack; and if he was not the most accomplished craftsman in the lodge of

^{*} The late Mrs. Wiseman.

hunting, he was certainly one of the pluckiest Nimrods that ever carried a horn. He fell a martyr to that terrible malady cancer, which necessitated the removal of his tongue. The disease eventually killed the poor fellow, but, strange to say, he hunted hounds for some time after the operation had been performed. Fitzroy's case, I should fancy, is one that is almost without a parallel in the history of the chase. The majority of these gallant sportsmen, whose exploits I have recorded, have long since passed away to those happy hunting grounds in the Unknown Land. I cherish their memory, and shall be with them in the spirit till the horn sounds the last Tally-ho.

H. DALY DEVEREUX.

A Shoot on Dartmoor.

Few counties in the kingdom enjoy a more delightful climate than Devonshire—when it happens to be fine; but the "land of apples and cream" receives more than its fair share of rain, and when the rain comes down it does so in a whole-hearted spirit which is apt to depress the stranger. During the first week of my residence in Devon it rained hard for four consecutive days, which the natives appeared to regard with resignation as a fair average that left no excuse for grumbling.

It was after one of these periods of wet that I received a note from a friend asking me to join him in a shoot on the moor; he did not specify the game we might expect, but suggested a "go-as-you-please" kind of excursion, taking what came to us, or what we came to, with an open We were to hope that mind. luck might vouchsafe a shot at the heath fowl, as black game are called in Devon. We might expect (and the difference was emphasised) for a wisp or two of snipe. I was anxious to learn my way about the moors, and accepted the invitation with gratitude.

It may not be known to every-

body that Dartmoor is not so level as, say, Lord's . Crickel Ground: even Epsom Downs are comparatively level beside the ground over which you mus tramp if you wish to bring any sort of game to bag. The highes hill or tor is some two thousand and forty odd feet, and on the western side, where my shoot ing has been done, most the tors exceed twelve hundre feet. "That is no great height," did I somebody hear Well, perhaps not, but it i quite enough when the hill are steep and the day is ho On Dartmoor the longest was round is very often the shortes way there, wherever you may b bound. Furthermore, the ground is strewn with masses of rock often half the size of Cleopatra's Needle; these occur on the so ground as well as the hard, and strange to say, the softest place are more often found on the tops of sides of the hills than in the Until this fact, impor tant from the sportsman's point of view, was brought home to me I wasted days looking for 'coc and snipe in the bottoms d combes.

I was enlightened one day after

trying a long stretch of low ground that looked as promising a place as one could hope to find, and while bewailing failure to move a feather, I heard a double report above me. I saw, threequarters of the way up the hillside on my right, a shooter in the act of jamming cartridges into his gun; and as I looked he waved his hand to his setter which had "down charged" to the shots, and the dog began to work the ground in front of him. Before long he got another shot, so I shouldered my gun and went up to make enquiries. He proved to be a local sportsman.

'Hallo, Jim, my friend, what are you after at this height?"

"Znipe, tew be zure, zur," he answered, to my astonishment.

"Why," I exclaimed, "I have been trying the low ground for the last two hours and haven't seen a bird."

"Ah! that's were yeu be's wrang, zur. They allers lies in thicky ground in wet weather."

This was a wrinkle and I did

not forget it.

To revert to B——'s invitation: I replied, "I'm yours," by return, and on a Wednesday morning (as my diary tells me), I was at his come before the cock began to row, with a good appetite for the accellent breakfast which awaited the.

The meal despatched, we started, and soon found ourselves in some ary soft ground below Wilstorthy (a place made famous Baring Gould). The setters tartered merrily over the marsh, at not a bird could they find, and seeing that the water in most access was up to my ankles, I was to surprised.

"I say, B——, isn't it rather wet here?" I shouted at

B---- did not think the place

too wet: but as he spoke he plumped in over his knees, and changed his mind.

"By Jove!" he answered, "it's above my gaiters; you had better get on that old sholing

ridge."

He pointed to a long serpentining heap of earth called a "sholing ridge" by the miners of past ages, where they had turned up the soil to get out the tin beneath. These ridges, by the way, give good illustration of the methods of gold mining in vogue at Klondyke, if one may judge from the descriptions given.

I took B——'s advice, while he, knowing his way better than I did, sought firmer going on the far side of the swamp. After a short tramp we reached the road leading to Lane End gate, and made our way to the ground lying midway between the top of Nator and the river Tavy. Here things began to look brighter, as though the travelling was soft, it was not so bad as that which we had left. The dogs working between us we soon had six or seven snipe, and on reaching the Gully, which runs down from Hare Tor, B---'s setter stood a heath fowl, which he brought down in a very workmanlike When flushed these manner. birds will generally fly for mile or more before they alight, and then neither dog nor man can get within a hundred yards of them, so wary are they.

For a mile and a half we tramped on, our setters touching nothing, until we came within sight of the Peat Work buildings under Gt. Links Tor. Here at B—'s suggestion we decided to lunch, and then get away over Rattle brook into Amicombe bottom. We made a frugal repast of it; a heavy meal is no preparation for shooting up hill

and down dale on Dartmoor, and moderation in both eating and drinking is advisable. While at lunch my companion drew attention to the stone circles which were visible about us. are supposed by some authorities to be the remains of habitations of the ancient Britons; but it is a question whether they are not merely remains of houses built many years ago by the shepherds who lived out on the moors caring for the immense flocks of sheep which in former days were grazed here. Sixty or seventy years ago there were as many as 30,000 sheep "moored" yearly from the Tavistock side; that was a time when the high price of wool gave sheep their great value; in those days it fetched as much as two shillings a pound (wool measure). Lunch over, B— proposed a start; so we descended the hill and crossed the brook. On the other side, after rising from the valley through which it flows, the land is of very undulating character for some two miles, till you reach the Tavy under Fur Tor (2,000 feet high), and in this neighbourhood are often-or were often—found heath fowl, lying sometimes singly and sometimes in covevs of five or six.

We were now working a shoot of some 500 acres, and Bwho directed our movements. proposed we should try first the lower or south end, and gradually cover the whole extent, working in a northerly direction: a plan which had the advantage of bringing us to our nearest and best road home when we had covered all the ground. We had not gone far when I heard his gun on the other side of one of the undulations, and B---'s voice followed the report almost immediately. "Cock to you!" and with the rapidity of a lightning flash a "long bill" passed on my right. The warning cry had come in time, and with a quick turn I grassed him within twenty yards.

"You wiped my eye beautifully!" shouted B—, now appearing over the hillock. The cock had given him only "a chuck or chance it" shot, to use his own expression; and to do him justice, B— never leaves much when he is on the tramp.

A few more cock came to hand as we worked our way forward. While gathering one of them, I saw a picture that would have pleased the eyes of an animal painter. On the brow of the acclivity immediately before me stood a dozen shaggy Highland cattle, with a sturdy little bull a few vards in front of them. His lowered head and glaring eyes, as he pawed the ground, seemed to be challenging an advance. I called . to B—— to look at the beautiful group, harmonising so perfectly with its desolate surroundings, and alarmed the cattle, which turned about and galloped off, waving their tails and sending the showers of peaty earth high in the air. My setter, however, recalled me to business; he was standing with his flag stretched out with the rigidity of an iron bar, his whole body trembling as though he had had a sudden attack of ague.

"Hold up," I said softly; "hold up, old man, gently now!" But as he did not move, I went forward, and just as I had reached him, up went a Jack snipe within a vard of his nose. Taken by surprise, I fired right over it, and losing my head for the moment, let drive with the second as wildly as with the first. I was telling myself what I thought of this blunder, when I saw Babout sixty yards away waving his hat and hugely enjoying some

delightful joke. He had seen me playing the fool with the Jack snipe; I hoped he hadn't. By this time we had come about as near Fur Tor as he thought worth while, so after a short turn farther we took our way back parallel to the line we had come, picking up a few more cock as we went. At length we came to ground more undulating than any encountered on our outward journey, the higher land rising some sixty feet from the bottom. I was walking about seventy yards on B---'s right, and on reaching the crest on a rise, saw below what appeared to be a beautiful piece of green sward quite different from the surrounding pasture. Thinking I might find a hare there I waved my setter towards it, but he did not seem to like the look of the place, and only feathered round the edge until he came immediately opposite me on the other side. Thinking that it could hold nothing as the dog was now directly "down wind," I started to go straight across the grass towards him. I had not taken four strides when the surface began to shake and quiver, and suddenly it flashed through my mind that I was on a bog. As quickly as I could I turned to retrace my steps, but as I did so

the ground broke away beneath my feet like rotten ice, and faster

than I can write this, I sank

mearly up to my arm-pits. I may

confess I was in the bluest of

funks as I felt myself slowly, yet surely, sinking deeper, and realised how perfectly unable I was to help myself. I thrust my arms out at right angles to my body and shouted as loudly as I could to B--. At the same time the setter, as though he knew that his master was in danger, began to bark vociferously. Between the two of us we soon attracted B——'s attention, and he raced down the hill, calling to me at the same time to remain quiet until he reached me. Extracting the cartridges from his gun, he grasped it by the muzzle and pushed the stock in my direction, telling me to throw my gun as near to him as I could and to catch hold of his. After one or two attempts, I was able to find footing, and with B---'s aid got clear of the awful place. Had I

skin and covered with filthy slime, and before we had reached the top of Gt. Links Tor, which rises some 2,000 feet high, I was shivering all over. However. two or three stiff glasses of hot gin-and-water at the "Hare and Hounds" on the Okehampton Road, where B——'s cart was awaiting us, put me to rights again. I need not add that I have since avoided those vivid green spots as I would the infernal regions, when shooting on Dartmoor.

been by myself that bog must

I was, of course, wet to the

have been my grave.

REDIVIVUS.

The Sportsman's Library.

CAPTAIN HAYES has enioved another excellent opportunity of making the acquaintance of horses and horsemen practically unknown to his fellow-countrymen; and has presented us with a delightful account of his journeyings in this handsome book.* To a man who has handled and broken nearly every sort of equine incorrigible, from the Burma pony to the zebra, the iniquities of the Russian horses could not have presented much that was new: but in his tour as instructor in the art of breaking, round the Russian cavalry remount depôts, he had some experiences exciting if not The half-broken troophorses of the Czar's forces furnished plenty of material for the exercise of the art in which he is an acknowledged master; but the commanding officers to whom he was accredited were not all willing to profit by the skill of the stranger, sent to them though he was by their own Inspector-General. Covert jealousy, or serene conviction that what they themselves knew left nothing to learn, was an obstacle to their profiting by the opportunity. Captain Hayes did his best, but he evidently does not feel that he achieved all he might have done had his local hosts been more receptive. He gives a capital picture of social life in St. Petersburg and the provincial towns; the idle and aimless existence of the officers who know nothing of, and care nothing for, sport, excites his compassion, and ours. has made an exceedingly entertaining book of his experiences, and the illustrations are both good and instructive.

The sections of the second volume * of the new "Sports Library" are as well done as the narrow limits allowed the writers to do their work; but Messrs. Fegan and Tinsley Lindley are sorely handicapped in their endeavour to render justice to Rugby and Association Football in the few pages at their disposal. Mr. Prevost Battersby and Mr. T. C. Isard, requiring less space to deal with Hockey and Lacrosse, have been able to treat their themes more exhaustively, and as the literature of these games is infinitely less in volume than the literature of football, this is fortunate. For the several essays as they stand we have only praise to give. They are well and brightly written by men whose names guarantee the soundness of their knowledge, and convey sensible and practical hints. There are some very fair illustrations from photographs.

We have received from the compiler a copy of this neat little book,† which has now reached its third edition. It contains compact articles on the value of hunting to the country, based on the now famous figures compiled by Mr. Harry Sargent nearly thirty years ago—on barbed wire, hints on hunting generally, hints on holloas and other matters—all exceedingly sound and bearing the hall-mark of intimate knowledge. Only in regard to "Hints. on Holloas" would we venture a word, replacing the advice here:

^{* &}quot;Among Horses in Russia." By Captain M. H. Hayes. (R. A. Everett & Co.)

[&]quot;Football, Hockey and Lacrosse." By J. H. C. Fegan, Tinsley Lindley, H. F. Proved. Battersby, and J. C. Isard. 2s. 6d. (Fisher Unwille" Sports Library.")

† "The Foxhunter's Vade Mecum, Stag and Hare Hunter's Guide and Farmer's Notebook, 1900." Price 6d., 10s. 6d. per 25 copies, or 6 per 100. By Richard Ord, Sands Hall, Sedgefield. co. Durham.

given by the word "Don't." Seven men out of ten in any field of horsemen will do better to raise his hat than his voice if he views a fox away. The writer of the essay on Barbed Wire puts forward two good arguments against its use which are too often ignored or overlooked; one is its liability when dirty to inflict nasty wounds on cattle, the other the damage done to the hide as leather. The present issue of the Vade Mecum has special application to the

Blankney Hunt, but the bulk of its contents appeal to all.

The "Badminton Diary" for 1900, edited by Captain Fitzalan Manners, of the Scots Guards, is to hand. In addition to the well-known features of the annual there is an alphabetical list of fixtures, in order of names, with dates attached; also a tide table. The Diary is issued in the usual convenient form, and is published by Messrs. A. Webster & Co., Piccadilly, W.

"Our Van."

January and February. --- In keeping with the variability of the weather was the nature of the sport during the second half of January and first half of February. As there were occasional glimpses of fine weather so there were days when something out of the ordinary was witnessed. The first of Gatwick's two days, January 31st, had some life in it, and racing folk seemed to be looking up, but we went back to dulness on the second day. It is one of those effects for which one vainly seeks a cause that, in the majority of instances, the first day of a two-day meeting is the better in the way of attendance. The inberest seemed to centre in the **appearance**, in the February Steeplechase, of Grand National candidates, in Shaker and Elliman. Elliman ran third last year, so the attention was more pon him than upon Shaker, who has yet to justify the somewhat high estimate that is placed upon is present powers by handipappers and others. Elliman won superior pace from the last **Ence** over Nepcote, and this was

not thought much of. But it transpired that Elliman had been badly cut into, a tendon being badly damaged. The handicapping at the meeting was very indifferent.

Ambush II. had figured on the Gatwick card in a hurdle race, but did not run. He was flown at higher game on the first day of the Kempton Park February Meeting, the Middlesex Maiden Hurdle Race to wit. Manifesto's outings last year seem to have set the fashion of sending Grand National horses preliminary gallops in public over hurdles, for, besides Ambush II., Drogheda was running in the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap on the same day. It was rumoured a couple of days previously that the Prince would be at Kempton to see his horse run, but the piercing north-east wind was too much even for the loyalty of many, though the attendance in the Members' Enclosure, particularly of the fair sex, was larger than it would otherwise have been. What a boon it is to the spectator to be able to witness the racing

behind glass, as is now possible at several meetings within reach of town. Some sportswomen, one fain must notice, scorn any sort of shelter, and they were to be seen at Kemptom, in the falling snow, busy in the endeavour to spot the winner and to get the best possible price about their selections. The cutting wind and the snow did not prevent His Royal Highness from inspecting Ambush II. in the paddock. looked a much improved animal, but he did not win, being beaten a long way from home. hurdle race is the meeting ground of the steeplechaser and the flat The steeplechaser is required to show pace, whilst the flat racer has to do justice to his schooling over the sticks. With General Peace in the race, carrying the same weight as Ambush II., it was a question which fulfilled what was demanded of him. The money said plainly enough that his party were satisfied with his jumping; but the same oracle gave similar information as to Tom Cannon's North Britain, and the two started equal favourites. The fancy for North Britain was well justified, though he did not win, the cup being brought off by General Peace.

Early in the afternoon, Drogheda ran an excellent race, winning the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap, with 12st. 7lb., in the style that is known as smashing. As his jockey was George Williamson it follows that he was not bustled or flurried at any portion of the race, but was brought up as they turned into the not very long straight and overhauled those in front of him at the last hurdle. Although hurdle racing is not steeplechasing, and certainly no clue to what a horse may do over the Aintree country, Drogheda's meritorious win was made much of in what market there was on the Grand National.

Anticipations.—Before another number of Baily appears the flat-racing season will be in full swing again and we shall be witnessing the working of the new conditions of racing. The most important innovation will, of course, be the introduction of the starting machine for two-yearolds, and in this connection there is a section which predicts dire failure for this mode of starting. Possibly it is the same section which ridiculed it from the first, without having seen it in operation, and, so as not to be convinced into taking a favourable view, steadfastly declined to be beguiled into attending any of the trials. There is something I do not quite like in this openly expressed confidence in the starting machine being relegated to the limbo of obscurity before the season is over. If people make up their minds that it shall not succeed and set themselves to work to ensue its failure, all sorts of things may transpire, and perhaps our starters are not invested with the supreme power that enables the same officials in Australia to assert themselves. Even there mischances with the starting machine happen, and only the other day we were reading how a start was spoilt by one of the horses getting the barrier in its teeth and preventing some of the field from getting away. Jockeys will have to be made to understand that they will be made responsible for any bolting through Being something the barrier. new, the starting machine is a thing to be jeered at by the uneducated multitude as, in their turn, have been the umbrella and the bicycle; and probably for some little time the Epsom episode

when the machine was destroyed over-night, will be repeated. This may be the result of sheer devilment, and on a par with the now discountenanced pastime of the youth of some of our generation of wrenching off doorknockers. The introduction of the starting machine will be largely experimental, seeing that it is to be used with two-year-olds, as a compulsory measure. It is, of course, optional for any racecourse executive to employ the machine to the exclusion of the flag, and some probably will, if they are satisfied with the working of the apparatus. We may look to Ireland for this departure, if it is made at all. No doubt the Jockey Club stewards will watch the working as keenly as anyone, for of course the next move towards introducing the machine will be its compulsory use in the cases of both two and three-year olds, in 1901. Whilst writing the words "three-year olds," it occurs to me that at Newmarket it is the custom to write "three-yearsold" when speaking of horses of "The Two Thousand that age. Guineas stakes for three-yearsold," is how it runs, and I contend that the form is wrong when hyphens are used. The employment of the hyphen indicates a compound word, and you cannot have your plural sign in the middle of it. If it be agreed that the word "horses" is understood as following, then it is obvious that there should be no hyphens.

Speaking of the Jockey Club, the confirmation of the rumour that Mr. James Lowther is to follow Lord Durham as steward will be all to the benefit of the Turf. Mr. Lowther is, before all, a strong man, and a practical, who is not above looking into things for himself instead of delegating them to subordinates. Mr.

Lowther, when not serving in the capacity of steward, still has much to do and to say at Newmarket, for he is on the Estates Committee, and the estates of the Jockey Club are extensive. single purchase at Exning was to the amount of £160,000, for ground upon which no racehorse has yet set a hoof, or ever will. But it supplies very good gravel pits with a plentiful stock of Suffolk flints. The manufacture of bricks is an industry one would scarcely suspect the Jockey Club to be interested in. As a matter of fact they possess an excellent brick field, discovered for them and put into working order, I believe, by their architect, Mr. These notes, by the Manning. way, will suggest that when an institution grows to the magnitude of the Jockey Club it has to take cognizance of matters that no one could suspect were connected with racing. It occurs to me to express regret that some of the club's bricks were not employed to rebuild the old Ditch Mile Stand, from which so good a view was obtained of races finishing at the Bushes, and of the Cesarewich and Cambridgeshire, of the big races. If Mr. Lowther, during his term of office, has this stand rebuilt, he will earn the gratitude of numbers of Newmarket habitués. Another distinction which Mr. Lowther possesses is that of being approachable on business matters.

With so many meetings claiming dates some clashing seems unavoidable, and one can only congratulate the Brighton executive on having secured five days absolutely free from competition. Most of the racing people I meet would rather do their racing at the neighbouring Lewes, where is one of the best of courses in the kingdom, but each of their three meetings clashes with another,

though it might be argued that Gosforth Park, Haydock Park, and Northampon should not keep many people away from a southcountry meeting. A curiosity in the fixture list is the appropriation of three days by the Bibury Club, although last year there was barely enough racing for two Windsor, I notice, has seven days and Alexandra Park four, these two competing for the Saturdays. In the Midlands the Saturday is not valued, owing to the powerful counter-attraction of football. There the best day is Monday, Saint Monday being a religious feast that is religiously kept. Such as Birmingham and Nottingham have no voice in the outcry against Monday racing, in consequence. The principal objectors are the professional bettors, many of whom stay away from Monday meetings; but if promoters care to chance matters without them, it is not at all clear that they have any claim to be considered. That other grounds exist for objecting to racing on six days in each week is very possible.

The sale of the late Duke of Westminster's horses at Kingsclere, on March 8th, is an event the importance of which it is scarcely necessary to insist upon. What our racecourses will look like without the striking "yellow, black cap," supposing that the colours are not perpetuated, one can scarcely realise. What will worthily take its place in the attractive Hurst Park poster? And who can say for whom Flying Fox will next run, or if he will run again at all? The purse of even the foreign buyer is limited, and that limit may easily be reached before the reserve that will be placed upon the colt. It is impossible that the death of the Duke shall not be felt at the Chester meeting. The new Chester will be awaited

with high expectation, and I hope to be able to congratulate Mr. Mainwaring when May 8th arrives. By that time half England will be in mourning, and racecourse dividends must suffer appreciably. "We are prepared to do with half rations this year," was the remark of a certain clerk of the course, and it was well to make up the mind to this early in the war.

Exit "Chippy."—The death, last month, of the notorious Harry Bull, equally well, if not better as "Chippy Norton," Chipping Norton having been his birth-place, may be mentioned because his continued appearance in the betting ring was a vivid illustration of the extraordinary tolerance that is exhibited in some cases by both racing authorities and racing public. Amongst the many characters that get a living on the turf "Chippy" was very prominent, personally, through his square, broad figure and strange, waddling walk, the feet never being less than a foot apart, harsh, penetrating voice, and such items of attire as a low-crowned "John Bull" hat and three enormous diamond studs, typical yellow Cape stones, each of them. These three studs were recognised in the ring as truthful barometers of the momentary state of their owner's finances. When they were not in his shirt front they were acting as pledges for a temporary loan. Permanent parting with them never seemed to be dreamed of, and they must have been regarded with the affection that is often bestowed on a family pet. Chippy's first thought when comparative affluence returned to him-and it came and went with him during his eventful career so often as to breed indifferencewas for his diamonds. They were redeemed, whatever lost wagers

remained unpaid; and when people have been so unreasonable as to demand payment, indicating the diamonds at the same time to suggest that there must be money about, Chippy's retort would be in effect, "How do you expect me to take out my diamonds and pay you too?" Reckless effrontery was his keynote, as with others of his kind. and, whichever way things went on the course, he lived on the best and travelled like the best. Tempting with long prices was his game, which is a very good one for those who pay when it is convenient only. The racecourse seems to be the only possible place where such personage could have made so good a living, more or less handto-mouth though it be, for nowhere else would such an individuality be tolerated. His first act on entering a dining car for the journey home was to effect a complete change of clothing coram populo; but this was nothing to what I witnessed with my own eyes at Goodwood. Pulling up right in front of Goodwood House, Bull alighted from his carriage and standing on the house side then and there deliberately changed his shirt!

General Hunting Notes of the **Month.**—In the course of a long hunting experience, the V.D. can**not recollect** to have experienced a month so various in its weather as the past. Rain and snow and sleet, sudden storms, bitter cold and comparative mildness, all in turn have passed over the land. These constant changes are adverse to scent, and many a time we have seen the promise of sport in the morning swept away by a sudden storm or squall. The effect of changeable weather is to make scent catchy, and hounds seldom able to run. The old year over, we begin to hear of the coming resignation of masters of hounds. Of these by far the most important is that of Mr. Baird, for twenty years master of the Cottesmore. It has been a prosperous and happy hunt under the firm, gentle and liberal rule of Mr. Baird. All things considered, if the writer were to be confined to one pack, the Cottesmore would be the one he would choose.

Mr. Percy Browne, who succeeded Mr. Harris, has wearied of the South and West Wilts, where shooting and hunting are not on very good terms. Mr. Cazenove gives up the Wilton, a rough, wild sporting country, where hounds have plenty of room to Sir John Shelley is giving up the Tremlett. The Vine are to have their old master, Mr. Gordon Russell, back again, and are naturally pleased not to have to look to strangers. The Vine is a country where the local feeling about hunting is still strong and healthy. The V. W. H. Cirencester have been able to keep their master, Lord Bathurst, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to do so, for no country has been more fairly hunted or shown better sport. The month has not been allowed to pass without the usual attack on staghunting, the best answer to which is Mr. Cuming's paper on the Queen's hounds in the Sphere. It is to be hoped that the wide circulation of sound information will help to allay a silly and illnatured agitation.

The Run of the Month was undoubtedly Lord Harrington's gallop from Edwalton to Holwell Mouth, a fifteen-mile point done in two hours, over plough the first part of the day, and then across the best part of the Quorn Monday country and into Belvoir territory. Whether it was the

same fox all the way it is not for those who tell of the run by hearsay to offer an opinion. Two men who were there think that when hounds left Bunny they had a fresh fox in front of them. Others again say that they ran the same fox all the time. In favour of this view is the fact that Lord Harrington had his dog pack out. Now it is well known to hound breeders that this pack is full of those Belvoir strains Fallible, Weathergauge, Stainless, which are noted for their perseseverance and power of holding the line of the hunted fox.

The first part of the run was over sticky plough, and at the end hounds killed their fox handsomely when none of the horses could raise a walk. The course of the run was roughly as follows: The first stage was from Ruddington to Edwalton, whence the fox launched himself on a journey into the Quorn country up to Bunny Wood, where was the first serious check. Hounds were holloa'd away on the Costock side and ran by way of Willoughby and Broughton into the Vale of Belvoir, killing just short of Holwell Mouth, which was once a neutral covert but is now the property of The Belvoir.

The Ouorn.—It was the irony of fate that the South Notts should run hard and far over that Monday country of the Quorn on which Keyte and his hounds can get no luck. Yet the Quorn have had one very fine run, better even, say the best authorities, than the gallop on the Kirby Gate day. There were few who really saw the run when it came off. There had been absolutely no scent in the morning, so that no one seems to have been prepared for the gallop from Ashby Pas-tures. The pack were difficult to catch, they ran with such tremendous venom and drive to Rotherby. The fox then turned to Rearsby Mill, where he crossed. Hounds had started to run again directly they got over, and by the time they were at Thrussington very few people were really with the pack, and it is said that when hounds ran into a tired fox on the far side of Grimston village but one man was with them. When we come to personal matters, it is bad news to hear that Mrs. Lancelot Lowther may never entirely recover the use of the arm she injured in the early part of the season.

Pytchley. — During the last week of January and first part of

February we do not know of any important run worthy of record. The field has been much diminished owing to so many of the usual followers having gone to the front, and doubtless the Hon. Secretary will find it a difficult task to collect the necessary amount of subscriptions for the There is less present season. wire in the country than there used to be, which of course has cost money; the poultry claims, we understand, are enormous in this hunt, and it might be suggested that though all fair claims should be settled as far as possible without delay, yet a strong committee should be appointed and meet once a fortnight with a view of looking into and discussing any doubtful claims. Hunting farmers in every district should be appointed to investigate and report

The Belvoir.—Lord Cecil Manners, so well known as a thrusting

some people who may take ad-

vantage of a rich hunt if claims

are not well looked into-though

the average farmer, whether a

hunting man or not, is, as a rule,

most reasonable: at least, so we

There are

to the Committee.

have found him.

heavy-weight with these hounds, has sailed for South Africa, where his brother, Lord Robert, has been for some time. But from the time of the celebrated Marquis of Granby and his brother, Lord Robert, the Manners family have always had one or more members in every fight. The brothers are, however, missed from the hunting field. The sport in this country has been like the weather, variable, sometimes very good and sometimes indifferent. Perhaps the best run, or at any rate as good as any, was the gallop from Jericho, whence began that marvellous run told of by Lord Forester in the well-known song:

"When the duke chose at Waltham to meet."

History repeated itself, for on this occasion, as on the former one, the weather was cold and snow flakes fluttered forbiddingly in the air. It was a fine run of an hour and a half. As to the distance it is difficult to say, but taking the pace into consideration it might have been twelve miles. To allow seven miles-and-a-half an hour for a pack means pace all the way.

Mr. Fernie's.—If there is sport going, these hounds are bound to have their share. In hunting as in wit it is the unexpected that Langton Caudle, delights us. the bare hillside with its patches of grass that overlooks the Welland Valley, is noted, perhaps, ather for the number than the enterprise of its foxes. The V. D. has counted seven playing on the side of the hill—on a Sunday, of bourse—but he cannot recollect ever having had a great run from bere. Nor was the hunt of anuary 26th a great run in the ense of being an historic one, uch as Lord Harrington's famous

allop already written of. Yet it

was a very high-class hunt. day began with a fairly quick scurry from Langton Caudle. was a fox that had some knowledge of hunting and theories of scent, for he ran the railway, the road and every inch of bad scenting ground. But the hounds hunted when they could, and Charles helped them at the right moment and so at last he was run into as stiff as could be at Tugby. The hunt was like the Indian hill station of which a dusky dame said, "Up at M — there is only one set, and we are all in it."

The Kilkenny.—The bitch pack, which is Mr. Langrishe's pride and delight, have been showing wonderful sport. It is generally before a frost that hounds run, and so it was when the pack screamed along from Bishop's lough. Plough or grass, 'twas all the same, they raced for half-anhour in a circle, but such a ring! and what does it matter where you are going to when hounds run and keep on going? The dash and drive of this pack must delight all lovers of hounds who have seen them.

Devonshire.—The hunting in this county, almost every inch of which is hunted, is not indeed Leicestershire, but it is very fine, wild sport. Take Dartmoor, for example. A hunt over the wild moor, such as these hounds had February 3rd, is good enough for anyone. It lasted well over an hour, and the wonderful powers of a good pony were shown in two that lasted to the end, one of which was ridden by Miss Gladys Bulteel, who rightly had the brush presented to her. It was hunting all the way, and with a rather variable scent, but the master did not touch his pack for thirty minutes. Perhaps the latter part was the faster, and the division of the pack before the first check was a hindrance. The ten couple or so which stuck to the hunted fox deserve a good mark in the Kennels register. Another pack that has had some really fine sport is the East Devon, of which Colonel Garratt is the master. Hounds would be no use here that had not nose as well as pace and tongue. Yelverton, the huntsman, knows the rough country over which he hunts, a very necessary matter, if he is to be with his hounds.

From a place called Short's Wood there was a run which showed the pack to advantage. Hounds had the best of horses, and had matters pretty much to themselves as they dashed into Haye's Wood. Round the wood they went, throwing their tongues merrily as they reach it, plain to the fox that he could not afford to stay, and away he went over the open as far as the railway near Budleigh Salterton. Railway and check are synonymous, but Yelverton put them right, and over something of the same line he ran to Hayes' Wood, where he disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him up, as indeed it probably did.

Silverton Harriers, a very old - established pack, have had some capital sport, but hare-hunting is a Devonshire pastime, and the farmers who support this and many another harrier pack in Devon have an hereditary love for the sport. One can just remember the time when many a good west-country parson kept "a cry o' summat to ride after" for his parishioners as a matter of course. If he had not, empty benches on Sunday would have greeted his eyes.

The Whaddon Chase.—January 23rd.—Whitchurch is always a popular fixture with this pack, and consequently it was not sur-

prising that a fashionable gathering mustered at Mr. hospitable portals to do honour to the occasion, amongst them being the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Malden, Lady Lurgan, Lady Hartopp, Lady Sybil Primrose, the Hon. Assheton Harbord, and Mrs. L. de Rothschild and her sons. It was scarcely, however, one of the show days of the hunt. Christmas Gorse a travelling fox was got upon his legs, the regret on all sides being centred on the fact that he by no means a straight-necked one. In the first place, hounds hunted slowly by Mains Hill to Hoggeston, turned left-handed over a good line to Swanborne and Dodlay Hill, and having threaded Winslow Spinneys completed a figure of nine back to Swanborne village, the brook beneath the hill claiming Captain Fitzgerald as its prey. Relentlessly hounds drove onward over a stiffly fenced district to Muresley Windmill, and having reached the Salden Woods undoubtedly changed foxes, going away to Swanborne Gorse with a fresh one at night, and at that point the day ended.

From Drayton Cross Roads, on 27th, however, Lowndes showed his followers an exceptionally good day. Gorse, the kennel of their first fox, produced a short scurry. Returning to Salden they quickly found a successor in some gorse on Mr. Amos's farm, and going away at score had the best horses up to Drayton Parslow, being even able to hold their own as they ran on by Stewkley North End to Hollingdon. Beyond that, however, scent deand on reaching creased. Liscombe marked him to ground in a dell. It was decided to have

him out, and for upwards of two hours digging operations were carried out in a keen biting blast, no one being sorry when length he was handled and an adjournment - was made to the young "Squire's" snuggery, when whiskeys and sodas and port did alternate duty to eliminate the effects of the cold or exertion from our systems. An amusing feature of the case was the confident manner in which one man laid five to one on the fox during the work of excavation, his offer being quickly snapped up by a well-known cleric, who was amongst the group, with "Done with you, sir, in shillings," and that worthy parson had a cheap offertory on the morrow, I'll be

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.—Staghunting in the Vale of Aylesbury has not prospered so much during the past month as it does as a rule at this season of the year, a time when we look to our deer to have reaped the advantages of condition and thus able to show the excellent gallops for which they have for years been justly popular. Perhaps the best day that we have to bring to notice originated at Eythrop, and hounds ran over a deep and uncompromising district from Beachington to Mains Hill and Lower Winchendon. Over the Marshes hounds ran into their deer at Kimble and he was retaken.

The meet at Weston Turville, on February 1st, was chiefly remarkable for the time-honoured hospitality of Mr. Geoffrey Gaddesden, for although hounds ran fairly well over a poor district to Marsh, they lost their deer near that point.

The Grafton.—These hounds finished the month of January by meeting at Maids Moreton on the

31st, the occasion a befitting exhibition of hound work all through.

February 2nd found them at Brackley, a town meet, and consequently popular. From Halse Coppice, after having bustled the first smartly across to Radstone and marked him to ground at the New Railway, they went on to Whistley Wood, drove a fox back to Halse at once, and then with Radstone on the left, threaded Radstone Spinneys in the return journey to Whistley. Two successive rings similar in detail to the above were worked out before hounds were stopped at dark outside Whistley Wood, their fox beaten and only just ahead of them had there been sufficient

daylight to handle him.

The Warwickshire.—Mr. Verney and Jem Brown, whom some of my readers will remember with Lord Harrington, have been having a successful season with the Warwickshire. Not anything extraordinary perhaps, but as a fair specimen day, January 15th may be chosen. Perhaps those who only look over a pack at long intervals are better able to judge than those who see it day by day; the shape, the quality, the shoulders, and the legs and feet of the hounds leave little to be desired. It used sometimes to be said that they would be better for more bone, but it must be remembered that all animals of rare quality have a tendency to appear lighter in form than they really are. I still think, as I have always done, that the pack would be better for a little more tongue. But to The best fox of the day was lying out on some roughish ground, and hounds hunted him into a covert called Brickiln, and took a good run and at a good pace, and most enjoyable till a field full of ride and eagerness swept hounds off the line, which they could not recover and the fun was lost. One was killed later from Chadshunt.

The Eccentricities of Foxes.—The past month has been remarkable for some odd occurrences in the hunting field. For example, the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds found four foxes in trees in one day. We all know that Badminton foxes are an arboreal race, but three in one day on one tree and one in another looks like a record. Then the Atherstone killed a fox in a church during service, and the Glamorganshire ran through a village school to kill their fox in the scullery.

Essex Huntsmen.—The county of Essex seems to have a singular fortune in its huntsmen. It attracts the young men of promise, and certainly forms them into first-class huntsmen, such James Bailey, of the Essex, than whom there are few better. Cockayne, of the Puckeridge, and Arthur Thatcher, of the Essex Union, are instances in point, for they are both young. The writer saw Thatcher's first efforts as a huntsman, and wrote then that all he wanted was time and some experience in a plough country. This judgment has been amply justified by results, for the Essex Union say they never have had better sport, and many readers of BAILY know what the Puckeridge record has been and how much they like Jim Cockayne. Both men appear to me to be good in the kennel as in the field. huntsman can rise to the top of the class for science and skill who does not create his pack for himself. Skill and judgment in the field and on the flags combined are the gifts which make such men as Firr, Gillson, Gillard, in our day, or Will Goodall (Belvoir) or Tom Sebright (Fitzwilliam) in the past. The Bicester. — Good luck

generally appears to have followed the Bicester pack throughout their season's course, and again they have been able to place two or three excellent days to their credit during the past month. The first of these came with January 25th, when Edgcott was the fixture, Mr. H. Jones the host of the hour, and the inmates of Charndon Woods the pilots which set the tune for a select From Scrubbs Wood a fox set his head over the open before hounds were thrown into covert, and describing a small ring to Steeple Claydon and Calvert Station as a preliminary, skirted Scrubbs again ere he reached Claydon Home Wood, crossed Sir E. Verney's park to Mount Pleasant and Steeple Claydon, and having crossed the stream to Hillesdon New Covert, brought a good line of country into the bargain before Calvert Station was reached again. At Scrubbs Wood their fox was only just ahead of them, but still he held on to Claydon Home Wood, from Botolph Claydon threaded Runts Wood ere be reached Finemore Hill and saved his brush.

York and Ainsty.—Sport with the York and Ainsty has been excellent, the two best days being on the 20th and the 20th. On the former day they met at Sessay Station and were going all day, winding up with a rattling gallop: with the Sessay Wood veteran. Dalton Whin had provided a leash of foxes early in the day. Hounds got away with one, and after running him for a time divided. One lot ran into the for forty-five minutes after finding at The other los Dalton Whin. ran on over the Cod Beck to Thirkleby Low Covert, thence to Sessay Brickyard, back to Thirkleby Low Covert, the for

being only just before them and very tired. They were run out of scent an hour and a-half from leaving Dalton Whin. Fullan's Whin was blank, but in the old corner of Sessay Wood they found the fox who has led hounds a merry dance to the foot of the Hambleton Hills so many times this season. Hounds rattled along at top pace, pointing first for Sessay, then on by Kilburn Grange, nearly to Kilburn, they ran down to the Hurst road, and leaving Coxwold village on the left they ran over the railway and into Beacon Banks, where hounds were stopped at the end of fifty-nine minutes. It was very fast up to the railway; after that it was rather slow hunting.

Tuesday, January 30th, was a real old-fashioned Ainsty day. They met at the Kennels, and after drawing Kennel Wood and Askham Bogs blank they found in Askham Whin, and ran to the Healaugh and Hutton Road, where they checked. Over the bottoms they ran at a good pace, leaving the village to the right, and Catterton drain, as usual, held a few **bo**ld spirits. Past Tadcaster Town end, over the road, and Leaving Oxton Hall to the left they ran down to the Wharfe, where they were stopped, as the had crossed the river. bund again in Palleshorpe Whin ad went away at once pointing the River Wharfe. an at a holding pace parallel to e river, and crossed Nun Appleon Park to Holm Green. Thev med left-handed over Appleton Common and crossed the Woolas am running now at a good pace the Colton Railway Cabin. orward without entering covert y ran on by Rufforth Hall, aving the village on the left, and ere stopped eventually midway tween the Askham and Rufforth roads at 5.30 p.m. They ran two hours and forty minutes, and only failing daylight saved the fox.

Bramham Moor. - January 19th, they found in Walton Wood, and after rattling the fox twice round it, ran a ring by Wighill village to the Loft and Belton Wood. Thence on to Healaugh Manor Farm, where they checked, they hit off the line again into Shire Oaks and crossed Catterton Drain. Leaving Catterton village on through Belbrough Whin, over the Tadcaster road to Steeton, and through Ainsty Cliff, when they were stopped after a fine hunting run of an hour and fifty minutes. It was the best day they have had on the Ainsty side of the country this season.

Lord Middleton's.—The month of January went out with a good day with Lord Middleton's, whose fixture was Stockton Hall. They were a little while before they found, but in Buttercrambe Moor they were fairly amongst the foxes and were quickly away on good terms with one of them in the direction of Aldby Park. On they went and they ran into the fox in the Averhams, near Lobster House, after a smart gallop of forty-five minutes.

Ireland.-Ireland has been in the grip of an iron frost ever since the morning of February 2nd, and by latest advices from the Emerald Isle foxhunters seem to have little hope of taking the field again for some time. There is much grumbling, for sport was of the very best up to Thursday night, and the wonderful scenting weather continued till the ground was covered with snow. But as many of the Irish packs of fox-hounds had not been stopped for even half a day by frost or snow up to the and inst., and have had exceptionally fine sport, there appears to be little cause for growling.

In Royal Meath Mr. John Watson has never had a better scenting season up to February 1st, and doubts if indeed he can remember one as good. of his best days just before the snowstorm was January 29th, when they were at Capt. Harry Fowler's place at Rahinstown. They had a short gallop from the gorse there, but from Muchwood—one of Capt. Fowler's preserves—they had about as good a run as they have had this year, and that is saying a good deal. Hounds found at once and ran their fox through the wood and into the open as soon as they had him on his legs, and after twenty quick minutes had their first check at Killyon, and after a very fine run of one hour sixteen minutes they killed him. This was one of a succession of very good days in Meath; and three days previously they had a very galloping day in the Dublin country, the best item of which was a steeplechase over "the pride of the pasture, the pick of the plain," twenty-one minutes from Mr. Roger's new covert on Fairyhouse racecourse at the very brush of a fox which they secured at Kilrue, a good "sendoff" for the new covert drawn for the first time. Mr. Rogers who, it is needless to say, was close up to hounds all the way, took home both brush and mask to Ratoath.

Kildare. — Welcome news comes of the steady recovery of the master, Col. de Robeck, from his terrible attack of typhoid. His brother, Capt. "Jack" de Robeck, R.N., who strangely enough was attacked by the same malady, is quite himself again, and has been out hunting. He was selected to succeed poor Capt. Egerton with the Naval Brigade, but was struck down by this ill-

ness; their younger brother, Mr. Charles de Robeck, is just starting with Lord Longford's hunting yeomanry. It is fortunate for the foxhunters of Kildare that Major St. Leger Moore's offer of service will not be at present accepted. He and Mr. de Durgh of Oldtown, who also volunteered, are no doubt still most capable cavalrymen; and Mr. Percy la Touche -who goes as straight as everwould add to the cheeriness and hilarity of any host, but they, like others, must acknowledge that "youth will be served," and they are badly needed at home. meanwhile Major Moore is at his old post at the head of the hunting forces of Kildare, and right good sport he and Champion have been showing. On January 25th they began the day by a stirring gallop from Copelands through Cryhelp (which is now cut down), hounds simply racing and pulled him down in twenty minutes. Then followed a very fine ring from Whitestown; a very large circle indeed, half of which was done at express pace. But these hounds have hardly had a better day this season than February 1st, when they met at Kilkea, in the extreme south of the county. They got a touch of a fox in the Duke of Leinster's plantations on the hill near the castle, but did not rouse one fairly till they came to Greens Furze (a mutual draw with the Carlow and Island hounds) and there they had a brace on foct. in a very short time. Hounds settled to one which broke in the Carlow direction, and him ther raced for twenty-three minutes to the Carlow Golf links, where he got to ground in a rabbit burrow. Again from Devey's Gorse they ran, five miles and a half as the crow flies, and caught him when trying to cross the shallo rivulet called the Lerr, close the town of Castledermot-time exactly fifty-five minutes.

Carlow. — Hunting men from here are sadly thinned Three of their members (in 5th Lancers, 5th D. G.'s and Gloucesters) are shut up in Ladysmith, one is in the oth Lancers at Modder River, four in the R.A. are at the front; Capt. Kavanagh, 10th Hussars, is now out there, and many are on their way, while two, alas, have been badly wounded. In all there are twentynine gentlemen (all but one are hunting men) who are in arms from the smallest county in the Kingdom, and that an Irish one—

verily a "roll of honour." But the Carlow and Island hounds have well maintained the good sport which was noticed by the Van Driver last month with pleasure, for all English sportsmen are glad to hear of the success of the doyen of gentlemen huntsmen who has carried the born ever since 1845. He had a great day's sport on the 16th, when hounds hunted continuously for about four hours and a half and covered considerably over twenty miles, and made a point from find to finish of fourteen miles and a half. They found in Garryhundon Gorse near Milford, and were stopped on the hill just shove Newtonbarry woods. They mag in two coverts (one of which was the master's own gorse at **Ballydarton**) on the way, and remained hunting hard in each covert for about half-an-hour. There is no doubt that they changed foxes on each occasion, and the last part of the hunt was over Mr. Hall-Dare's grouse moor; still it was a great run, and be master remained with hounds III within a mile or so of the end. fr. Watson also had a good day the part of Kildare which he unts since the Van was last loaded,

and killed a brace of foxes after good and fast gallops from Knockroe and Greens Furze on a wonderful scenting day. Another very good day was January 23rd, after a racing twenty-five minutes from Graney in the morning.

The Carlow and Island had also good sport on the 30th, when they ran a fox from one of Colonel Eustace's coverts at Castlemore to ground in Kilnock gorse, and then had a blazing fifteen minutes from Grangeford to Friarstown covert.

In County Galway Mr. Poyser, the new master of the Blazers, after a disappointing season up to the close of the year, seems to have fairly settled down to a welldeserved run of good sport, and a good gallop from Mount Bellew made January 26th his fifth successive good day. On the 23rd the Blazers had a very fine run indeed from Mrs. Maxwell's snug gorse of Cartron, when the fox was drowned in the flooded stream near Bullaun where hounds were racing him in view along its banks after making an eight-mile point and running over twelve. a better run was that on the 18th, when hounds ran their very hardest from Cregmore for fifty-five minutes and turned over their fox in the open at Ryehill, the country being also of the very best. The death of Mr. John Mahon of Ballydonellan, once master of these hounds, confined them to kennel till the funeral was over. He was M.F.H. for three years before Mr. Burton Persse took the country and showed good sport.

In Kilkenny Mr. Langrishe still continues to be favoured by the best scent that he has known since he took these hounds ten years ago; the present is held by many to be quite a record season; and if we have heard of

no "Rossmore runs" and twelvemile points, the reason probably is that scent has been so strong that no fox has been able to stand up before hounds for much more than an hour. Where good things have been so plentiful it is not easy to make selection, but quite a perfect gallop was that of January 26th, when the Kilkenny hounds met at Freshford. They found in Shortall's Gorse and ran over the stone wall country to the Punchbowl, and killed near Brittas after a run of one hour to fifty minutes from finding. But the gallop proper must be considered to have begun when hounds went away for the second time from Shortall's, and this lasted about forty minutes over an unsurpassable country where every fence could be jumped where it was met.

This fine gallop was the plum of the good week, when these hounds had sport every day they were out, including gallops from Knockroe and Sutcliffes Gorse, and a very fine hunting run from Marsh's Gorse to Templeorum in the south end of the

country.

They had also good sport from Clara on January 30th, when they ran for fifty-six minutes before changing foxes and then went on for another twenty-eight, when they lost him. That afternoon they also had a rare fast gallop from Bishopslough, running at first towards Gowran, and then for Bennett's bridge, into gorse near the railway station, forty - five minutes very good was this. The last day the month brought them a very fine hunt from Carricktruss to Glenbower, Fanningstown, through Castletown into Co. Tipperary, where they ran to the left of the villages of Skough and Newtown and drove their fox

through Newtown wood to Ballinurra wood, where the pack divided on to fresh foxes and were stopped after running a little over eleven miles.

The news of the death of Colonel Buchanan Riddell, killed at Spion Kop, was received with great regret in Kilkenny, where he, like most of the officers of the 60th Rifles, hunted last season. He was a good horseman and went very straight. His predecessor in the regiment, Colonel Gunning, who also commanded in Kilkenny, was among the first victims of the war.

The Tipperary hounds brought off the run of the season when they met at Lismalin Church on January 28th, found in Prout's gorse, and ran to lower Ballingarry on towards the Killkenny country till the horsemen found themselves close to Ballintaggart wood; through Mahober and on past Modeshill church and away towards Mullinahone. Hounds ran hard to Mr. Mullaly's place, which they entered after going forty-five minutes at a great pace over a country that was as good as need be wished for. After Kyleaglanna, however, they ran across a very undesirable swamp (about the only one of the sort in the country) and horsemen had to go round. The first to do so was Mr. Burke, who eventually found his hounds baying round and earth at Hilton after riding hard for seventy minutes from Prouts.

Polo.—The news of polo is scanty enough, though the Indian tournaments are going on. Patiala won the Punjab Tournament with his first team. Reader of Bally should not forget to look at the really first-rate picture of the Maharaja which appeared in Vanity Fair not long ago. The writer, who knows H. H. well, can

vouch for the accuracy of the ikeness of one of the foremost polo players of the day. Mr. E. D. Miller has gone to South Africa. Those who know him chiefly as a polo player and as one of the indest and straightest providers f polo ponies, must not forget hat he was a very sound soldier n a very smart regiment, the 7th Lancers. He has a commision in the Lancashire Hussars, ith which also Mr. Pilkington, the Liverpool team, is going. lowever, I must not get on to he topic of the polo players at the ont, because that would mean a st half as long as the Army List. r Thomas Fowler, the Secretary nd mainspring of the North Wilts folo Club, is going out, and six laying members of the Stansted olo Club have started for the ont. Major Herbert tells me at the Crystal Palace Club ppes to begin play on April 2nd, nd that they are preparing for a ony show on May 12th, on a rge scale. One of the objects the show will be to bring yers and sellers together just the time of year when they bst desire to do so.

The Spring Field Trials. espite the absence of foreign mpetition in consequence of the arantine order of the Board of riculture—still enforced, by the y—the forthcoming trials of orting dogs promise to be most eresting. The Kennel Club rby, the twenty-sixth of the fies, has closed with over fifty tries, all parts of the United ngdom being represented, and last year this and other stakes anged by the Kennel Club will run off over Captain Pretyn's fine preserves at Orwell, dway between Ipswich and The meeting will be ixstowe. nmenced on April 18th, the w taking place on the previous evening at Dickens's Hotel, the Great White Horse, Ipswich. Next in importance is the meeting of the National Pointer and Setter Society near Shrewsbury in the following week, three days being apportioned the fixture; whilst earlier in the month the International Pointer and Setter Society and the English Setter Club have fixtures near Brandon and Bedford respectively. former is quite a new departure for the club established by Mr. W. Arkwright, and only brace competitions are scheduled, one for pointer or setter puppies and the other for all-aged dogs of the same varieties.

Valuable cash prizes are offered, and. in addition, the "Pure Type" trophy of the value of £130—at present held by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn—will be competed for. In July, the usual meeting of the club will be held over the Duke of Devonshire's moors near Buxton. interest is taken in field trials on the continent, and, as last year, Lauder, a very successful English breaker and handler, has been engaged by a Belgian syndicate to prepare pointers and setters for the continental series. The most important of the several big meetings is that of Société Royale Saint-Hubert in the province of Liege on April and and ard.

At Boulleaume in the same week there is an international fixture supported by Mr. W. Arkwright and his club, but, for reasons already stated, it is not likely that Great Britain will be represented. Mr. A. E. Butter, of Pitlochry, owner of the Faskally and other northern shootings, has for some months had a team in training for this particular fixture, hoping that relaxation of the quarantine order might be made

before the entries closed. There appears to be no prospect of this being done, and the half-promised support has been reluctantly withdrawn.

Sporting Dogs at Cruft's Show.—With one or two exceptions, notably spaniels and greyhounds, the sporting classes at Cruft's Show, held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on February 14th and following days, were above the average. years efforts have been made to make this winter show thoroughly representative in the section dear to the sportsman, but, for some reason or other, owners pay but little attention to the blandishments of the promoter, and, alan improvement was noticeable this year, very many of the sporting classes were not at all well supported. Neither foxhounds nor harriers filled, consequently these classes were deleted, whilst in otter hounds, only one pack, the Dumfriesshire, was entered, competition thus being very uninteresting. The dog champion, Whitehill Bachelor. bred in the Dumfries-shire kennel, is quite a model hound in every respect, and it would be difficult to find his equal, although Mr. E. Buckley, M.O.H., would run him very closely with one of the hounds shown with such success at Birmingham in the early winter. On this occasion, however, the North Wales sportsman was not represented. Beagles made quite an interesting group, although Mr. W. R. Temple and Mr. F. B. Lord, two very prominent owners, did not bench any exhibits, and in their absence Mrs. Oughton Giles and Mrs. Talbot Bruce were the chief winners, the latter lady's Coquette, a charming miniature hound, well under 12 inches in height, securing still another championship. It is grati-

fying to note that the Beagle Club has initiated a movement to support country shows a little better than has been done up to the present time, and there is but little doubt that as the charms of pocket beagles become better known, the number of admirers will steadily increase. These classes were well judged by Dr. Bullmore, a very successful Deerhounds and elkbreeder. hounds, with the big terrier family, can scarcely be included in this notice, there being none of the Rev. Jack Russell's sorty little tykes in the classes given the latter variety; but in greyhounds a field dog in Mr. A. Dunmore's Bang, winner of good stakes in: Ireland and Lancashire, "came, saw, and conquered." He is a very shapely black, quite the best all-round greyhound of the day, and coursing men were delighted to see him win in such good: Dogs quite of the company. working stamp were at the head affairs in retrievers, Mr. Harding Cox being very successful; and in pointers and setters, those ardent supporters of field trials, Mr. A. E. Butter and Mr. B. J. Warwick, were the most: notable winners. Sporting spaniels' were, to put it mildly, a frost, a fact very much to be regretted considering the boom the difference ent varieties have lately had. In the field trial class but one animal was benched!!

Sports at the Universities.—
As usual at this season of the year, the Blue Fever has attacked us once again. Despite serious troubles at home and abroad, all sorts and conditions of sportsmeare looking keenly forward to the big sequence of Inter-'Varsity contests shortly to be decided most of which (in Carlyle's enthusiastic phrase) "stir the blooking a cannon shot." First are

foremost, interest is general for the Boat Race; and under this heading, it is curious how quickly the public become critics, and just ones. Already public opinion has conclusively settled that this year's race should afford a very fine struggle—and we agree. On present form, they appear beautifully matched, and (as we write) there is very little in it between them, even in form. For once in a way, **both crews have enjoyed immunity** from the manifold ills these representative eights seem heir to, and everything has been pretty hair sailing ab initio. As the result, improvement in rowing has been steady and continued, and they entered into strict training quite the best combinations—at that stage—of recent years, seated as ioliows:---

OXFORD.

st. lbs. *(Row). C. W. Tomkinson (Eton and Balliol) ...

*2. F. W. Warre (Eton and Balliol)

*3. C. E. Johnston (Eton and New College) ...

4. H. B. Kittermaster (Shrewsbury and Christ Church) ... 12 2 13 3 5. Lord Grimston (Eton and Christ 10 11 Magdalen S. Maclagan (Eton 11 11 Magdalen)

CAMBRIDGE.

st, lbs. 11 13 12 10 *5. R. H. Sanderson (Harrow and 12 13 12 12 12 IO 8 10 Old Blues.

The Cantabs are quite as unimly powerful as last year, while watermanship (which Mr. Guy

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Nickalls has very well described as "an innate sense of touch and balance, which is generally the result of elasticity and lissomeness of body combined with quickness of the hands") they are superior to Oxford, so far. They swing very steadily, reach out well, and (on the whole) row their stroke hard through to the finish with excellent leg-work. All the men work honestly and hard, and their chief failing, up to date, is a want of leg-support at the finish of the stroke, which makes them rather The Oxford crew, short back. depreciate them as some may, are a far better combination than last year; and row in a better and easier style than many give them credit for. Stroke sets the work in true workmanlike fashion, and the men behind him are all fairly uniform. Per contra, the sliding and therefore the leg-work is by no means so good at this stage. The slides in most cases are shot back too soon-before the hands are fairly into the chest—which means that the stroke is not held out to the end with the legs, and probably accounts for the current "shortness" that is apparent. the whole, however, any superiority in style is much more apparent than real, and we anticipate a glorious struggle on March Were the race rowed to-31st. day, we should unhesitatingly plump for the victory of Cambridge. In these days of long slides it is above all things necessary to hold the stroke hard through to the finish with legs as well as arms, and in this point Oxford are deficient. As has truly been said, "a gain of an inch in a stroke would always win the University race by many lengths"—which will illustrate our meaning. Honestly, we think the Light Blues will repeat their 1899 victory, but not in such

absurdly easy fashion. If the recent improvement in the Oxford rowing is maintained and continued, there is every prospect of a race from start to finish which will make the layers of long odds almost as uncomfortable as they were in Muttlebury's last year. We may add that both racing boats were built by Sims, of Putney, this year, and are splendid specimens of that famous builder's craft. Writing on the eve of the annual Lent and Torpid Races, all mention of respective powers must come in the next issue of BAILY.

As in 1895, athletes proper have been interfered with by the vagaries of King Frost, yet most of the "Blues," &c., will turn out remarkably fit for the Inter-Varsity meeting at the Queen's Club, on Friday, March 30th. Judging from current form, another severe fight for supremacy should ensue, nor would it surprise us to witness another "honours easy" issue. Anyway, Oxford should win the 100 yards, Quarter-Mile, Long Jump and Hammer; Cambridge, the Half-Mile, Mile, Hurdles, and Three Miles; leaving the Weight and High Jump very open ques-Owing to exigencies of Term conditions, &c., the Anglo-American Universities athletic meeting in New York has been postponed to 1901—a very sensible Of other representative contests, Oxford should win the Boxing, Fencing, and Billiard matches once again, and (on the season's form) repeat their 1899 golf triumph over the Sandwich Links fairly easy. By common consent, the Dark Blue team this year is by far the strongest ever turned out from either 'Varsity. On the contrary, we think Cambridge will win the Point-to-Point Steeplechase, the Chess and Racquets competitions, &c. In fact,

we anticipate another pleasing "variation" in the issue of the various events in 1900, which the wise old Greek assures us is the best in every walk or gallop of life. The Inter-'Varsity association football match has been postponed to Saturday, March 3rd. On recent form, Oxford look like avenging their defeat of 1899.

Few and short must be our remarks on general topics this month. That noblesse oblige! is still the motto of Oxford and Cambridge men is proved by the fact of so many of them having volunteered for and gone to the front. Moreover, by the further fact that the University authorities have afforded every scope for their so doing. It is pleasing and instructive alike to note that the number of prominent sportsmen included in their ranks is legion!

Golf.—Since the new rules of the game as issued by the Royal and Ancient Club have come to be considered in the light of dall practice, it is found that while they meet tolerably well the cas of seaside links, they leave mud to be desired when applied to inland courses, and in particula do little or nothing towards re ducing the number of bye-law with which the latter are afflicted This discovery has given birth to a movement for the preparation and issue, from the same source as the new rules, of what may b described as a model set of bye laws for inland courses. In man of the sets at present in use, the fundamental principles of game are set at naught, and app from this most serious objection there is the practical difficul of having the same condition things variously treated. player who is a member several clubs may master idiosyncrasies of each, but

anger invited to the scene finds m annoying in the extreme, i he can scarcely be expected assimilate them. So far the yal and Ancient Club has not icated whether it is disposed take this task in hand; and it onceivable, when one considers circumstances of St. Andrews, manner in which the new es were received in some quar-, and one or two other things, t it may not be disposed. e visit of Harry Vardon to erica will enable golfers in country to test in practical nion the quality of the golf on other side of the Atlantic ut which so much has been and written during the past live months and more. When llie Park, junr., returned from risit to America some years he was said to have exsed the opinion that the best the professionals there would nire one-third to make a good ch with the best of the proonals here, but it is notorious since then America has imed from Scotland a number young men who have deped great success in their quarters, and no doubt it is

with these rather than native players that Vardon will be called upon to measure his strength.

Sporting Pictures. — "Grouse Driving" is the title of the latest set of prints published by Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Bristol. three are uniform in size and style with "Salmon Fishing" and "Deer Stalking," and are from the pictures by those clever artists, Douglas Adams and Messrs. Charles Whymper. In composition and drawing they leave nothing to he desired, and are worthy additions to the series issued by the publishers. interesting to examine the details of such works as these and compare their artistic quality and perfect accuracy with the sporting compositions of a bygone day. Here we have the hand of both sportsman and artist who are as much at home on the grouse moor as in the studio. The first of this series, "The Time of Peace," a brood of grouse on and about the turf butt, most commends itself to us; but the companion prints, whether as landscapes or shooting scenes, are equally deserving of very high praise.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During January—February, 1900.]

lanuary 20th the South and West Foxhounds met at Yarnfield Gate. icks Park several foxes were found, he pack divided into four, each getting with a burning scent. Three of the accounted for their fox, but the consisting of four couples, were r seen nor heard of until the following ng, when they returned to the kennels exhausted.

ring at Tuxedo Park on January 20th, Fi. Miles, the ex-amateur champion glish racquets, defeated Mr. Stockton, the American amateur champion, by three sets to love. Mr. E. H. Miles and Peter Latham (England) afterwards defeated Mr. Stockton and Henry Pettitt (amateur and professional champions of America) by three sets to love.

The death is announced on January 27th of Mr. W. H. Brougham, for many years Secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. Mr. Brougham, who was eighty years of age, had been for some forty-five years closely connected with the river Thames.

On January 29th the Tiverton Hounds enjoyed a run of an hour and forty minutes' duration without a check. The meet was at Whitnage, and hounds ran to Bickleigh Wood coverts, where other foxes started, and the first one was lost.

The death is announced, on January 29th, of Mr. S. K. Marsland, at Winthorpe, near Newark. Mr. Marsland, who was a good all-round sportsman, well known with the Belvoir, Blankney, and South Notts packs, was only forty-six years of age.

While hunting with the Wynnstay Foxhounds, on January 30th, the Hon. Mrs. Tyrwhitt, of Althrey Hall, Wrexham, met with a nasty accident. Her horse came down at an awkward fence, and Mrs. Tyrwhitt sustained bad injuries to her back.

Meeting at Bradley Hall on January 30th, the Braes of Derwent Foxhounds found a fox at Bovey's Fell, which gave the pack a run of an hour and forty minutes without a check through a storm of hail, sleet and snow, and over some of the roughest ground to be found in the country. The fox ultimately went to ground near Ravensworth.

Mr. T. Losey Wilkinson, of Nessham Abbey, Darlington, died on January 30th from influenza, following a chill after hunting with the Zetland Hounds. Mr. Wilkinson, who was a keen sportsman, had for years maintained a pack of otter hounds.

While riding at Tenby Hunt Steeplechases on January 31st, in the Cresselly Steeplechase, Tom Phillips was thrown when taking a bank, and his horse rolled over him. Phillips sustained fatal injuries.

Mr. A. Gordon, the well-known steeplechase rider, sustained severe injuries while hunting with the Southwold Foxhounds on January 31st. The meet was at Horsington, and while riding along the railway near Woodhall Spa, Mr. Gordon was thrown heavily.

The pure white fox, which was of a litter born in Norsey Wood, a well-known covert not far from the Essex Union Kennels, and which received attention in these columns earlier in the season, has, says the County Gentleman of February 3rd, been frequently "viewed," but has never, as yet, afforded the pack a run. For the last few weeks he had been missing, and it was feared he had fallen a victim to some zealous naturalist, but he is now reported to be inhabiting the High Woods, which are ten or twelve miles from Norsey, and in the Essex country.

The following is from Horse and Hound of February 3rd:—" In a far more shooting than hunting country, the Master sent the following rather funny notice to a big land-owner:—' Hounds will draw Lord—'s coverts on January—. Please see that all gates are unlocked."

The President of the Pontefract Farmers' Club, Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton (Master of the Badsworth Hounds), addressing the members at the annual dinner on February 7th, gratefully acknowledged the very kind references which had been made with regard to the friendly relations he maintained with the farmers of the district. He spoke of the difficulties he had to contend with in the management of his fields, and said that nothing distressed him more than the sight of a lot of "ramshackle huntsmen," whe had not the slightest idea of the nature of the crops over which they were riding.

He thought it would be a very good thin for foxhunting if someone would take the worthy gentry in hand, and give them lesson of the most infantile character, that they might at least be able to under stand what crops they were riding over He assured the farmers of his hearting good-will, and said he would continue efforts to secure that as little harm as pe sible should befall their crops. They wo understand that, when he saw a fell come slap-bang through a fence twenty or thirty others after him, he inclined to use strong language. occasions he really needed a pair of eye the back of his head to enable him to ke such gentry in check.

One of the oldest members of Pytchley Hunt, Mr. Richard Lee Bed died on February 11th at Brixworth Hin his eighty-ninth year. Mr. Bevan been a magistrate for over fifty years, twas in his day one of the hardest rides hounds. Brixworth Hall was always favourite meeting place.

During the year 1899 121 thorough horses were purchased in England and ported to France Of these 12 stallions, 105 brood mares, and 4 The stallions included the late Dwestminster's Frontier, by Orme, Quetta, and Mr. Leopold Rothsell Trident, by Ocean Wave, both being chased by the Government; Sund winner of the Two Thousand, and Bris. Mr. Edmond Blanc purchased and Graces.

The famous brood mare Frailty, de Trenton and other good horses, has de Mr. Thomas Morrin's stud, Wellia New Zealand. Frailty was bred by F. S. Reynolds in 1877, by Goldsbard dam Flora McIvor, by New Warrior. Frailty was never raced, her first foal, produced when she was four years old, was Trenton; among other of her produce becoming well known may be mentioned Havoc and Strathmore.

The thoroughbred stallion Candlemas died at Mr. J. B. Haggin's stud in America at the end of January. Candlemas, who was foaled in 1883, was first brother of St. Blaise, and ran second to Bendigo for the Eclipse Stakes, St. Gatien being third. He was exported for the stud to South Africa, and afterwards in 1892 was sold to America.

Marmiton, by Galopin, dam Bellicent, ided at the end of January at the Riverstown stud, co. Westmeath, Ireland. Marmiton was bred by Lord Rosebery in 1886, and sold the following year to Mr. Douglas Baird. He first ran at Doncaster in 1887, when he finished second to Ayrshire. The

best known of his stock is probably Irish Ivy, winner of the Cambridgeshire.

The Glamorganshire Hounds had an exciting run at St. Donat's, when the fox made for St. Mary's Church. Being hard pressed, after crossing a stream he cleared the churchyard wall, and bolting down the street, leaped through the window of the Cowbridge Grammar School, causing great commotion among the scholars. He was killed in the school scullery.

Writing to a correspondent, Lord Charles Beresford says:—"With regard to your question about the effect of field sports on our Army and Navy officers, I certainly do not agree with those who say that they devote too much time to sport. As long as sport does not interfere too much with duty—and I do not believe it is ever allowed to—it has a most beneficial effect on those engaged in it; and you will always find that the best officers are the best sportsmen."

TURF.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—DUNSTALL PARK STEEPLECHASES.

ANUARY 23rd. — The Wolverhampton Hurdle Handicap of 287 sovs; two miles.

Mr. H. S. Goodson's ch. g. Spinning Boy, aged, 11st. 1lb. W. Taylor Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson's ch. m. Saintly Songstress, aged, 11st. 6lb.

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Mr. W. P. Cullen 3 to 1 agst. King David.

suary 24th. —The Staffordshire Handicap Steeplechase of 184 sovs.; two miles

naked, 5 yrs., 10st. 8lb. Phelan Lord Denman's b. h. Sheriff's Officer, 6 yrs., 10 st. 9lb. James 4 to 1 agst. Mathioli.

BIRMINGHAM.—STERPLECHASE MEETING.

Hurdle Race of 135 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. F. E. Coulthwaite's ch. h. The

vol. LXXIII.—no. 481.

Khedive, by Gervas—The Old Lady, 5 yrs., 10st. 3lb. W. Smith Mr. C. E. Hunter's b. h. Sobieski, aged, 11st. 5lb. Mr. A. Gordon

January 27th. — The Birmingham Grand Annual Handicap Steeplechase of 254 sovs.; two miles. Mr. J. Lonsdale's b. g. Coragh Hill,

Mr. J. Lonsdale's b. g. Coragh Hill, by Gallinule—Jenny, aged, 10st. 7lb......Mr. C. Garnett Mr. H. M. Wilson's ch. g. Ledessan,

6 yrs., 10st. 10lb.............Clack Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, aged, 11st. 4lb. Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 100 to 9 agst. Coragh Hill.

GATWICK.—SECOND JANUARY MEETING.

January 31st.—The Maiden Hurdle Race of 174 sovs., for four-year-olds and upwards; two miles.

M. J. G. Clarke's b. g. Tornado II., by Cadogan—Avalanche, by The Flying Pieman, aged, 11st. 12lb.

J. Brewer Mr. W. Brodrick Cloete's br. g. Peace and Plenty, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb.

KEMPTON PARK.—FEBRUARY STEE-PLECHASE MEETING.

February 2nd.—The Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap of 175 sovs.; two miles. Mr. J. G. Bulteel's b. g. Drogheda, by Cherry Ripe — Eglentine, aged, 12st. 7lb. ...G. Williamson Mr. R. C. Dawson's b. m. Irish Girl, aged, 11st. 10lb....Gourley Sir G. Prescott's Josephus, aged, 11st. 1lb. (inc. 7lb. extra.) Dollery 8 to 1 agst. Drogheda. The Middlesex Maiden Hurdle Race of 430 sovs.; two miles. Captain Bewicke's br. h. General (late Ballyleck), 4 yrs., 10st. 4lb. C. James Mr. Myburgh's br. g. Thurling, 6 yrs., 11st. 11lb. Matthews 5 to 2 agst. General Peace.

IIAYDOCK PARK.—February Steeplechases.

Roy, by Atheling - Lucy, aged,

12st. 7lb.Acres Mr. H. Nugent's ch. g. Celer, 6 yrs.,

Mr. Straker's ch. g. Stop, aged, 11st. 6lb.Waddington

5 to 2 agst. Athel Roy.

NOTTINGHAM.—FEBRUARY MEETING

February 5th. — The Nottinghamship Handicap Steeplechase of 350 soin two miles. Mr. H. M. Wilson's ch. g. Ledessan,

by Royal Meath—Sapienza, 6
yrs., 10st. 11lb....Mr. A Wood
Mr. W. Barnett's b. m. Mrs.
Grundy, aged, 11st. 12lb. Clack:
Mr. J. Cannon's b. g. Barcalwhey.

Mr. J. Cannon's b. g. Barcalwhey, aged, 11st. 10lb. Mr. A. Gordon 100 to 12 agst. Ledessan.

5 yrs., 11st. 6lb. Mr. A. Gorda 9 to 4 agst. The Khedive.

FOOTBALL.

January 20th.—At Cambridge, The versity v. Coventry, former won goals 2 tries to 0.*

January 24th.—At Ealing, Middleses Oxford University, drawn, 2

each.† January 24th.—At Cambridge, **The** versity v. Kensington, former was 1 goal 3 tries to o.*

January 27th.—At Blackheath, Blackhev. Richmond, former won by 1 got tries to 1 goal.*

January 27th.—At Swansea, Wales Scotland, former won by 4 tries to January 27th.—At Cambridge, The

versity v. Marlborough Nomads, for won by I goal 3 tries to o. * nuary 20th.—At Cambridge, the

January 29th.—At Cambridge, the versity v. Southampton, former: 3 by 2 goals to 1.†

January 31st.—At Oxford, The University v. Oxfordshire, former won by 2 to 1.†

* Under Rugby Rules.
† Under Association Rules.

HOCKEY.

January 22nd.—At Richmond, Sout England v. Midland Counties, M won by 2 goals to o.

February 3rd.—At Kersal, Manche Lancashire v. Middlesex, latter by 4 goals to 3.

SHOOTING.

January 29th.—At Monte Carlo, O'Brien won the Grand Price Monaco.

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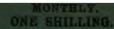


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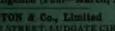
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OF

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Steel-engraved Portrait of The Hon. E. W B. Portman, M.F.H.;
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Engravings of Flying Fox and Racket.

The Hon. E. W. B. Portman, M.F.H.

THE Hon. E. W. B. Portman, eldest son of the second Viscount Portman, was born in London in 1856. He was a "wet bob" at Eton; but when, in January, 1875, he went to Christ Church, Oxford, he found polo more to his taste in the summer than boating, and hunting monopolised his leisure in the winter. He hunted regularly with the South Oxfordshire, then under the mastership of Lord Macclesfield, and also enjoyed sport with the Bicester and Warden Hill, mastered by

Lord Valentia. Later, he hunted with the Old Berkshire in the Vale which formed their Friday country. He left Oxford in 1878, and in the following year received a commission in the Dorsetshire Yeomanry, from which corps, by the way, he retired as major in 1893, after fourteen years service. Foxhunting holds the first place among sports in Mr. Portman's affections. He knows Dorsetshire pretty thoroughly, having hunted with all the county packs, and, before he undertook the

mastership of the Taunton Vale hounds, acted at times as fieldmaster for his father, Lord Portman. He became master of the Taunton Vale in May, 1897, at a very critical period of its existence; since then he has devoted himself to improving the pack and with no inconsiderable degree of success, for he shows good sport over a country which has many merits, but which in parts is very rough. He is ably assisted by Mr. R. M. Dodington, of Orchard Portman, Taunton, who carries the horn, and has two good men in H. Price and F. West, his first and second whippers-in. Mr. Portman retires from the mastership at the close of the present season. He has about 10,000 acres of shooting in the neighbourhood of Taunton. all of which is amply stocked and strictly preserved. Partridge shooting, walking and driving most appeal to him, and he is fond of a day with the rabbits. Mr. Portman's creed of reconciliation between hunting and shooting is tersely and lucidly expressed in the standing orders given his keepers -" foxes first, partridges second, 'poultry' third.

A keen fisherman, he has visited Norway every summer for the last eighteen years. Prior to 1888 he had a reach on the Orkla; since that date he has fished the Löerdal, of which, in 1890, he bought the leases, some of the

fishing rights, and, what is a consideration in Norway, hospitable though the people be, a comfortable house. Since he secured the rights of the Löerdal river, he has had many excellent seasons, the best being that of 1897, when, in thirty-five days' fishing, he killed, to his own rod, 203 salmon and 41 grilse, aggregating 3,350 lbs.

Mr. Portman married in July, 1892, Constance Mary, third daughter of the second Baron Wenlock, and widow of Captain the Hon. E. Vesey, 9th Lancers. Until 1894 he lived at St. Giles; Dorset, the family seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury; in that year he moved to Hestercombe, Taunton, where he now resides.

He' farms about 1,000 acres round Hestercombe, and is a successful breeder of Devon cattle. horned Dorset sheep and Berkshire pigs. Representatives of his herd have distinguished themselves in the prize ring. At the Royal Counties Show held at Windsor last year he took a champion prize with a Devon bull, and at the Somerset County Show. at Bridgewater, he carried off champion honours with a Devon He has also a herd of Jerseys, and a model dairy to supply his own establishment.

Mr. Portman is a Justice of the Peace for Devon and Somerset, and Deputy Lieutenant for the latter county, for which, in 1898,

he was High Sheriff.

An Imperial Corps of Guides.

Among the numerous irregular corps raised for service in South Africa, few have excited warmer admiration and given greater promise of invaluable utility than Lovat's detachment of Highland gillies. The special scouting duties, which they are being asked to perform, need not be detailed in this paper, in that they are self-evident from the raison d'être of the corps, which may be described briefly as sport, in its professional, or rather wageearning aspect, applied to tactics. And what better attributes can go to the making of a scout than the keenness of eye, the patience, the self-control, the hardy physique, and the well-trained powers of observation, all of which are ingrained in the nature of these Highlanders by the ordinary routime of their daily life? Transformed into a military force, the mearest parallel to be found to them are the scouts familiar to **war** boyhood in the graphic pages Fenimore Cooper. A question, however, suggesting itself, both **Leon** the formation of this corps and the marvellous success that has attended the tactics of the memy (who have always proa profound contempt for the text-book article when it is not **M**bordinated to the experiences gained by them in hunting to live on the veldt), is, have not we as a mation, whose devotion to sport stands unrivalled, neglected the exercise of this taste in things military?

About ten years ago, when cavalry manœuvres on a large scale were first instituted, the locale being the Berkshire Downs, the reports furnished to their Governments by the foreign thaches present, inspired a sig-

nificant cartoon in Punch. smart hussar, sitting his charger with that easy grace which is the prerogative of Englishmen, is depicted clearing a five-barred gate in magnificent style. A foreign staff officer standing by, though admiring the horsemanship displayed, is made to exclaim — "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." In other words, the lesson of the manœuvres, as seen through Continental spectacles, was to the effect that the British cavalry, though splendid utterly disregarded horsemen, reconnoitring or scouting duties, and dashed about cross-country heedless of the wariness so essential to success in these days of smokeless powder and magazine But our foreign critics. while picking holes in the cavalry manœuvres—where tactics were concerned—expressed a wish that the horsemanship of our officers and troopers might be emulated among their own. This reference, however, may be thought to stultify our argument, by implying that our officers at least do carry their sporting propensities into the field, riding as hard there as they do to hounds, whereas the crux of the question is, do they apply to warfare the exercise of good judgment which all realise to be the making of the ideal cross-country rider?

A "thruster" is not necessarily in the first-flight, and similarly a fearless, hard-riding cavalryman may, as warfare is now conducted, be a tactless leader.

To cut a long story short, the authorities, to do them justice, have always encouraged sport and manly games of every kind among the Army as a whole, wisely realising that all such

exercises tend to the improvement of the physical and moral qualities of the soldier. But here, unfortunately, their interest stops short, for no attempt is made to turn the experiences thus gained, or existing ready made, into a technical channel. The "slim" strategy and tactics exhibited by the defender of Mafeking are a refreshing exception, however, for here we have a born leader who treats and teaches these subjects as a sport.

To return, though, to the subject that formed the commencement of this article, and from which a digression has been made. Extraordinary circumstances have called this corps of Highland scouts into existence; the termination of the war will mean its disbandment. Why, however, should not the British army become permanently possessed of a battalion, regiment, or brigade of picked men, whose duties would be confined scouting and reconnaissance? They might best be recruited from the gillie, gamekeeper, and forester classes, great care being exercised in the selection of candidates as to eyesight physique, though not necessarily as to height. A proportion of the corps should possess a mounted infantry basis. In time of peace the force might exist as a militia. liable to be called up for only a few weeks' training in the year. The course of training itself would differ considerably from that of an ordinary regimental unit; sentrygo and other barrack routine might be altogether excluded; elementary drill alone need be inculcated; but too much attention could not be paid intelligently conceived and practically carried out instruction in scouting and all that pertains to it, while in course of time every

man would be expected to qualify as a marksman.

If formed as a militia, the men would be allowed to take home their rifles, and during the non-training period they should be allotted a liberal allowance of ball cartridge with which to practice at the nearest range. The services of none would be retained who proved to be of untrustworthy character, or, within a year, say, gave no promise of becoming a first-class shot.

Of course, such a corps as we are imagining could not be got by paying its members on the shilling per day mark; something considerably higher would be required; the allowances, too, would have to be regulated on a liberal scale, and the clothing and equipment be the best of their kind.

One of the chief drawbacks which might be urged against the existence of such a well-paid and privileged corps d'élite, however, would be the jealousy manifested towards it by other units. is not proposed, though, that the whole corps, or indeed any large portion of it, would assemble at some large camp of exercise like Aldershot, and there lord it over. be derided by, their less pretentious comrades. On the contrary, the whole aim and object of the corps would mess that, in order to accomplish in purpose as the eyes and ears d an army, its training should be conducted as unostentatiously possible, and, as a rule, by small independent, and scattered see tions. For example, the field-day season at Aldershot would neces sitate the requisition of a certain number of these, the autumn ma nœuvres on Salisbury Plain considerably larger quantity, as so on at the Curragh, Strensal and elsewhere, according to the scope of each.

But if our own authorities have neglected the utility of picked corps, founded upon a sporting basis, two foreign nations can teach us a lesson in this respect. The famous Italian Alpini, recruited from hardy mountaineers, and men who possess a practical knowledge of, and are bound mirectly by ties of blood to, the well-defined zone of mountains they defend, owe their existence the example set by British sportsmen in this wise. In 1864 the Italian Alpine Club was bunded, on purpose to remove e disgrace of the fact that Spine matters were more studied Englishmen than Italians, who. ideed, had then to purchase aglish works of reference for formation concerning their own countains. At this period, also, e natural barrier to any insion of Italy stood totally unpotected, for the idea of defendthe Alpine passes themselves means of works and mountain cops hardly ever entered into he heads of the military auorities. But, thanks to the rmation of this Club. ergy of the race was awakened. he Italians began to understand at underneath the eagerness of mad, mountain - climbing kglishman there was something re positive than the mere ast of ascent; and the associon, in short, served as promitor of the Alpine companies preparing the public mind for just appreciation of the Alps their capabilities for defence. scheme, however, met with at opposition at first. Generals the old school shook their ids and declared that with ntier men discipline would be possible, others said the Gomment was running the risk of ming companies of smugglers. evertheless, on October 15th,

1872, the order was given for the formation of the Alpini, and in the following year fifteen companies were raised, a number that has since been increased to its present quota of seventy-three.

And what have been the results of this new defensive factor? He who to-day traverses the Italian slope of the Alps finds at every step new roads open, preparations for defence and shelter. special magazines provided, every recess explored, every crest and slope reconnoitred, and summit scaled—whereas, thirty years ago, nothing of the kind had been attempted. Again, the arduous, yet invigorating, nature of the duties performed by the Alpini has exercised a beneficent influence throughout the Italian army. Officers of the Alpine troops who exchanged into the Line first testified to the moral and physical value of the rough school in which they had been educated, so that now every infantry regiment in turn is made to exchange duty for one winter with an Alpine unit, in order that it may undergo a special course of training in mountain warfare. The men, it is said, enjoy their fortnightly expeditions among the high snows like schoolboys, and when the regiment returns to the plains its physique and general efficiency reveal wonderful im-Lastly, the Alpini provement. have removed the national disgrace of seeing their mountains first scaled by foreigners, for on July 31st, 1897, a party succeeded, after a whole month's marching and camping, in reaching the virgin peak of Mount St. Elias, 5,514 metres above the level of the sea, and planting on the summit the national standard—a feat that English and American mountaineers had repeatedly endeavoured to accomplish, but in vain. The constitution of this unique corps, which forms the eyes, ears and screen of Italian land defence, is strictly territorial. The men are all raised in the mountain regions, which are partitioned off into recruiting districts, and subdivided into zones of study for each company.

The second corps, or rather independent array of regimental units, which furnishes us with an alternative example of a rank and file Intelligence department for service in the field, is to be found in the Russian army. It is known plurally as the Okhotniki.

. The word Okhotniki may be scouts." paraphrased "trained Every company of infantry contributes a detachment of eight men, distinguished from their comrades by a green badge on the sleeve and commanded by a non-commissioned officer, who is mounted on a troop horse from the transport. The commander of a detachment acts under the supervision of his regimental colonel, and these two are responsible for carrying out the training, which aims at bringing the physical condition of the unit to the highest perfection, and cultivating its intelligence and "moral qualities." The special course of physical training includes gymnastics, games, swimming, fencing and the surmounting of obstacles, the last exercise being carried out in full field equipment. Cross-country expeditions and reconnaissance duties are practised up to great distances and under as varied conditions as possible, with the object of inuring the men to long marches, acquainting them with the lie of the roads, giving them an eye for a country, and developing what is understood by the term, the bump of locality. In these particulars every exertion is made to keep

clear of the garrison towns and large training camps, since it is wisely realised that, when stationed at such, the locality soon becomes so monotonously familiar that scouting duties at field days will be only perfunctorily performed, to the detriment of the training system at large. example, in our own service a regiment need not be long stationed at Aldershot before everybody, from the colonel to the junior subaltern, from the sergeant-major to the private, is acquainted by heart with the timehonoured schemes that form the fundamental features of the field days, as the latter are restricted by limited manœuvring ground and the presence of familiar land-With the Okhotniki, however, the idea is to keep the men, who are the eyes, ears and feelers of their regiment, constantly interested by novel sights and surroundings; to teach them what they are to observe and why, to use and to make maps, and to find their way in a strange country solely by the aid of the map, compass or stars. Consequently, if a Russian infantry regiment was stationed at Aldershot, its Okhotniki would ere long be taking economical walking tours through the Midland counties, Devonshire or Wales, instead of tramping the Fox Hills and the Long Valley. As regards shooting, these regimental scouts are not only exercised at movable targets, but even in firing at game. The best possible moving target is naturally an animal; but this, of course can only be done when the get into sparsely-populated dis Nevertheless, in tricts. a country as Russia there plenty of opportunity for suc training, and many of the large landowners now encourage th love of sport by permitting partie

of Okhotniki who may pass their way to have a few days' shooting in their forcests

in their forests. The origin of the Okhotniki is as follows:—As far back as the defence of Sebastopol such detachments were employed, and continued to be used during the campaigns in the Caucasus. Central Asia and the great war of 1877-78. At first they were recognised by the officers in immediate command, and were not a regular institution. It was more like the old plan of calling for picked men as volunteers on a forlorn hope, or for some specially This state of arduous duty. things lasted till the war in the Caucasus demonstrated their great atility, and then the system entered on a new phase. Small permanent bodies of them were formed in various parts of the Empire in immediate touch with the regiments from which they were drawn. But at last, in 1886, an army order was issued prowiding for their creation, though only to the extent of four men per company, and assigning no special time for them to be trained their peculiar duties, except in general way on any days when bey were not on ordinary duty. This was hardly popular, for the men very naturally did not see why they should be expected to devote their leisure time to the work. In 1891 a circular set part two days in the week for eir training, and directed they **bo**uld, as far as possible, be cused sentry duty, given better ations when out on field practice, d a light cart to carry their aggage, and a saddle-horse to eir commander. A year later e complement of the detachents was raised to eight men company, and various priviges, such as the green badge on sleeve and promotion to rank

of sergeant, independent of proficiency in drill, &c., added.

If any parallel is to be found to this excellent institution, it is in our own Indian army in the Guides. But even there the name has lost its original significance. In its military sense the term "guide" means one resident in, or otherwise familiar with, the country, and especially with the roads by which an enemy may approach. The corps originated as follows:— When, nearly sixty years ago, we annexed the Punjab, provision had to be made against two restless factors. First, every village from the Sutley to the Indus contained its quota of the vanquished and disbanded Sikh army; second, there were the tribes of the wild hill country north of the Indus, who, backed by our deceitful ally the Ameer, seized every opportunity to raid, plunder and ravage the north-west frontier of our newly-acquired dependency.

Henry Lawrence was the first person to realise that it would be quite possible to raise a frontier guard from the ranks of these turbulent clansmen themselves. and on the 14th December, 1846, a Government order was issued authorising the formation of a ressalah of cavalry and two companies of infantry from this source, under the name of the "Corps of Guides." For the first two years of its existence the organisation of the corps seems to have been of a very rough and ready description; but, although drawn from a hostile population, and having only a pecuniary interest in serving well, the inherent characteristics of its members as manhunters immediately asserted themselves above the influence of all racial ties. In 1848, after two years' incessant fighting, the new corps was marched down to the

Punjab capital, and here the Guides received an important recruit in the person of their first adjutant, the famous William Hodson, an appointment that was destined to provide the recipient with those unique experiences which afterwards made him an unrivalled partisan leader. Hodson was entrusted the duty of completing their organisation and outfit, and for uniform he selected a drab-coloured cloth, which, with few modifications in texture and dye, is now known by that most familiar of names "Khaki." The Guides, accordingly, were the very first troops to adopt this excellent and workmanlike material, and for fully thirty years they had the monopoly of it. Sir Charles Napier was delighted with Hodson's taste in the matter. "They are the only properly dressed light troops I have seen in India," he is reported to have remarked, and the distinctive uniform thus selected was long connected with their gallant deeds. And concerning these same gallant deeds a goodly-sized volume could be compiled; in short, the achievéments of the Guides are an integral portion of the military history of India for the last fifty-four years. As already hinted, though, the original purpose of the corps has meanwhile been lost. It began by being a frontier guard of born scouts, whereas it has long since developed into a "crack" regiment of regulars, which, in our Indian Army, stands in much the same position to the native troops as does the Household Brigade to the regiments of the Line.

At the present juncture, therefore, the British Army does not possess a single unit of trained scouts, but if ever there was, or is likely to be, an opportunity for suggesting the raising of such a force on a permanent basis, the present is the time. Under the title of the "Imperial Corps of Guides," the old country and all the colonies might be represented by home-trained detachments. whose members would be recruited exclusively from among the sportloving, "open air" classes to be found in each. Such a force would be unique in the armies of the world, and if any nation has the material ready to hand, and only awaiting the word, that nation is ourselves. H. G. A.

Veteran Masters of Harriers.

MR. JOHN PUGH VAUGHAN PRYSE, of Bwlchbychan, Macsycrygian, near Carmarthen, is one of the few masters of harriers who can look back upon a period of office exceeding forty years; and still hale and full of energy in his eighty-second year, he not only

by private tutors, which method of education afforded him more opportunities of indulging in field sports than fall to the lot of public-school boys. His studies completed, he was free to turn his attention to the pursuits that most appealed to him, and for several



Elliott & Fry, photo.

J. P. VAUGHAN PRYSE.

directs the destinies of his pack, but carries the horn himself, hunting two days a week and an occational bye.

Mr. J. P. Vaughan Pryse is the third and youngest son of Mr. Pryse Pryse, of Gogerddan, in Cardigan, which estate is now when by his nephew, Sir Pryse Pryse, Bart. He was born in the year 1818, and was educated

years he had almost the entire management of his father's stable of hunters and his pack of hounds. The Gogerddan Hunt (given up during the past season under very sad circumstances which will be fresh in the memory of readers) was of old establishment, dating from the time of the Pryse Pryse who flourished in 1700, and for over a century and a half hunted

a very large tract of country. Mr. Vaughan Pryse found enough to occupy him in his father's stable and kennels, and had more than his share of misfortune, the pack being twice decimated by rabies. The same fate overtook Mr. Vaughan Pryse's own private pack, a small one which he started in 1839 to hunt the foumart, or as it is now more generally known, the pole cat, in the Cardiganshire woods and hills; the second outbreak of rabies in the Gogerddan kennels swept the foumart hounds out of existence. During the season 1845-6 Mr. Vaughan Pryse carried the horn with his father's hounds, and showed much good sport in their wild country.

In 1851 he moved to his present residence, and seven years later laid the foundations of the pack of harriers which have ever since been known by his name. began with seven couples given him by Mr. Hughes, of Castelldd, and two couples given by Captain Evans, of Uddens, Dorsetshire; these were sixteen inch hounds. They showed sport, but Mr. Vaughan Pryse soon found that a sixteen inch harrier was too small to withstand the fatigues of long and hard days after the stout hares of a rough district, and gradually increased the size of his harriers to eighteen-and-ahalf inches, which level he has since maintained. For many seasons he was able to advertise four days a week, but the steady increase of wire, more especially of the curse of hunting, barbed wire, has made so much of his territory impassable to horses and dangerous to hounds, that he was compelled to reduce his hunting days to two, with a bye when possible. His present pack is as good as, if not better than, any he has ever possessed.

For several years Mr. Vaughan

Pryse was in the habit of sending representatives from his kennel to Peterborough, but has given up showing since the introduction of foxhound blood has become so general in harrier kennels: his own pack consists of pure harriers with a very remote dash of foxhound blood.

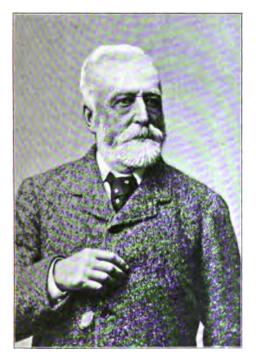
Mr. Vaughan Pryse has been thrice married: in 1844 to Mary Anne, second daughter of Mr. John Walters Phillipps, Aberglasney, Carmarthenshire; secondly, ın 1853, to Decima Dorothea, youngest daughter of Major Rice, of Llwynybrain, Carmarthenshire; and, thirdly, to Anna Isabella. widow of the late Mr. Dundas Cleote.

Sir John Heathcoat Amory has held the mastership of his harriers for a period of forty-one years, having established his pack in the year 1859. Sir John Amory's are twenty-inch pure harriers, all white or badger-pied, having no cross of foxhound blood; they hunt the country, chiefly consisting of pasture and plough, within the boundaries of the Tiverton and Eggesford territories. John Amory is also master of the pack of staghounds known by his name, which was started in 1896 to hunt country into which the deer were spreading from Exmoor. and which the Devon and Somerset hounds could not conveniently reach.

Mr. William Loveband Chorley has this season completed his 34th year as master and huntsman of the Quarme Harriers. Mr. Chorley in 1867 purchased the pack from the executors of the late Captain John Guy Evered, and he has since that date kennelled and maintained the hounds at his residence, Quarme, near the picturesque little town of Dunster, in Somerset. Mr. Chorley was born in the year 1827, and was

tered to hounds as soon as he is big enough to sit his pony. In in that cradle of many fine ortsmen, the Devon and Somerborderland, and brought up in atmosphere of sport, it was in a nature of things that he should be kindly to horse and hound. The Knights of Simonsbath, on imoor, Sir Frederic and his others Charles and Lewis, figure

now and again took a day, and, he adds drily, now and then a "toss" with the harriers on the moors. The harriers were then hunted by the famous Rev. John Froude, of Knowstone, whose huntsman, Jack Babbage, afterwards entered the service of Mr. Mordaunt Fenwick Bisset, when that gentleman held the mastership of the staghounds. The por-



[no. Chafin & Sons, Taunton, photo.]

W. L. CHORLEY.

ong his earliest recollections.
ose gentlemen kept a pack
fox-hounds with which they
nted the country since held
succession by Mr. Nicholas
ow, of Oare, and Sir William
lliams. As he grew older, Mr.
orley hunted with the Devon
I Somerset staghounds, then
ler Mr. Willoughby Stoyle, and

traits of "Old Jack Babbage" and Arthur Heal, who turned hounds to him, are among the most prominent in the presentation picture, "Stag at Bay in Badgworthy Water" which was given to Mr. Bisset by the members of the Hunt when he resigned the reins of office in 1881 after twenty-six most successful years. Mr. Bisset

and Babbage are long since dead, but Arthur Heal still lives, and dearly loves a chat about old days. Mr. Chorley was one of those who took an active part in promoting the testimonial to Mr. Bisset; among his coadjutors being Mr. S. Warren, then hon. secretary of the Hunt, Mr. Lucas, of Baron's Down, Mr. W. Norman, Sir W. W. Karslake, Mr. Froude Bellew, and the famous sporting cleric, the Rev. " Jack " Russell. Mr. Chorley can recall many happy days on the hills and moors of Winsford, Hawkridge and the Barle Valley with the Rev. John Russell, whose career as master was then over, Mr. Froude Bellew having succeeded him. Mr. Froude Bellew began as master of the harriers he inherited from his uncle, the Rev. John Froude, but soon converted the pack into foxhounds.

The Rev. John Russell, by the way, was entrusted with the very responsible and delicate task of finding a pilot for the Prince of Wales when His Royal Highness came down to Exmoor to hunt with the Devon and Somerset. His choice, endorsed by Mr. Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, the Prince's host for the occasion, fell upon Mr. Chorley; a higher compliment to horsemanship and intimate knowledge of a wide and wild country could not have been paid.

With such an upbringing it was hardly strange that Mr. Chorley should joyfully have accepted the opportunity to start a pack of his own to hunt the district offered him—a large tract of country which included Exmoor, Winsford, Brendon, Molland, Hawkridge and Withypool—all moorlands interspersed with farm holdings. He has been very fortunate in finding among the farmers hearty supporters who

preserve hares for him; never has he had reason to regret the day he established the pack which has shown good sport to many and tried friends.

Mr. Chorley is a busy man: be farms his own land, and yet he has found time to officiate as Chairman of the Dulverton Board of Guardians and of the District Council: first as County Councillor, and since then as Alderman for the County of Somerset. He has been Chairman of the local Farmers' Club for very many years, and for his various services has been made the recipient of several handsome testimonials. Among these are a silver horn and gold-mounted whip presented in 1875 in recognition of the sport he has provided. In 1897 he received from upwards of five hundred friends another gift consisting of his own portrait and a large quantity of silver plate.

Mr. George Race, of Road Farm, near Biggleswade, has the proud distinction of being the master who has held office for a longer period than any other in England, whether of foxhounds, harriers or staghounds. He has this year completed his sixtieth season as master of the Biggleswade Harriers—his own pack—and therefore falls short by only two seasons of Mr. Henry Vigne's record.

Mr. Race was born on November 23rd, 1818, and was entered to hounds as soon as he could stick on a pony, for his father, Mr. John Race, known to a past generation as "Thistlewhipper," the pen-name over which he contributed much to the Sporting Magazine, kept In 1840 Mr. George harriers. Race started with four couple of hounds which were given him by Mr. Philip Booth (whose portrait on his favourite horse "Goldfringe " appeared many years age. in the Sporting Magazine): at the

the season 1840-1, Mr. John Race procured for his son, John Race procured for his son, John a friend to whom he had lent her, a bitch named Pastime, and the late Mr. Wells, an uncle of Mr. George Race, having given has bitch named Damsel, he would be the beauty which has provided sport for neighbours and friends for the pears. He brought judg-

Book was established he used chiefly small stallion hounds from the Oakley kennels, and his kennel huntsman, George Dyer, who has been with him for twenty-one seasons, can show at this present hour as good-looking a lot as you shall find in any kennel in England.

Having seventy and odd seasons of sport with fox, hare and deer



W. H. Tuck & Co., 204, Regent Street, photo.]

GEORGE RACE.

ment to bear upon the mating of bunds, and in 1853 sold ten tuples for 170 gs. to go to France. Be retained two-and-a-half couples bitches to breed from, making his working pack by the purtase of ten couples from Mr. hilip Barling in Kent. It may be be remarked that Mr. Race refers bitches to dogs, as being tricker. Until the Harrier Stud

behind him and a marvellously retentive memory, it follows as a matter of course that Mr. George Race, in his eighty-second year, should possess an unrivalled fund of anecdote and reminiscence concerning the chase. He was fond of the gun, and only a few years back laid aside the muzzle-loader to which his conservative soul had clung for two-and-fifty years;

but shooting holds quite a minor place in his affections. He has devoted all his time, resources and energies to the chase, and nothing else; in his own words, "the chase has been the chain on which the links of his life have been strung. He has known four masters and twenty-two huntsmen of the Cambridgeshire during his hunting career; he saw Mr. Barnett, who took office in 1829, find his first fox in the cubbing season, and can give you the points of the run as though it had happened last week. How they found an old dog fox on Tetworth Common and ran him straight to Girtford, about three miles, and were obliged to stop hounds because the line lay through a field of For the benefit of onion seed. those unacquainted with peculiarities of this valuable crop. it may be said that the passage of hounds through it would knock down the ripening seed from the heavy-headed globes that bear it. Twenty couple of hounds would do an enormous amount of damage in a field of onion seed. Even as Mr. Race saw Mr. Barnett find his first fox he saw him kill his last, in 1867. He had had this fox in view for the last three fields, and saw him jump a wall into Mr. Sewell's yard at the St. Neots end of Buckden; hounds running for blood streamed into the yard, but no fox was there. Race was beginning wonder where he had gone, when suddenly he appeared on the wall which divides the yard from the kitchen-garden and jumped back almost into the jaws of the pack.

Mr. Race has seen some changes in the conditions of hunting during his time. There are more hares in his country than there were sixty years ago, thanks to the farmers, who are not generally coursing men, but are all keen

followers of the Road Farm pack. In the season 1873-4 the Biggleswade killed 110 brace of hares; in three or four other seasons they have killed over a hundred brace. With few exceptions, Mr. Race's supporters are all farmers. This may perhaps help to explain the almost complete absence of wire in his country. One change in the method of farming has made a difference in a plough country like this; in the 'forties the fields were generally left as they were after the harvest until Christmas. and it was then usual to leave a wide margin round the fields, a practice which often gave a line over grass for miles through seas of plough. Things are changed now; the stubbles are ploughed soon after harvest, and those excellent grass margins have been sacrificed on the altar of need: farmers can't spare the land in these days.

Among the runs he enjoyed with his pack in their early days, Mr. Race recalls one with a white hart on 19th October, 1847. must be said that he often runs outlying fallow deer when they break bounds and escape from Waresley, Wimpole Park elsewhere.) They found this white hart in Mr. Whitbread's place, Southill Park, and he led hounds a rare dance; Mr. Race never touched them from find to finish. and he and Mr. Lindsell (for seventeen years master of the Cambridgeshire) were the only two up when the hart soiled in a pond close to Leighton Buzzard and was taken safely by some navvies. A seventeen-mile pointand twenty-one as hounds ran.

The strangest find he remembers was in the cubbing season is 1841 or 1842 with the Cambridge shire. Hounds had been out some hours and had failed to find a fox, and eventually Mr. Barnett

decided to try a covert on Mr. Mickley's farm, at Abingdon. To Mr. Mickley he remarked that they had been out since daylight and had not heard a whimper. "Can't find!" exclaimed Mr. Mickley; "I'll find for you;" and, calling to an old spaniel bitch, he sent her off into some hedge-rows and plantations near the homestead. After about a quarter of an hour he whistled her back, and before she got halfway across the home field she was followed by a fine, well-grown cub. The cub was one of a litter of four which Mr. Mickley had taken after the vixen had been killed; they had been reared by the spaniel, and this one had never gone far from the home of his foster mother. Hapless cub! be stood up for twenty minutes and paid the penalty.

Mr. Race's memory for the incidents of a good run enjoyed My years ago or more is extraardinary. Where only the year here given blame the scribe, for mact dates, and often hours, were iven him. One day, in 1848, the ggleswade had a splendid run with a hare from Litlington Field; bey ran her over twelve miles of country, and killed in Capon's food, in the Puckeridge territory, ter an hour and a half. On th February, 1851, they had nother very good run indeed with buck from Salem Thrift, in the hkley country; he ran straight Moulsoe Covert, turned leftnded and on to Salford Moor, here the bitches killed him. stance: between eleven and belve miles: time; an hour and ity minutes.

Among more recent runs, Mr. ace recalls one with a deer from and Wood, Waresley, on 30th arch, 1889. They roused the at three in the afternoon, a hard for an hour and thirty-

five minutes, and killed him in the brook by themselves at Cardington Cross.

Many masters, Mr. Race knows, will disagree with him in his conviction that it does harriers absolutely no harm to run a deer. His own experience has convinced him that they may hunt deer for a fortnight on end, and then turn to hare without detriment to their steadiness. He has seen his own pack do this too frequently to have any doubts on the subject. Mr. Race has a very high opinion of the wisdom of hounds. "If you leave them alone, they will find out what is required of them, and do it. Hounds have more sense than the men who often ride after them," he adds, with a touch of genial cynicism.

To say that so good a sportsman was once guilty of vulpecide, and is not at all ashamed of it, would possibly convey a false impression. Yet, if not the actual slayer, he was once the instigator of that crime and an accessory after the fact. The deed was done nearly fifty-nine years ago in this wise:—It was in the cubbing season, and the Cambridgeshire were in Potton Wood, a big covert of some 200 acres. had been bustling some four or five brace about the wood since six o'clock in the morning, and with poor scent and bad luck. had been unable to get hold of one. It was four in afternoon, and the huntsman, John Ward, was almost weeping for blood for his young entry. Mr. Race resolved they should have it; a keeper had been standing about the wood all day, and to him he gave the word to do murder.

"Stand here at the end of this ride, and next time a cub crosses, if hounds are on his line, SHOOT HIM DEAD IN FRONT OF THEM."

Now the keeper was a willing man, but he failed to take in the significance of this astonishing order, and ten minutes later Mr. Race, at the bottom of the wood, heard the report of his gun, hounds at the moment being far away on the right. He galloped up the ride and met his accomplice, whose bulky pocket betrayed him. Pointing out that there was not a hound near him. Mr. Race said what he thought of the keeper's stupidity, and set himself to repair the blunder as well as he might. Calling the man to follow him, he led the way to the top of the wood where a hunt-gate gave on a field of stubble—the long stubble of prereaping-machine days.

"Pull out that cub and tie him to my thong," he said, tossing the point to his accomplice. "Hold the gate open and keep

your mouth shut."

And away galloped Mr. Race, dragging his victim nearly round the field up a furrow a land or two from the hedge. He jumped off, untied the thong, and left the murdered cub, to get back to the gate where the keeper waited. Then he halloa'd. (He justly prides himself on a voice you could still hear across half a county.) In another minute up they came, cheered on by their delighted huntsman.

"Where's he gone, gov'ner, where's he gone?" cried he to Mr. Race (who, by the way, was acting as whipper-in that day, the renowned Bob Ward being laid up.) "All right, they've hit it," replied Mr. Race, as they poured through the gate. They owned the line with a burst of music, carried it all round the field driving like demons, swung like a flock of pigeons at the corners, and after overrunning the line a few yards, swung back

upon that cub—and killed him again! The supreme moment arrived when Mr. Barnett, elate but calm, approached Mr. Race.

"George," he said impressively, "you're a young sportsman, let this be a lesson to you. Persevere, persevere, always persevere with your fox. Stick to him. Never give him up while you can see a yard. You see what perseverance has done to-day."

The huntsman appeared to have misgivings, but Mr. Barnett, who had seen less, knew none; and it was years before the truth

was confessed to him.

Mr. Race's experience has been tolerably wide; he has hunted most animals that can be hunted "from a Hart to a field mouse, and the only form of sport the failed to appeal to him is often hunting. Otter-hunting, so fas he has seen, does not affect the enough scope for hound-work Many readers of Bally will agree with him. His experiences will fallow deer must be told at another time.

Seven years ago Mr. Race was compelled to give up riding; results of "rider's strain" in paired the muscles of his ried thigh, and when increase of the mischief made impossible wh had for long been painful. hunted in the lightest of poor Knowing every bye-pat gate and gap in the country-side everywhere welcome wheels as he had been on hors back, he, with his matured know ledge of the ways of fox, hare at deer, still sees as much spot from his trap as many a man we mounted, and more than some these.

Save for the lameness which has thus incapacitated him Mr. Race is still hale and full ovitality. In 1859 the follower of the Biggleswade Harriers prewented him with a handsome electron transport of silver tankard and a pair of silver tankard and a pair of silver tankard and a pair of silver the had shown for nineteen tanks; and some few years afterends by presentation of his fortrait on a favourite horse, The Baron," with two-and-a-half tanples of pet bitches. In 1890

they celebrated the fiftieth year of his mastership by the gift of a handsome gold watch; the presentation was made at the Town Hall, Biggleswade, the late Lord Hardwicke being in the chair. May Mr. Race live to create a new "record" in masterships!

С.

The Coming Polo Season.

A FORECAST.

THAT sort of a polo season are egoing to have? is a question good many polo players must ave asked themselves. It must confessed that from ints of view the prospect is not fight. Not only are our best dier players away in South colunteers also have drawn off many who would, in the ordinary purse of things, have punted among the civilian folwers of the game. As hunting suffered from the absence of many sportsmen, so polo will affer too. There are other possible anges, too, for it would not rprise me to hear that some stacles were thrown in the way those soldier players who reain by the authorities. There is unjust attempt to charge some the failures of the war on the votion to polo and other sports the subaltern officers. But it **not** these men who have failed, **x** some who were supposed to e above all things professional. he fact is, so far as the scantiless of means in our army will ermit, our younger officers are ry well educated and trained, d those who have succeeded

best and gained most credit are our best polo-players.

It is not out of place here to repeat that, in the qualities they call out, polo and football are the two games which are the best suited for officers and soldiers respectively, and contain in themselves some valuable elements of military training. But there can be no doubt that, if the war does cast a shadow—and the absence of friends and comrades must do that —over our polo clubs, yet in the end it will probably make the game more popular than ever.

In another place I have pointed out how great was the stimulus to athletics given by the wars of the Peninsula, the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny, and I do not doubt that the same results will follow from the South African war. In some ways the polo clubs will be affected both directly and indirectly by it. The stimulus given to horse-breeding, the larger number of men who will be engaged in soldiering, must necessarily affect a game which depends not wholly indeed, but greatly, on military support. Nor is this all, for polo brings the younger civilians into contact with soldiers in a very

special way, for if polo is in the first place the pastime of the horse soldier, it is also both here and in America a favourite game with busy men. Our leading clubs have not, at all events, been unduly depressed by the war, and both Hurlingham and Ranelagh put forward programmes full of interest. They, at all events, are in no wise daunted by the prospects. To turn first, then, to the senior club, we find all the accustomed tournaments on the list.

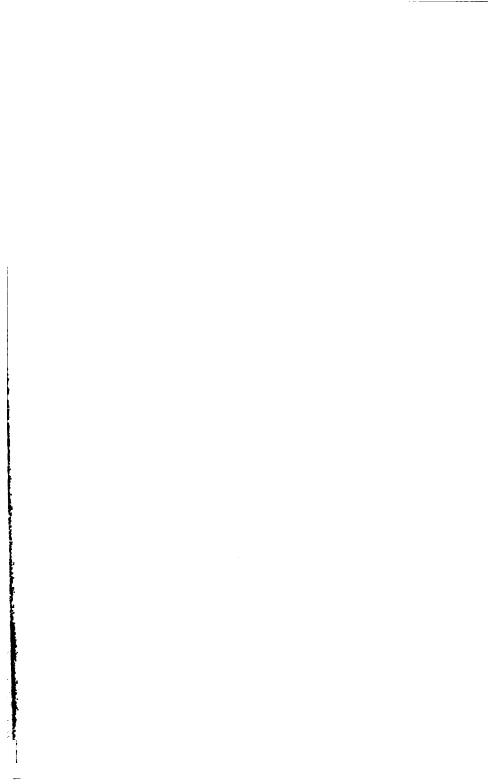
It may be that the absence of some well-known players will give an opening for new men, and enable us to discover what good players are coming on. The Social Clubs Cup, at present held by the Nimrod Club, is sure to be of interest. The Champion Cup this year might well fall to Mr. Buckmaster's Old Cantabs, although their forward, Geoffrey Heseltine, is with his yeomanry regiment in South The Handicap Tournament, the match between Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and the Old Cantabs v. Hurlingham, and the annual Oxford and Cambridge, all promise interesting play. from Hurlingham we cross the river to Ranelagh, we find the management full of courage, and as usual announcing new improvements:-

"The old polo ground has been partially relaid, and the wateringpipes extended to facilitate watering the ground. A telegraph stand opposite the pavilion has been set up, the new polo ground has been entirely top dressed and rested, and since last season all the thin portions have been relaid. This ground will in future be a perfect match ground." After this we are not surprised to find the management adding "that there is abundant evidence

that the polo matches now being fixed for the coming season will present first-class play, and be of as great interest as usual."

No definite programme has yet reached us from the County Polo Association, but the County Cup will be played as usual, the final tie having been fixed for Hurlingham on July 7th. There seems no reason to suppose that the country and suburban clubs will not do quite as well as ever. Indeed, Wimbledon announces its opening for April 2nd, and the London Polo Club will follow suit at the end of the month. Rugby, too, will begin play when hunting ceases to occupy quite so much of its members' attention, as it does the time of writing this. Leaving, then, the prospects and inducements held out by the clubs, let me turn to the state of the game itself.

The Hurlingham Committee will not improbably be occupied with the problem which evidently excites great interest in Indiahow to measure a pony so that he shall not be actually above the standard height laid down by the Nearly everything that could be done by Hurlingham has been tried, and yet there is some discontent because ponies are believed to pass that ought not to do so. To ascertain if their own rules are being broken, and if so to consider how to enforce them, is natural rally a duty which our ruling committee feel bound to under take. But those who know most d the question will be the first to ad knowledge how difficult a matte this really is. To hold the balance between too great stringency an too much laxity is a very difficul matter indeed, and one to which no doubt, the committee will give their best attention. Some solu tion is necessary as well to sustai the authority of the committee a





to remove on obvious blot on the

present system.

I wonder if many of my readers have noticed the change which the Indian Polo Association have made in their off-side rule. They propose to omit the words "hit at," which would, of course, make that rule even more stringent than it is at present. change which is made in India must interest us, for so many of our players are interchanged that a rule that works well in one country is always sure to have advocates in the other. Lastly, we turn to the question of the pony supply, and that is one which we can view with pleasure. The growth of the membership and revenue of the Polo Pony Society has been very rapid during the past year, but its influence and efficiency have increased to a very much greater extent. **fact** of holding successful spring shows in London and Dublin, and the continued support given by the Royal Agricultural Society, all make for the encouragement of polo breeders. Nor must we forget the Crystal Palace Show and Sale on April 30th, which will have some new features and a classification for novices tournament ponies which should catch on. The latter is practically a champion class, and a win in it will be valued accordingly. But more than all the prizes and the shows, a ready market will stimulate pony breeding. The Polo Pony Society have shown that the right class of animal can be produced, and that there are plenty of mares and some useful sires. Now the prospect of a new demand for good cobs should give new energy to the raising of these useful little horses. The best will be polo ponies and light-weight hunters, the average will be useful light cavalry and mounted infantry remounts. is probable that the coming season will not be so brilliant as the last, which was the best ever known, but it will lay the foundation for even greater prosperity for the game of polo in the future than in the past.

T. F. D.

The Kingsclere Sale.

How is it that there is ever comething in a great trainer's stablishment, which to me has be odour of sanctity about it? There are enshrined, secrets of stold value. There are, the arts a trainer brought to a practical sue, there, the hopes and fears it the owners are centred, and here, the watchful sporting public are interest, illegitimate thaps, yet masterful in its ay.

To-day, March 8th, the sanctity Kingsclere is invaded in a most unwonted fashion. Never, in fact, in its history has such an event happened as its sacred precincts to be attacked by such an array as gathers there now. Even the quiet of the sleepy little town of Kingsclere (for I must not dub as a village a place rejoicing in a Workhouse, an Albert Hall, and a policestation) is thoroughly aroused by the unwonted sight of troops of travellers in every conceivable conveyance posting towards Mr. John Porter's celebrated establishment at the foot of the Downs.

Railways are a far cry from Kingsclere. Whether you approach it from Basingstoke, or, as I did, from Newbury, you have rather an uninteresting country to cross. There is the wide expanse of Greenham Common, barren of anything save gorse and heather -a poor inheritance, we should opine, to its Lord of the Manor, except for its flints and gravel and then in undulating fashion you travel on for some four miles over a country that brings no smiles to a hunting man's face, and without one view of those far-famed Downs on which so many a renowned racehorse has enjoyed his breathers, until the trimly-kept domain of our host to-day hove in sight.

Here all is in a suppressed state of excitement. No bustle. no confusion, no racecourse ruffians, not even a tout, unless unrecognisable in his Sunday best. Excellently planned, with a huge luncheon tent railed off to the left, where at least 800 people were admirably catered for, and the sale ring on the right, which in truth might have been a little larger with advantage to the multitude, but in this we must not forget that the auctioneer has a voice, and that neither his eagle eye nor his voice can range over too large a circle.

Well, there is always on an occasion like this the pleasure of a stable inspection before luncheon, and after Royalty, in the person of the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian, and their friends, had made their privileged visits, such as "Borderer" and other scribes managed to evade the guarding policeman, and have a look round. Gorgeous indeed are Porter's stables, covering three sides of a large quadrangle, all boxes of double the ordinary size, fitted in the newest style; and let me here

tell of a fact, which may have a few detractors, yet many disciples—and it is that throughout this great range of boxes and stables there is not a drain of any The straw bed-litter acts the part of drains, and that this is liberally used is proved by the fact that a ton per day is consumed. Sweeter stables, airy and delightful to promenade, I never entered. Each horse had his name attached to his box, and was stripped, if desired, for a full inspection, but I will defer any description of them until they come under the auctioneer's hammer. The trophy room, with its walls well nigh covered with the gilded plates of great winners, tempted me to a long stay, and would have been satisfying food for an article at any other time, but now there was an evimovement towards luncheon tent, which was irresistible.

It is seldom that the Hon. Cecil Parker has Royalty to the right and left of him, but to-day he had the distinguished felicity of being able to address "your Royal Highnesses," as well as a host of distinguished sportsmen. and give them the health of "The Queen " (our single toast), taken up, of course, and drunk with enthusiastic musical honours, not a few of us remembering that the beloved object of our cheers was at that minute starting from Paddington to receive the greetings of her people. No sooner had luncheon been consumed. (and a better one could not have been wished), than a quick move was made to secure vantage room near the auctioneer's rostrum, which was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and its occupants were waiting eagerly for the arrival of Royalty.

Mr. Somerville Tattersall was

in good form, and every word of his short address is worth recording in Turf history. He told his hearers that this was the greatest sale of racehorses that had ever occurred—that Lord Falmouth's came next with a total of 36,000 gs., while his work to-day would probably establish a record in that the value of one horse out of the nineteen he was about to offer would top the total of Lord Falmouth's lot. What more fitting proof of the judgment of the late Duke of Westminster on the Turf could there be than the distinguished assembly then around him? Beginning, as the Duke's Turf career had, by the purchase of Doncaster for the then record price of $f_{14,000}$, and from him breeding in a direct line such a trio of great horses as Bend Or, Ormond, and Orme — crowning his career with the horse that "ye have all come here for to see," the peerless Flying Fox! Thus proving, in a way that no one else could have done so thoroughly, the worth of Stockwell blood, well mated. Here the speaker aptly touched upon the beauty of Bend Or, and of his race for the Epsom Cup and his beating Robert the Devil over the Derby Course in a record time—a race that has ever lived in my memory amongst the finest I ever witnessed — both these great horses were splendidly ridden, and did their level best from start to finish.

It came as a refreshing story that the late Duke of Sutherland in his Highland home should have been entertaining the late Duke of Westminster, and that the latter should have thrown out a hint that the Scotchman, in pursuing his pet hobby of reclaiming thousands of acres of wild moorland, was not likely to reap a rich return, to which the canny

Highlander replied that probably this would turn out a better investment than rearing thoroughbreds. "Ah!" said Mr. Tattersall, with a chuckle, " what would the verdict be now on this knotty dispute of the two noble dukes?" One more good hit did the auctioneer make when, turning to John Porter, he exclaimed, "Mr. Porter still contends that Ormonde was the best racehorse he ever trained; yet granting this, how much Flying Fox is better by comparison; he will stand before you a sound horse, and one that has never shirked his engagements. Ormonde, even as a pronounced roarer, went to Francisco at about £30,000. How much more, then, is Flying Fox worth than Ormonde? Few men, concluded Mr. Tattersall, would have done what the late Duke did when nearing the three-score-and-ten of life, viz., to ride Ormonde a three-quartermile gallop on the Downs. then we all know what a fine horseman and rider to hounds his Grace was.

But now to business.

The first lot to enter the ring was Good Luck, and this chestnut four-year-old son of Royal Hampton and Farewell, albeit a gelding, is all over a nice lengthy, bloodlike horse, and sound; sure, if not overweighted, to repay his purchase money in a good handicap, and he fell to the bid of that good judge, Mr. Waugh, at 2,100 gs. Next to him (Lot 2) was Goblet, a dark grey threeyear-old by Grey Leg out of Kissing Cup, by Hampton. A sweet, gentlemanlike colt is this, of the best quality, and had he only a little more size and length, would probably be the best of his As it is, Sir Blundell Maple has, I think, made many worse investments than Goblet a

5,000 gs. Perhaps the Queen's Vase at Ascot may see him to advantage, as he looks like climbing a hill as well as going down Missel Thrush (Lot 3) was a very different kind of animal. He is by Orme out of Throstle—a beautiful pedigree, and a decidedly commanding colt, with quarters, and well ribbed up. Were it not, indeed, for his doubtful forelegs (he had evidently been lightly fired on his coronets), he would have gone far into the thousands. As it is, Porter thinks him a hopeful case, or he would not have bought him for the young Duke of Westminster at 900 gs. In any event, from his breeding alone, he could not be considered dear.

Lot 4 was Vane, a three-yearold brown filly (but she struck me as more of a bay than a brown), sister to Flying Fox. Not having quite the length or power of her great brother, there was still a charm about Vane that carried me away. She has all movement of a racehorse, and if, as they said, her forelegs had troubled her trainer as a twovear-old in the matter of splints. I failed to see much fault there Put in at 3,000 gs., she soon rattled up to 4,300 gs.; when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who had never left off bidding, secured her for that figure, there was a general cheer, which the sweet filly reciprocated with a pretty neigh. In "Borderer's "opinion, this is destined to prove an excellent purchase.

Lot 5, Manchuria, three years, by Orme out of Gantlet, was in every way a contrast to Vane—a big, lengthy, rather loose-made mare, on good limbs, and if carefully trained, will no doubt win races, as well as prove a valuable brood mare. Her price was 2,300 gs. Next came Calveley

(Lot 6), a bay horse by St. Serf out of Sandiway, five years old, whom we had last seen as a dual winner at Doncaster. He looked particularly well—a type of light, muscular and good-limbed horse that genuinely stays. It was clear that there would be strong competition for him; the Prince among others having a strong desire to have him, and the City, in the person of Mr. Joel, going strongly for him. The country gentleman, however, this time asserted himself in an undeniable and Sir John Thursby secured him at 7,900 gs.—a big price, certainly, considering what an exposed horse he is for handicaps, and that Flying Fox probably could give him any reasonable weight and stands in his light at Ascot. Sir John, however, seldom throws his money away, and his son will now have something far better than The Tartar to ride in welter races.

N.B.—Since writing this Flying Fox has left the country, and is unlikely to run again, so that Calveley's price may not be ac-

counted so great.

And now we came to Flying Fox (Lot 7), and he walked proudly into the ring, bright and bold in his eye, and with a coat that shone like satin. In fact, it seemed as if he would be fit to run at any time; his muscle stood out quite hard. It was he, and he alone, that the multitude had come to see, and Mr. Tattersall seemed to dwell lovingly over his sale, and well he might, for never had it been the lot of an auctioneer to offer so good a horse public auction. Having studied him carefully, I have come to the conclusion that you do not appreciate the great merits of this horse when merely standing alongside him. He is then symmetrical, but not command-

not even very powerful, until change your position and k at him from behind and ore. You will then see how he he is right throughout his me—heart-room, arms, hips, ghs, ribs, all splendidly deoped, to give room for his ting powers, speed and action. have looked through carefully the types of our great racerses for the last thirty years, ing to find, if possible, one that embles him, but I have failed. The picture which heads this cle gives an admirable likeness the horse. Mr. Palfrey, the ist, has kindly shown me the ginal painting from which it is en, and I congratulate him on success he has achieved. thout entering fully into the troversy between Mr. Corbett Mr. Allison as to whether ring Fox or Galtee More is better looking horse, I may tly side with Mr. Corbett in ing that Galtee More is the re commanding and finer horse the two.

Asteroid, one of Stockwell's sons m a Touchstone mare, is the st like him, but he was not so gthy, and coarser. It appears If this horse had thrown back re to Voltigeur (except as to head) than Stockwell, and yet is nothing more or less than a endid combination of both, ha touch of Macaroni thrown 30,000 guineas was the reserve ce, and everyone knew that this ald be topped, and it soon was monkeys at a time from Mr. , Mr. Whitney and M. Blanc; d oh, how natural it was that we Puld wish an Englishman or nerican to stay the longest! But this occasion we were doomed disappointment, and M. Blanc tame his purchaser for 37,500 ineas, a price far and away youd any previously given for

a horse in the world's history. What a sensational idea it was that rushed to our mind just then! The money from Monte Carlo gambling-tables coming back to rob us of our best horse in Britain. Yet we heartily wish M. Blanc good luck with him; he won him fairly, but we must be confident indeed as a nation in being able to retain our premier position in breeding racehorses, when we can afford to see such a one as Flying Fox shipped across the Channel, and lost to us as a sire.

It will only weary your readers to travel through an account of all the other lots now that the great gun has been fired off. Of the two-year-olds, however, it may be necessary to say a little. Garb Or is decidedly a nice stamp of strong, well-backed colt, slightly plain in his shoulders and very like his sire Bend Or. Although backward at present, Mr. Simpson Jay did not, I think, make an unwise purchase when he took him at 1,000 guineas. Ormenus, another chestnut with white markings, a son of Orme and Ruth, was a more stylish-looking colt than any other, and looked very cheap to Darling at 1,700 guineas; but I have a prejudice against the offspring of Ruth, so many of them have been soft curs. Perhaps, however, Orme may counteract this in Ormenus's case. two - year - old, however, which took my fancy most was certainly Grey Bird, by Grey Leg out of Throstle; he is, to my thinking, a very promising colt. Someone said that he turned in a toe, but I failed to see much the matter with him: he has nice size, suffilength and beautifully cient turned quarters. What a pity he is disqualified for his big engage-When the Duke of ments! Westminster was given out as his purchaser, more than one of us could not conceal our delight. Doubly so, as the Turf needs such as these to uphold its traditions. And John Porter added yet another gem to the young duke's "embryo" stud when he bought Royal Mount, by St. Serf out of Rydal, for 1,700 guineas, a clever, level filly that moved like a racehorse, a very good bargain, in all probability.

But there, we cannot hang lovingly on any more lots, although, perhaps, the results may prove that good wares went cheaply. The total of 70,440 guineas for nineteen lots is an astounding figure for a ownership to realise, even in racehorses. It has never before been approached, yet probably the twentieth century will easily top it. If the mares, foals, yearlings and stallions now at Eaton are offered for sale in the summer -or at least some of them, for Bend Or and Orme are never likely to leave there,—another 40,000 guineas at least will be added to the sale value of the late duke's stud. Surely this shows that he had the best of the joke with the late Duke of Sutherland!

There are many lessons to be learnt by breeders over this great sale. Principally it shows that capital thus invested with judgment is sure to pay. The duke started with Doncaster, the best example of Stockwell's staying blood that money could buy, having the essentials of bone and power, and he took the lighter framed blood

of Macaroni, also staying, on the dam's side; then in the second cross he went to Voltigeur through Galopin (a sister to St. Simon) on the dam's side, and again he succeeded. The Stockwell blood. on the sire's side, has always, to my idea, been the main point in successful breeding. By way of a contrast, let me point out a twoyear-old of Lord Allington's, offered to-day, by St. Simon out of the Shrew out of Vex (Galopin's dam). The colt had £284 of engagements, but even without these he would, I think, have been dear at £5, for a weakerlooking animal it would have been difficult to find; yet as far as fashionable blood was concerned, wrongly crossed, nothing costlier could have been found. shows how in-breeding to Galopin can be overdone.

One word of congratulation to Iohn Porter for the way everything was done towards carrying out this great sale to the satisfaction of his guests. There was no hitch from first to last. It must have cost him much thought and labour, but, as usual, he came through it with flying colours. Another good word for Mr. Somerville Tattersall. He never appeared to greater advantage or did his part more thoroughly. It was a proud day for him, and one that is never likely to fade from his memory, nor from that of such like "Borderer," who delight in the best of everything.

BORDERER.

The Hireling.

THREE guineas a day, Sir! He's cheap at the money, A first-rate performer and "fit as a flea."
"Brass band on three legs!" Just imagine what feelings The stranger's hard answer sets boiling in me!

Only a hireling! Contemptible calling, Indifferent oats and tied up in a stall, But the sport's in my blood, though my legs may be aching, Best carry a duffer than not hunt at all.

Look back on the days that have once been my portion, The kind-hearted farmer I loved as a foal, Then sold for two hundred to carry "The Master," My name heads the list of his Favourites' Roll.

The right to go first! How I loved the distinction! Not once was the question put to me in vain; Ask them now how I cleared the high oak Park railings Or flung myself over the Boundary Drain.

Grand times that are gone, I still feel myself leading, Bold sportsmen, each riding the pick of his stud, As mutely hounds stream o'er the billowy grasses Stern silence that ends with a stout fox's blood.

Then "Paradise Lost," badly twisted back tendon, Too shaky to hunt and too good to be shot, False promises made for "The Master" would never Have let me be sold to a Hireling's lot.

What tales I could tell of my various riders, Friends, funkers and creatures of no sporting sense, With a dig of the spurs, a sharp tug of the bridle, Imagine they're helping one over each fence.

The bold, plucky schoolboy I'm ready to carry, Pushing, impatient, a nice feather weight, Lady passengers pardon this feeling suggestion, How welcome you'd be if you only sat straight!

Lights out! comes the word, and I'm ordered to-morrow, My friend, if we meet in the future's veiled ways, Should your luck be reduced to come out on a hireling, Remember the old horse has seen better days.

Days of a lifetime! for once all were equal, Coster or count, plebeian or prince, First man at the finish, most envied distinction, He feels no such run has been chronicled since. Long life to the chase! and to all its supporters, For scores of our boldest now face a real foe, Riding straight as of old, be the end death or glory, For God, Queen and country wherever they go!

F. M. C. E.

"Racket"—A Belvoir Beauty.

By Cuthbert Bradley.

Was it the note of a horn we heard, or a bugle call ringing across the beautiful Belvoir vale, echoing through the wooded heights? We have heard the din of battle in the galloping squadrons, in the thunder of the horses' hoofs, as the flower of the hunt, men and horses, swept over the grass hill-side and high blackthorn fences. Lindsay Gordon's words appeal to our fancy:—

We glory in daring that dies or prevails, From counter of squadrons and crash of battalions,

To rending of blackthorns and rattle of rails.

It was but two centuries ago that the lords of the soil kept an armed troop of retainers under their roof ready for any emer-When the necessity for gency. this ceased, fox-hunting sprang into life, men and horses entering the service of sport. Sport and war are so closely allied that a pack of hounds have come to be regarded as a national institution, a means to keep warm the fires of our manhood. Directly the call to arms came, the flower of the hunting field responded, comrades who have ridden in our front ranks a-hunting, who perhaps learnt, not least well in a Leicestershire hunting field, the lessons they have put in practice so The love of a gallantly there. fight is inherent in us as a nation; courage and chivalry are real things still. The ancient writer had the same thoughts in their mind, for Xenophon said the art of hunting was from the gods, and he incited his countrymen to it as the best means for preparing them both mentally and physically for military services, as well as keeping them from loose and enervating pleasures.

In our own time that graceful writer, Canon Kingsley, who won for himself the title of poet, pastor, and sportsman, said, "Woe to the class or the nation which has no manly physical training. Be sure that since the days of the Persians of old, effeminacy, if not the twin sister of cowardice and dishonesty, has always gone hand in hand with them."

The present crisis has tried our worth as a nation of sportsmen, and not found us wanting when there was rough work to be done. Independently of the regular army, whose members swell our ranks in the time of peace, we have our Yeomanry to be proud of, for they are a fine old constitutional force supported for the most part by men who hunt whose eye and nerve have re ceived a training when followin hounds which must be of infinit service to them now fighting fo Queen and country in South Africa.

It was a non-hunting day, and we turned our steps in the direc-



"RACKET"-A BELVOIR BEAUTY.

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tion of Belvoir to see the pack at exercise on the grass under the stately oak trees in the park.

"Any war news to-day, sir?" asked Ben, as he stroked the muzzle of the nearest little lady.

"Plenty," was the reply; "same old story, English pluck and bulldog courage. You may knock them down any number of times, but they come up smiling like the old prize-fighter!"

"I doubt it's been a biggish job, sir; but lor, they will do it right enough for us; we must be content to get the right side with a fall, same as we do hunting sometimes!" said the huntsman.

"Anyway, Belvoir is well represented at the front, from the Duke of Rutland's son, Captain Lord Robert Manners, to the son of the cottager in the vale, who learnt to shout 'tally ho' before he could walk," was the rejoinder, summing up the long roll of those who have gone to South Africa.

"Down, down, Racket! good bitch!" said Ben, remonstrating with the shapely little lady, who, bored by the turn conversation had taken, jumped up at the pocket of the kennel coat to remind us she was there.

"Well, as long as there are any of us left in old England we must keep going out hunting, for when we have settled down again to peace we shall all be keener than ever for sport."

And this is a truism that will be very generally admitted, amounting as it does to a duty.

"Yes, sir, I don't know where the country would be without sport, and it does seem a pity that so many of our gentlemen should have to miss a season of it. I was only saying to my whipper-in as you come up sir, 'Lor, Frank, wouldn't those Melton and Grantham gentlemen that have left us, wouldn't they have liked to have been with as yesterday when Racket here raced up to her fox, and killed him handsomely in the open, after forty five minutes of the very best!"

"Well, Ben, without pretending to be a judge of hounds. Racket looks built on racing lines, a thoroughbred every inth of her! She looks like going: I only wish I had a horse good enough to ride to Racket. Those that have may catch her if they can!" we involuntarily remarked, as the eye became captivated by the beautiful lines indicative of speed and symmetry.

"The judges, you know, sir. went for a bit more stuffin', they did not like Racket so well as Heartless;" said Ben, alluding to the Puppy Show of 1899, when Racket had to be content with second honours. You know, sir, she is one of the right sort, a true descendant of Weathergage, good looks, with good working qualities in the field. There's a back and loins, look like lifting over a fence, don't they, sir?"

Like a beautiful picture, Racket impressed her beholders the longer you looked her over, and it was a congratulation to see such perfection alive. Coming of a family noted for good looks, she is the daughter of Dexter-1895the present pride of Sir Gilbert Greenall, and pronounced the handsomest hound Frank Gillard ever bred. No fewer than twelveand-a-half couple of this season's entry are due to Dexter, who is also well to the front in many other kennels. So good an authority as Brooksby, when he paid a visit to Belvoir last July, and viewed the young entry on the flags, said, "I venture to think one couple of these very remarkable, for a more beautiful

brother and sister than Rambler and Racket I do not remember to have seen, their dam being Rashness by Resolute (a son of Dolphin, and grandson of the Rufford Dancer, through whom Gillard obtained one of his most useful outside strains). Dexter's pedigree in brief may well be given here. He is by Watchman, by Nominal, by Gambler, by Weathergage, while his Dorothy, who again was Rufford Dancer, from Gamestress by Weathergage. Thus, it will be noticed, the handsome young couple above mentioned somewhat closely in-bred. the most striking points of all Dexter's progeny appears to be their great depth of heart and brisket, a characteristic which, it will be remembered, belonged in so marked a degree to the late Lord Henry Bentinck's (later Mr. H. Chaplin's) hounds, and which, with their strong backs and loins, gave them, doubtless, their acknowledged staying powers."

Standing about twenty-three inches, Racket may be awarded the palm of beauty in a beautiful entry, combining, as she does, symmetry, outline, colour and gay carriage. Standing well on the best of feet and legs, with bone well let down, showing muscular arms and thighs, she has all the lines of strength and speed shown in her shapely outline. All the Dexter progeny have brainy, intelligent heads, and beautiful countenances in which you can character, good written temper, and a generous disposition. Necks and shoulders have always been a predominating feature of the Belvoir blood, and in Racket we have these beautiful qualities shown to perfection. It would seem that Sir Gilbert Greenall and Ben Capell have been working on much the same

lines as those so successfully adopted in the past-viz., going as little as possible outside the proven Belvoir sources. great similarity of colour and character is remarkable throughout the pack, and Weathergage may be regarded as the tap-root, a sire for tongue and drive. All the members of this remarkable family are hard workers from morning till night, as many a huntsman will testify who has wisely dipped into the blood. Under the fostering care of Sir Gilbert Greenall the stud books at Belvoir have been brought to a great state of excellence, the breeding of each hound in the kennel being clearly shown up to the ninth and tenth generation. Their value for the future of the pack it is impossible to overestimate, and there is no reason to doubt that Belvoir will, for many years to come, maintain the proud position they have held in the past.

A scratch pack has never lasted more than a few seasons, and those who have been content to hunt with any sort of hounds have invariably tired of it before they arrived at middle age. The old hunt and the veteran sportsman have owed their existence to the celebrity of packs of foxhounds, and the greatest assistance to sport has been the enticing pleasure some have found in forming packs and breeding hounds. No animals are more talked about than the Belvoir stud hounds, and the summer months for the huntsman of the crack kennel is an exceptionally busy time, with so many houndmen coming from all parts of the kingdom to see the celebrities on the flags.

The fastest gallop of this season, which had a brush at the end of it, was seen with the

Belvoir bitch pack, including Racket, her beautiful sisters, consins and aunts. This occurred on Wednesday, January 24th, in the best scenting week of the season, after meeting at Waltham. Hounds ran so fiercely, without a check or falter, in the very teeth of the wind, that a big Leicestershire field was scattered all over the country side, and not a dozen saw the cream of the gallop.

After a morning of inactivity the famous Melton Spinney was given a call and produced a good traveller, who went away with bounds close at his brush, racing in that eager, impetuous manner which proclaims a ravishing Dipping down into the scent. valley they headed straight for Melton, and the sticky fields at starting, with the big, fences, caused a great number to turn left hand, losing them the run in consequence. Capell gave the lead over the timber in the corner, riding a type of hunter which persuaded us to break the tenth commandment, for she flew over like a swallow on the wing. Racing on until within a few fields of Melton town, hounds then turned sharp to the right, crossing the brook and the railway, going on with undiminished pace into the country beyond. The only riders anywhere near the pack at this stage were Captain H. T. Timson, Captain Mann Thompson, Lord Henry Vane Tempest, the Hon. R. F. Molyneux, Mr. F. A. Soames, Miss K. Hodgson, Capell, and his first whip, Frank Free-It was the chance of a Metime, and will be remembered

by those who lived through the brilliant burst as one of the redletter days in the length of life. Passing Scalford Gorse, Reynard sought the shelter of Oldhills, but, being closely pressed by the little bitches, he left, pointing across that fine stretch of grass country by Wartnaby and Holwell, where the pack turned for Welby Osiers beds, and the brilliant part of this, the fastest dart season, ended. squandered field caught their leaders here, galloping up in hot haste from all points of the compass. Intelligence reaching Capell that his beaten fox had been viewed crawling back to Holwell Mouth, he turned to that covert. and the bitch hounds rolled their fox over, putting a good finish to a run which is worthy of a place in the annals of the pack.

So long as hounds have a following, England will never lack sons to fight for her supremacy. Every master of hounds who rules the destinies of a pack, on whose shoulders rests the burden of government and plan of campaign, is nothing short of a benefactor to the human race. The title of M.F.H. should hold as proud a position as that of general in the regular Army, of which we fox-

hunters are the image.

P.S.—All the luck this season has fallen to the lady pack, who, since writing, have had two other red-letter days, the first being from Piper Hole, Leicestershire, on March 3rd, the second from Fulbeck, Lincolnshire, on March 6th.

Neotinea Intacta.

A MILD winter afternoon, the hounds casting through the heather, red coats scattered to right and left cracking their whips, couples riding gaily along with a laugh and a sigh. In the distance the Connemara mountains standing out clear, blue and pointed against "the long, low windows of the western sky." Lough Corrib a silver gleam; riders picking their way cautiously, avoiding the deep, dangerous holes known as the "Flower-Pots," almost hidden by the long, straggling heath. A friendly voice warning the unsuspicious stranger of the pitfalls, a curlew's cry as the bird flies westwards to the Atlantic, the blast of a horn. "Tally ho," gone away; hounds streaming away, friends scattering, finished sentences, and the merry hunt passes by.

These are the scenes the heather from Cregmore to Castle Lambert and Oranmore can tell us in the winter time, but when spring comes all is changed. Science replaces sport. botanist, no longer the reckless fox-hunter, is seen. An interesting flora is reported from the district. A new "locality" discovered there for the rare orchid, Neotinea intacta, which grows so plentifully in Burren, more sparingly between Kinvarra and Castle Taylor, again in the Finnerty district, and now Castle Lambert on

"Corbashly's Farm," where also the Dryas octopetela sparingly, Gentiana verna, Geranium sauguineum, Juniperus communis, the handsome Vicia orobus, Sesleria carula, and other rare plants have been found.

In this locality the Neotines grows in grass clearings among the heather in groups of from eight to fifteen plants each, and no doubt it will be found to be far more plentiful than has been hitherto suspected in the county Galway.

It will be interesting to see how far eastward both it and Gentions verna extend. "Finnerty," ten miles from the sea at Oranmore, being so far the most easterly limit for the orchid, and an "Eske," near the old castle of "Rathruddy" twenty miles inland, for the gentian.

Let us now forget our foxhunting proclivities, our sporting friends and headlong gallops, let us use our eyes and intellects in pursuit of science to be found in the form of so many rare and beautiful flowers growing in this land of dreams so near to Tirnanog, or the land of Perpetual Youta seen once in every seven years of the western coast of Ireland out there in the Atlantic, when the sun is setting—this land dear to the man of science, to the poet, or to the sportsman.

M. E. JOYCE.

Some Curious Old Veterinary Receipts.

N England, during the fifteenth entury, animal anatomy, previusly much neglected, first became n object for careful study. arliest works printed in English ppeared during the sixteenth ntury, the two first being the Mascal of Oxen. Horses. neepes, Hogges, Dogges," and Propertees and Medcynes for a orse." During the seventeenth ntury much improvement in terinary science took place, veral authors affording evidence rapid progress. In "The ompleat Horseman," by Thomas rey, published in 1656, is found chapter devoted to the causes d types of animal diseases. Of is the argument is that two irits exist in the animal body. e spirit animal and the spirit al, the former residing in the ain, the origin of motion, feel-, and power, the latter in heart, "the onely cause of excessive heate thereof. ich disperseth the blood into ry part and member of the

forses, he goes on to say, are four complexions, viz., sanne, flegmatick, melancholy cholerick. Two or more of se may be united in the same mal; the physician administers dicines according to the combines. The two causes of mess are intrinsicall and insicall, the one proceeding n within, the other from withthe body.

from a seventeenth century nuscript has been selected the owing curious recipe "ffor changinge of the haires of ses from black to white. Take ole an boyle her in salt water lye made of ashes three days ether, and when the water or lye shall be quite consumed put new water or lye thereto. This beinge don, wash or bath the haire with lye water or lye somewhat hot. Presently the black haires will fall away and in som short tyme there will come white."

In "Saxon Leechdoms," manuscript translated into English in 1866, appear several accounts of animal cures, most of which exhibit a strong tendency towards superstition. One of the most peculiar is, perhaps, that in which an elf-shot horse is to be cured by the singing of twelve masses and by sprinkling the animal with holy water. From a fourteenth century manuscript in the Bodleian Library is taken "A medicine to cuer a stabbd horse - Take three ounces of quicksilver, half a pound of rotch allum, three pounds of blacke sope; all these well mixt together; then rubb the place greeved once or twice, and it will kill the stabb. Probatum est."

In 1565 Thomas Blundeville-published his "Fower chiefest offices belonging to Horsemanshippe." From this work has been selected a cure for "Hurts by the tuskes of a boare—Take live vitrial, add copperas thereunto, and the powder of a dog's head being burned, but let the tongue be first pulled out and cast away." "To quicken the spirits of a tired horse," writes the same author, "it shall begood to powre a little oile and vinegar into his nostrils, and to give him the drinke of sheep's heads." Blundeville's treatise, though chiefly a compilation from the works of earlier authors. Greek and Roman, nevertheless. is pregnant with many original observations. Leonard Mascall, in 1610, produced the "Booke of Cattel, wherein is showed the government of oxen, kine, etc." This work contains many quaint ditties on the management of domestic animals. Of the receipts the following cure "against the venomed tongue of a beast, and also his body," is worthy of mention: "The tongue of an oxe or bullocke," he says, "sometimes shall be swolme and venomed by eating of some venemous grasse, or such like, and then he will commonly gape, and eate no meate, but stande holding downe his head and mourne. remedy is, ye shall bruise a white onion, and mixe it with a little good vinigre, then give it him, and make him swallowe it downe; but first rub his mouth and tongue withall well, and then give it him. So done, ye shall push a whole egge into his mouth, shell and all, and make him so to swallowe it downe, and then he will recover and do well againe."

Thomas de Grey, in his "Compleat Horseman and Expert Ferrier," mentioned hitherto, gives a lengthy receipt for the cure of the "disease which is called the wild-fire." The ingredients are numerous and of an extremely curious nature, but since want of space forbids the insertion of the whole of this extraordinary prescription, the first part only is quoted, the remainder

being left to the imagination of the appreciative reader: "Take of living toads four the greatest and blackest can be found, living moles or ants three, and of old shooe-soles six." Further ingredients include " Martlemas beefe," "old wollen rags," and "four or five living swallowes." The operations of compounding and cooking this remedy are, it is almost needless to remark, to be carried on in some orchard or back yard. Another compound which is prescribed in the same treatise is a "Cure for a horse that is troubled with night-mare: take of salt one handful, sallet oyl half a pint, and of brown sugar candy made into fine powder, four ounces; mix all these very well, then warm them upon the fire, and so give it him with a horn bloudwarme; give him this two mornings tagether, and it will cure him."

The following "proverbe among husbandmen for the breed of a colt" will not be out of place here, and though very similar to many saws in present-day use, is interesting as having appeared in one of the earliest English publications on veterinary medicine:

"If thou hast a fole with four white feet, keep him not a day;

If he have three white feet, put him soone away;

If he have two white feet, send him to thy friend;

If he have one white foot, keepe him to his lives end."

CLAYTON CONYERS MORRELL.

A Foot-follower's Song.

(AT PACKINGTON GORSE.)

ASSEMBLED here from far and near
A varied throng you see,
From the aristocrat in his glossy hat
To breathless folk like me,
Who on shanks' mare delight to stare,
With Envy in revolt,
At the huntsman's bay that will gallop all day,
And the black and the roan and the flea-bitten grey,
And the "vet.'s" half-broken colt.

No word of the pack, save the distant crack
Of a thong, or a pheasant's quick whirr:
Hark! a whimper awakes the undergrowth brakes,
Bringing news of a tenant astir.
Then silence again, till a surer refrain
From a dozen more veterans is borne:
"Gone away! tally ho!" he has slipped out below;
Watch him cautiously stealing thro' yonder hedgerow
To the music of tongue and of horn.

Thro' the covert they crash, and are out in a flash
On the line of a burning scent;
Foot-people must yield to the surging field
On a foremost place intent.
When they rush for the gate like a river in spate,
Seize the opening Fortune reveals;
(But mark on ahead a ribbon of red
Adorning the tail of that brown thoroughbred,
And give plenty of room for his heels).

So across the grass in a lengthening mass
The keen pursuers race;
But not for long, tho' our hearts be strong,
Can we hope to live the pace.
For this stretch of plough will finish us now,
We are lagging so far behind;
And there the last has gone galloping past,
The distance between us is widening fast:
No matter, we saw them find.

C.

1900.]

Ten Days' Shooting Leave in India.

LAST August, while quartered at Wellington, in the Nilgiri Hills, I took advantage of ten days' leave to make a little shooting trip. It being the close season for bison, deer, as well as for all small game in the Nilgiri district, the only field of sport open was the Coimbatore district or Mysore. knew nothing about this country, but Mr. M. Clementson, a sportsman well known in the Nilgiris, very kindly gave me just the information I wanted, and helped me in every way. I was, in fact, entirely indebted to him for my

sport. On Saturday, August 19th, my boy and Chupani the shikari, went on with the tents, stores, and baggage on six pack ponies, I following next morning about 7.30 with a guide to show a short cut down the hill; and after a sixteen-mile walk, a great portion of which took us through a beautiful gorge between steep wooded hills, we reached camp, which was pitched on open ground near the foot of the hills. Chupani had had a look round, and reported having seen tiger pugs, but as they were two days old, we determined to go on next day into the Coimbatore district. undulating country was covered with scrubby bush with open patches, and except in the case of strips of thicker bush along the nullahs, everything was dried up. We passed only one small patch of cultivation, but a few rough sheds, with enclosures for herding cattle at night, some deserted, were dotted about. In the afternoon, strolling out on the chance of a shot, I saw one or two sambur and several spotted deer, the latter including two very fine stags, but this locality

being in the Nilgiri district, they had to be respected.

Monday, August 21st. — While striking camp we received information that the evening before a tiger had killed a calf a few miles from the track by which we were going, so I left instructions for the baggage to go on, and went off with Chupani and Dudah, the local tracker (both excellent men). At the place described, the people in charge of the cattle, an old man, a boy and a girl, the last of whom seemed the chief authority on the subject, pointed out whereabouts the calf had been killed. Dudah soon found a little blood, denoting the exact spot, and followed up the track where the tiger had dragged his victim for some distance, into some thick underwood, fringing the banks of dried up stream. Here the others waited whilst Chupani, with my second rifle, and I went on to seek an open place, whence we could look into and across the nullah; but when we found a suitable spot, the fresh pugs of a tiger in the sandy bed showed us that he had gone further up. When the four beaters came up, they told us that they had found the kill. It was a very small call, and the tiger had eaten all except the bones. As the nullah was quite dry I feared the tiger might have gone far to drink before lying down, but the local people said there were two places further up where there might be a little water, so we decided to beat it up.

At the next opening the bank on my side was almost over-hanging, so I sat down right on the edge, to command the bottom. After a few minutes I heard some short snorts in the thick bush, a

w yards on my right, and someing moved down across the allah. To my surprise a magnitent old bull bison walked ietly out, and stood, broadside , opposite to me, in the open, t forty yards off—a lovely shot. was sorely tempted, but we were Il in the Nilgiri district, and as had lately been invited to serve the Committee of the Assoation for the Preservation of ame, I had to stay my hand, d watched him walk slowly vay. When the beaters came the man in the bottom of the llah said that the tiger pugs ent further on, so we proceeded l we came to an open place here the watercourse was only arked by the sand in the ttom of the valley, both sides pping gradually down. Here r path sloped across and ran up e other side. As we saw no ngs in the sand where we crossed sat down with my rifle on the th, by a bush about twenty ands up the opposite slope, the ikari with my second rifle just hind. I thought if the tiger was ere that he would come away ong the bottom. Presently a ag sambur broke away to our ft, and then we heard the beats coming quite close, quietly Illing to one another and throwg stones into thick places. hen suddenly, with four or five ars, a tiger sprang out on the ther side, and came charging ong the path straight towards Just as he started up the ope the bullet from my first arrel caught him in the chest nd turned him sideways. ooked the picture of fury as he by tearing up the grass with his eth, and I lost no time in giving im the second barrel in the boulder, which rolled him over nto the sand at the bottom; but ven then he kept his head up,

snarling viciously. I was much struck with Chupani's pluck. He handed me my second rifle as coolly as if we were shooting rabbits, and I finished off the tiger with a bullet through the neck. measured 97 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail as he lay. was then a little before noon, and as soon as we had skinned the tiger we walked on to our new camp, and completed my luck for that day by shooting a cheetul stag with a good head.

August 22nd.—With a rather long march before us, I made an early breakfast and got off at 5.30 a.m. I don't think I ever saw so much small game in my life, including hares, partridges, quail, sand-grouse and pea-fowl. Some of the old peacocks strutting about with their tails spread looked magnificent in the sun. I stalked a herd of spotted deer, but there was only a young stag with them, so didn't shoot. pitched camp that afternoon on some high ground overlooking the river. After tea I went up the side of the hill to look for a herd of bison, which included three good bulls, reported to be in that neighbourhood; but owing drought, the grass was all dried up, and we could find nothing but old tracks.

August 23rd.—We went out early along the bank of the river to look for bears, there being a lot of fruit on the trees to feed on which we were told that they came down every morning. We found several fresh tracks, but that was all, and returned to camp about 9.30. The two men who had taken the tiger skin up to Ootacamund came in soon after, and reported that as they were coming down the valley towards our camp, they had seen fresh tiger pugs in the sand by the river, so I sent Dudah out to see what he could

make of them. He returned about 2 o'clock, having found the fresh pugs of a very large tiger which had passed just below our camp and had gone into a thick patch of jungle in the angle of two nullahs, which joined not half a mile away. We went out at once, and leaving the other three men at one end of the patch of jungle, Chupani and I went further down by the nullah. There being a quantity of scrubby undergrowth here, we decided to get up a tree. I found a good place out on a big branch about eight feet from the ground, with another above it to rest against, and was just trying if I could shoot comfortably into the nullah, when the shikari, who had climbed up the stem of the tree, drew my attention to a magnificent great tiger slinking past through the brushwood about forty yards off. By the time I could get round to shoot he had passed and was going nearly straight away. I fired, and he dropped to the shot with a roar, but was up in a second, and charged straight back along the track he had come. As he passed I gave him the second barrel, and he pitched on his head, with his hind quarters and tail straight in the air, looking an enormous height. Then he came with a rush straight under the bough on which I was standing, and disappeared into some thick long grass and bushes on the other side of the nullah. shouted to warn the beaters, and soon afterwards Dudah called from a high tree near that he could see him and thought he was dead. I went across with my rifle ready, but found him lying in the grass The first bullet had stone dead. just missed the spine, but had broken two ribs and lodged in his inside. The second had gone right through the shoulder, but in

spite of it he had made a final rush of about fifty or sixty yards before dropping dead. This tiger was considered exceptionally large for this part of India. He measured 114 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail as he lay. We returned to camp very pleased with ourselves, and by 4 o'clock had the skin on its way to Ootacamund.

August 24th.—We went out early again along the river bank, and found more fresh bear tracks. In the afternoon I tried to stalk some antelope, but didn't get a shot. We also saw a herd of spotted deer, but no stag worth going after.

August 25th.—Leaving the baggage to come on by the direct track, the two shikaris and I went round by another valley on the chance of coming across bison, but the grass was dried up, and the tracks were all old. We saw a stag sambur, and one or two jungle sheep, also followed up the fresh tracks of a bear, but couldn't get a shot. Soon after noon we arrived at our new camp on the side of a small river. In the evening we saw several spotted deer, but no stag with a good head.

August 26th. - We went out about 6 a.m. and found fresh tracks of a panther in the sand along the river bank. We followed them for some distance, and then tried three or four beats, without success. In the afternoon we went out to try a nullah towards which the tracker thought the panther had gone. had scarcely begun to go up the nullah when he stopped and pointed to a place in the sand where a tiger had been lying that morning, so we decided to beat it Chupani and I went on and found an open place where from a rock I could see across the nullah.

Dudah and the other man beat up towards us and found a dead buffalo, with only a small portion of the hind quarter eaten. I believe the tiger was there, but it must have slunk away to one side. We settled to leave it till next day, Dudah seeming confident of success. He said, "you can tell them to be ready in camp to peg out the skin to-morrow morning."

August 27th.—Having got two cattle men from the neighbourhood to assist beating, we waited till 7.30 for the sun to get well up, and then started for the nullah. We decided this time to beat it down, and went straight to the spot where I had sat the evening before. There we left the three beaters, and walked down the other side, a little distance from the nullah. The fresh pugs of a tiger across our path going into the nullah showed that it had returned during the night, and a little lower down we found a place to take up our position. When the beaters began to move we were kept constantly on the alert by the pea-fowl strutting about on the dry leaves. No tiger, how-The buffalo had been dragged further down, and more of the flesh eaten, but the tiger was not there. We left the three beaters and went on for some distance to a point where the valley opened out and was joined by another nullah. Here we sat down on a slab of rock behind a small bush near the bottom, from which we could get a good view of both sides. The beaters were coming on, and I was beginning to fear another blank, when following the shikari's hand I saw a tiger cross the valley from the side by which we had come, and slink up the There was a good opposite face. deal of small brushwood, so I waited for her to cross an open space exactly opposite us about

eighty or ninety yards off. As she walked quietly across I fired, and she dropped in her track without a sound or making another movement. The bullet had gone through both shoulders and lodged under the skin. She was a very fine old tigress; measurement as she lay, 104 inches. The poor beast must have suffered much from toothache, as one of her big fangs was missing, leaving a round hole in the gum.

We got back to camp about II a.m. One of the cattle men said that the evening before he had seen the fresh marks where a tiger had been lying in a nullah a few miles in the opposite direction, so as soon as I had had some food. we started off again. He found the tracks, but they did not appear to be fresh. Dudah made out that there had been three tigers about, but he could not track them on the hard. ground; but in another nullah a little way off he picked up the track again. He reported that two of the tigers had gone right away, but the fresh pugs of the third led into a patch of thick jungle in a hollow. It was rather a difficult place to drive with so few men, as there was so much jungle, but they seemed fairly confident about my getting a shot. Chupani and I climbed up into a tree, from which we could see into the bushes on either side, and the others commenced very quietly beating the bushes towards us. Presently Chupani pointed out a tiger standing; it was evidently listening, for after a bit it came quietly on again, and I marked a place between two bushes where I might get a shot as it passed. There was only just time to fire as she crossed, but luckily I broke She gave a roar, and her spine. began dragging herself back into the bushes just under my tree; it was too thick to see well, and I had to fire three more shots to finish her off. She was a fair sized tigress, and apparently full grown, but not so big as the other, as she taped 95 inches only. Back to camp about 6 p.m., after a real good day's sport.

August 28th.—We began to work back towards home, moving our camp to a place near the Mysore Ootacamund road, not far from the foot of the Segur Ghat; the shikaris and I started early, leaving the baggage to follow. While sitting on a rock, watching some spotted deer, we heard an elephant trumpeting in some thick jungle just below us; but elephants being forbidden game, we did not disturb them. Going out from our new camp that evening, we found the perfectly fresh tracks of a panther which had just gone into some bushes. I waited, covering an open place, and Chupani, who had climbed up just above me, saw him coming quietly along; but, unfortunately, the other two men appeared close to us, and the panther broke back.

Next morning, I found fresh tracks of the panther, also those of bear, but could not come up to them. In the afternoon, as I was crossing some open ground, I put up a hare, which went away over the brow of the hill, but shortly afterwards came back, close to us. coursed by two jackals. All three were so intent upon their own business they did not notice us. and unfortunately they got among some bushes, so I could not see how the hunt resulted. I afterwards saw several spotted deer, but we were now back in the District, so could Nilgiri shoot.

August 30th.—I started at 5.30 a.m., and walked up the Segur Ghat to Ootacamund, where I found my cart, and drove back to Wellington.

I was shooting with a Holland and Holland 500 Express rifle, with Express bullets; and had an Army and Navy, 12 bore "Jungle gun" as my second gun. I also had a very light single-barrel 303 Martini-Metford, which I always carried on the march. With this last I shot the cheetul stag; the bullet, which was a soft-nosed one, went straight through him. just behind the shoulder, making only a small hole on both sides. The stag went about 50 yards, and fell dead.

In the case of the old tigress, which fell dead to the shot, the Express bullet, which passed through both shoulders and lodged under the skin, was slightly mushroomed, but the base retained its original shape, with the groove marks on the surface.

Last year, in Kashmir, the same rifle dropped an old Himalayan red bear stone dead, and I found the Express bullet, similarly mushroomed, just under the skin on the far side. This, I think, shows the advantages of a 500 Express bullet for the above description of game; but no doubt for bison the extra weight and penetration of a 577 solid bullet makes that preferable.

The "Jungle gun" is a first-rate weapon for rough shooting, very accurate with a bullet up to 100 yards; and you could not want a more handy gun for any kind of small game.

H. D. Fanshawe, Major, 19th Hussars.

Women in the Hunting-Field.

THE hunting woman is well-nigh as old (so to speak) as the hunting man. It needs not to go back the era of Nimrod, the putative father of followers of the chase: for he did not hunt in the modern acceptation of the word; nor is there any record that e was favoured with the company of the goddess of the silver bow. It will suffice to commence with Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, who node after lions and antelope and ther feræ naturæ of the big and esser game orders; thus making he hunting woman some 3,500 ears of age. And as the centuries olled on, ladies of rank ever took he field, mounted, in company ith their contemporary men, ngaged in one or other of the tree branches of the chase pursing, hawking and hunting. oubtless, as age succeeded age, bble and gentle venatrices beame more and more numerous nd proficient, insomuch that, assing over a cycle of centuries, e find the Rev. Dame Juliana terners publishing a treatise on enting, the whole of which is tributed to her by Mr. Hazlebod, whose investigations into r sporting book, printed by ynkyn de Worde, in the year 186, seem to have thrown all the tht on the subject of the work d its author of which it is susntible.

It is reasonable to suppose that e rev. Prioress aforesaid, pracled what she preached: rode to bunds. We may take it, then, at the hunting woman was irly common in England in the ign of Henry VII., 400 years

When the side-saddle came into meral use, the writer has not certained. The riding habit

was first introduced in the reign of Charles II., but even in the days of Queen Anne was viewed, in certain staid quarters, with animadversion. This is proved by several satirical passages in the writings of Mr. Spectator. Addison writes (No. 435):—

"Among the several female extravagances I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and a feather, a riding-coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or riband, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. . . I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but in contempt of everything I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers."

According to his wont, Mr. Spectator illustrates his position with a fanciful relation. member," he continues, "when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them, who came by us, what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley Hall? The honest man, seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, 'Yes, Sir;' but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man? having dropped his eyes upon the petticoat, he changed his note into 'No, Madam.'"

Then the moralist concludes with, "Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist! would have represented her in her riding-habit as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices, or purifying waters, to expatiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves."

All very excellent fooling; exhibiting a pretty classical knowledge and taste; but had Juvenal lived in the days and city of Addison he would probably have exclaimed, "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis," and have realised the utility if not the grace of the feminine riding-habit.

"I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom," states the essayist above. The following is, doubtlessly, one of the passages to which he refers ("Spectator," No. 104, by Steele & John Hughes):

& John Hughes):—

"Going lately to take the air . . . as I was admiring the serenity of the sky . . . my eyes were suddenly called . . . my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth who rode . . and seemed to have been dressed by some description in a romance. His features, complexion, and habit had a remarkable effeminacy, and a certain languishing vanity

appeared in his air. His hair. well curled and powdered, hung to a considerable length on his shoulders, and was wantonly tied, as if by the hands of his mistress. in a scarlet ribband; he had a coat and waistcoat of blue camlet trimmed and embroidered with silver; a cravat of the finest lace. . . As I was pitying the luxury of this young person, who appeared to have been educated only as an object of sight, I perceived upon my nearer approach. and as I turned my eyes downward. a part of the equipage I had not observed before, which was a petticoat, of the same with the coat and waistcoat. After this discovery, I looked again on the face of the fair Amazon who had thus deceived me, and thought those features which had before offended me by their softness, were now strengthened into as improper a boldness, and though her eyes, nose, and mouth, seemed to be formed with perfect symmetry, I am not certain whether she who in appearance was a very handsome youth, may not be in reality a very indifferent woman."

The writers go on to moralise upon masquerading in public; showing that the model of this Amazonian hunting habit for ladies was imported from France—a land of levity and assurances they recommend the complete triumph of wearing the culotte; and logically, turning the picture depict the men femininely garbet.

The riding-habit being to Mr. Spectator like the red rag to the bull, he naturally inveighs bitterly against the hunting woman. Indeed, he assails the hunting man with a contemptuous acrimony foreign to his normal urbanity. Notwithstanding the fact that his beloved and revered friend, Signoger, boasts himself a fox-hunter the essayist dubs the whole venations.

race "rude, rustic, and inelegant," and repeatedly uses the word "fox-hunter" as a term of reproach. But that he should have assailed the hunting woman so virulently, is remarkable from the fact that his sovereign, Queen Anne, was devoted to the chase.

Addison writes ("Spectator," No. 57):—"I have frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent fellow dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house."

Surely, even in that comparatively rude period, that lady was exceptionally eccentric—a lusus natura—a New Woman of the period, apart from her sporting proclivities; or her portraiture a caricature!

Mr. Spectator's tastes were urban, though in several quisitely beautiful passages he professes his appreciation of the natural charms of the country. As Dr. Johnson loved Fleet Street, so his heart was in Covent Garden, the Mall, and the modish parts of the town generally. He had an admiring and a sympathetic eye for Ardelia in her chair or coach, at the toy-shop, at court; for Saccharissa in Spring Garden; but it was with the coldest disapproval that he noted Diana pacing to the meet, or Flora habited for a canter in the country lanes.

Writing some thirty or forty years later, another of our national classical authors exhibits views utterly antagonistic to the presence of ladies in the hunting field. Thus, Thomson, in his "Seasons":—

"But if the rougher sex by this fierce

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair. Far be the spirit of the chase from them! Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill, To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed:

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire; In which they roughen to the sense, and

The winning softness lost."

The gentle Spenser, living in a chivalrous age, and under a greater and more gracious Sovereign than either Mr. Spectator or the good, fat, indolent Thomson, is to be cited as on the side of the angels:—

stepped foorth

A goodlie ladie clad in hunter's weeds, That seemed to be a woman of great worth,

And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth."

The postulate that women of great worth have from the earliest ages taken part in the pleasures and dangers of the chase may be further exhibited from the works We read of the Immortal Bard. of goodly hunting in Greece, the Lady Hippolyta playing a leading part therein. She seems to display a marvellous skill in the technicalities of the science of venery, particularly as regards hound work. Mark her rapturous and sportswomanlike speech to the Duke of Athens, her affianced

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

With hounds of Sparta; never did I

Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,

The streams, the fountains, every region

Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

It would therefore appear that the ladies have Shakespeare on their side; and notwithstanding the diatribes of Addison and his collaborators, of Thomson, Butler, and other poets and poetasters, the hunting woman is going very strong to-day. Her inimical critics are mainly of the order of those whose venatic knowledge is sciolistic. Neither male nor female followers of hounds are always springing fences or surmounting six-bar gates.

To give the present day hunting woman her due, it may boldly be stated that when in the field she is "all there"; otherwise, she would not be there at all. With innate tact and an eye for effect, the woman who has not the requisite physical, neurotic, and equestrian attributes very rarely appears at the covert-side; more rarely still does she essay to ride The avowed hunting the run. woman well-nigh invariably rides hard and with distinction. Weight, of course, is generally an important item in her favour; though women are each decade becoming perceptibly stronger and heavier. She is at least as likely to see the fox, stag, hind, or hare brought to hand as any man out. In the potent matter of "hands," she is conspicuously accomplished. regards courage, nothing is lacking; though, to be sure, sometimes it is the courage of blissful ignorance. . . . As for judgment, discretion, an eye for a country, a knowledge and appreciation of hound work, and a due estimation of pace—of these matters anon.

In one of the best and most arduous of the many great runs with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, over the galloping line of the whole breadth of Exmoor Forest—some sixty-three minutes in duration—a twelve-mile point—six ladies, inter alia, started, and finished close up to

the pack; holding their own throughout, and witnessing the great dénouement. At the meet there were fully 400 sportswomen and sportsmen-say, 30 of the former, and 370 of the latter. Of the men, 300 were out of the hunt before hounds had speeded three miles—so brilliant was the burst; so trying the going. Of the women, all went well for a while; the six heroines of the day subsequently sailing away from their sisters; thanks, mainly, to the quality and condition of their mounts, and to their valorous following of well-chosen pilots. Long before the termination of the chase, there were but nineteen folk in it: the Master, the grey-headed huntsman, one of the whippers-in, ten men, and the half-dozen ladies in question—a very spirited and honourable performance on the part of the hunting woman.

There is another aspect of the habits of women who hunt—an aspect suggested by our consideration of some of the whimwhamsof Mr. Spectator. Not only do far more ladies now hunt than was the case in the more "proper" days of yore, but the modern feminine attire of the chase is wondrously modified, curtailed, and, generally speaking, adapted to cross-country performing; tomeeting and avoiding such exigencies as "croppers," being "hung up," and "dragging." Oh! the horrible associations connected with the last-mentioned contingency!—Dragging!—the hunting person's nightmare. There was a time when the daughter of Artemis enveloped herself in a long, flowing skirt, which sampled the soil of each district over which hounds ran. Now it is cut barely to the top of the stirrup, disclosing the natty boot. Truly, if ladies needs will hunt, their present costume is sensible, convenient, safe, becoming, and eminently decorous under all

possible circumstances.

Mr. Fox Russell, writing some years ago, in his "Cross Country Reminiscences," stated: -"Nothing causes greater divergence of opinion than the advisability, or otherwise, of ladies riding to hounds . . . Their pluck is in nearly all cases undeniable, but—they are not judicious. Watch how the average woman rides at her fences. No ettempt made at holding a horse together, always the slack rein, and often the whip accompaniment, whether it is wanted or not!" He advises the hunting woman to ride to a good pilot; marvels at the grip she obtains and maintains on a side-saddle: and, very unassailably, recommends to her a hunter perfectly roken, naturally temperate, and indowed with plenty of brains. Granted these things, a fitting ervant, and a safety stirrup, the miter sums up, "there surely an be no valid reason advanced eld." rainst ladies in the hunting

Writing a decade earlier, Whyte-Melville would appear to ave entertained a contrary pinion. He says very properly at "even if their souls disdain

to follow a regular pilot, I would entreat them not to try 'cutting out the work,' as it is called, but rather to wait, and see one rider at least over a leap before they attempt it themselves." He goes on to say: "It is a frightful thing to think of a woman landing in a pit, a water course, or even so deep a ditch as may cause the horse to roll over her, when she falls. With her less muscular frame, she is more easily injured than a man; with her finer organisation, she cannot sustain injury so well. It turns one sick to think of her dainty head between a horse's hind legs, or of those cruel pommels bruising her delicate ribs and bosom. It is at least twenty to one in our favour every time we fall, whereas with her the odds are all the other way, and it is almost twenty to one she must be hurt."

Be this as it may, in theory, hunting women daily adorn the field throughout the season of the chase; and, judging from published records of accidents in connection with sport with horse and hound, the proportion of women injured bears the same relation to that of men as does the presence of the former in the field to that of the latter: certainly it is not higher.

CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

"Hunting on the Modder."

This is "Harrovian's" sporting view of a recent event in South Africa as contributed to the Outlook: -- On Thursday, February 15th, we drew the Magersfontein coverts between Modder River and Kimberley. French, with the greater portion of the mounted men, going round by the east side of the covert, went as far as Kimberley. Notwithstanding this, our quarry broke covert just behind them late in the evening, a fact not noticed till next day. the hounds were laid on, the Kelly-Kenny draft were the first to get on the line, Kitchener, the first whip, soon joining them, but the rest of the pack with the master quickly picked up the scent, and the pace was fast and furious. The river was crossed backwards and forwards more than once, but the country was not very noticeable. Still the cry was "for'ard." On and on we went, the scent improving every yard, till at length with hackles up the hounds got a view and tried to get at the varmint in the open, but he managed to save his brush for the moment by going to ground near Koodoosrand Drift. still on the banks of the Modder River. The followers on foot had throughout the best of the run, the mounted men only coming up after we had run him to earth. The pointto-point was over thirty miles.

The pack were wild to get at their game, and as they were getting cut about in their scratchings amongst the rocks, and damaging their teeth against the roots, when the master came up he called off the hounds, while the field sat round watching the earth. Knowing the desperate fighter the old rascal was, the master would not allow the terriers, keen as they were to get at close quarters, to

be put down. This meant further delay while the spades were got to work. Meanwhile we amused ourselves with throwing stones and hurling about rocks to try and make him bolt; but the crafty one seemed to have no fancy for the The terriers would some have moved him had they been allowed in, but they being valuable dogs, and time not being very pressing, the slower method of the spade was adopted. At one time he was nearly smoked out but the earth was too roomy. and he only shifted his quarter but stuck to the ground.

The local farmers were al deadly opposed to us, but that made no difference, as the field were up in sufficient force to deal with any attempt at interference As a matter of fact, hunting crops had to be used pretty freely more than once. I need hardly mention that about this time sandwiche were scarce and hunting flashi nearly empty, so that it was welcome relief to us when the refreshment waggons came up and brought cheer for both man Think of a night and beast. spent in the hunting-field; it was not till the sun broke on Majubi morn that our gentleman was taken out. He certainly was pitiable object, with brush be draggled. We knew it would no take much to make him show hi teeth, but he was treated with every respect and packed in box to be sent off to the South A curious fact, but one not un recorded in foxhunting, was the when the old dog fox broke cover the vixen went with him, and the both kept together throughout the run and were both unearther The maps in this country as bad and hard to get, or I would show you the line marked out.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

as talking the other day to an sportsman whom I had not for many years and we were paring notes of our recollecs of the sport and sportsmen he past. "I'll tell you," he "one thing I note particuabout the men and manners he present day; there's little one of the eccentricity, or induality, if you prefer that word, th was such a pleasing relief he monotonous groove into th humanity in the lump is ot to run." And with that he in recalling memories of some ne eccentric sportsmen whom ad known in his youth. So were those recollections that ropose reproducing some of here and giving some anecs illustrative of the peculies of these eccentric sportsmen he past.

ore than half a century ago, torious character in the neighhood of Harrow was Mr. liam Bean, as great a terror he farmers of those parts as Wild Huntsman is to the intants of the Hartz Mountains. ugh he kept a pack of hounds revenue derived no benefit, his ruthless trespasses raised y hand against him. In vain farmers lock up their gates and hurdles against them and lie in bush with pitchforks and other pons. One farmer watched till ly dusk, and then heard the nds go by as he sat at his tea. was so astonished that he twards asked Bill Bean in connce how he managed to hunt the dark. "Didn't you see was the reply; "we ride with a bull's-eye on each stirrup and one on our breast-plates, so we can go as well by night as by day." Well might the farmers say after that, "There goes Bull's-Eye Bill; it's no use trying to stop him."

Sometimes Mr. Bean would hunt with a red nose of enormous dimensions, a fiery red moustache, and red wafers stuck on his cheeks to conceal his identity. Notices not to trespass were sent him by every post; indignation meetings were held, and it was resolved that Bull's-Eye Bill must and should be put down. So one day when that gentleman was at home at Willesden, enjoying his otium cum nicotianâ, a clatter of horses' hoofs suddenly broke on his ear, and some nine or ten farmers, each bearing a notice in his hand, presented themselves before him. He received each with courtesy, took the notices as they were presented one after another, and marked them severally with a pencil. When these had all been served, a paper containing a précis of their united contents and the names of the deputation was handed him. "This shall receive my very best attention, gentlemen," said he very gravely; and thinking they had at last nailed the demon huntsman, the deputation went away rejoicing.

Very short - lived indeed was their satisfaction. No sooner had they departed than Mr. Bean, with his lieutenant, made a sketch of a drag-hunt for the morrow which went through the heart of every farm named in the round robin, and he carried it out with an audacity he had never before displayed. "What business have I to be here?" he cried to the first farmer who tried to bar his way; "I have come on purpose to be pulled up. You thought yourselves precious clever, and that you had got me fast, but I have got you instead. I've got all your signatures; you don't know what you've signed, but I do. I've had counsel's opinion, and I can indict you all for a conspiracy, and if you attempt to interfere with me, I'll do it." After that he worked his own sweet will for the remainder of the season.

A Cheshire worthy and a parson of the old school at the beginning of the present century, was Griff Lloyd, a Fellow of All Souls and rector of Christleton, near Chester. He would put off christening, marriage or burial rather than miss the "southerly wind and cloudy sky" of a good hunting morning. He lived with a cousin at Chesterton, bought the hay and corn, and well earned his title of the Black Whipper-in when he went to work on his rat-tailed Archam woodlands. Liverpool Races Griff seldom missed, and he always made one at the annual race banquet given by a sporting man, known from his great size as the "Double Dandy," for he was so enormous that when he travelled he had to take two places in the mail. In this connexion a good story was told against him. A new servant having received instructions to take the customary two seats, and not understanding that it was his master who required double accommodation, took one place inside and one out.

Parson Griff's powers of endurance were wonderful. In the

cub-hunting season he would make a long journey by coach, arrive at his destination about midnight, be up at four in the morning, ride ten miles to covert, and return home again on the outside of a coach the same night. He would think nothing of riding thirty miles out, thirty miles back, and then going out to dinner. He had the voice of a Stentor, and when the hounds were slack in drawing, the huntsman would look round for Griff to aid them, and after a few of his shouts, which shook the covert, the fox was halloed away in no time. More than once his parishioners were disappointed (?) of the evening service by a notice on the church doors that the parson had been obliged to start that afternoon is order to be in time for a distant "meet." He hunted till he wat so old and feeble that latterly groom had to accompany him and lead him home after the run otherwise he would hardly have found his way there.

Another of that almost extind race, the sporting cleric, was Parso Harvey, who was wont to ham about Tattersall's on sale days Tattersall would never have him awakened, as he sat there snoring in his chair with the butt end of pound of mutton chops sticking of of his pocket. "Let him slee poor fellow," he would say; "i a sweeter place for him than h garret in Pimlico." Harvey formerly held a living in the gift the celebrated racing and hunting man, Mr. Vernon, who used ride a horse he had had painte like a leopard. Long serma were Vernon's abhorrence. had presented the church with hollow sounding-board which 🖷 placed immediately above t pulpit, and could be raised lowered by a secret spring fix

in his pew, which was just beneath, and directly he found the homily growing tedious he would press the spring, down would come the board like an extinguisher, and beneath it the preacher would disappear like a harlequin.

Vernon it was who, finding that poachers were not deterred by the usual notices, set up boards upon which, in large letters, were the words, "Whoever is found trespassing on these grounds will be immediately spifflicated." The unknown word, suggesting unimaginable tortures, struck more terror to the hearts of the poachers than all the steel traps and spring guns that had before menaced them, and for a long time the birds remained unfluttered by unlawful shots. Parson Harvey was just the spiritual adviser for such a squire—one who could with equal facility follow the fox, crack a bottle, or preach a sermon. But imfortunately the bishop had not the same appreciation of these sterling and various qualities as had the patron; and thus it was hat the poor parson, still orthodox o his tastes, became a waif and a diterer at "the corner."

In the annals of sport there is ot a name more famous than mat of Captain Barclay, of Ury, pedestrian who beat all records his day, a very Nimrod in port, a nonpareil coachman, and trainer of Tom Cribb for his tht with Molineux the Black, a rcumstance which went a long y in securing victory for the mampion. Of Barclay's love of P.R. many stories are told. hen a young man, being quarred at Wrexham with his regient, the 23rd, Welsh Fusiliers, obtained leave from the comanding officer to walk, as he d, to Liverpool, to see his Other, promising to be back at

the end of the week. He did walk, though, not to Liverpool for on reaching Chester he mounted the box of the London coach, for the purpose of seeing a fight which was to take place in the neighbourhood of the metropolis next day. The weather was very inclement; he had no great coat or change of clothes; there was rain and sleet in abundance, and by the time the coach reached Lichfield, Barclay was soaked to the skin. There was no time to stop and buy a change, so he allowed his clothes to dry on his He reached London just back. in time to drive down to the battle-field (after refreshing himself with a biscuit and a glass), witnessed the "mill," returned to London, took a hot bath and a couple of hours' sleep in bed, then mounted the box of the Shrewsbury night mail, travelled incessantly till he reached the famous old Shropshire town, whence he walked back to Wrexham, and appeared in the mess room on the fifth night after his departure, looking quite fresh, though he had, during those five days, had but two hours in bed, and no rest beyond the uneasy seat on the top of a coach.

For a wager with Lord Kennedy, Barclay drove the mail coach from London to Aberdeen without any remission of his task, except during stoppages for the refreshment of passengers; and so little exhausted was he on arriving at the granite city, that he offered for a large sum to drive the return mail back to London. Lord Kennedy paid the first bet, but prudently declined to risk a second.

Barclay started a coach between Edinburgh and Aberdeen. It was named the Defiance, and from its speed and perfection, was com-

monly called the Wonder of Scotland. A wonder it was to the travellers of those days. There was a wide ferry to cross on the road (now spanned by the Tay Bridge), the unloading one coach and loading another caused stoppages for breakfast, lunch, &c.; yet winter and summer it performed the journey with great punctuality, averaging only twelve hours thirty-five minutes, which, taking the ferry and halts out of it, made about ten miles an hour. Barclay considered he was entitled to the dormant earldom of Monteith, and had at one time some thoughts of pressing his claim. "But," said he to his friend the Duke of Gordon, "should I, as Earl of Monteith, be able to drive the Defiance?" "Well," replied the Duke, "as the Marquis of Worcester drives the Brighton Defiance, I can't see why the Earl of Monteith should not drive the Edinburgh Defiance. At all events, if you consider it infra dig to be coachman, you may undoubtedly be guard." Not quite satisfied, the Captain wrote to Lord Panmure on the subject. who replied, "Dear Barclay, I see no objection to your driving the Defiance when you are Earl of Monteith and Ayr, and I will be your guard." But Barclay seemed unable to reconcile the two positions, and proceeded no further with his claim.

"Does the coach pay you?" asked a friend one day, as he sat with him on the box seat. "I should think so," said Barclay, slapping his thigh. "I have been to-day at the settling, and you should see what a heap of banknotes I have in my pocket!" "Ye'll no' believe him," whispered an old Scotch servant; "it's a horse's boot the Captain's gotten in his pocket." From what we can learn the Defiance brought him more pleasure than profit. Like many other heroes, the Captain did not look so formidable as he was. A cockney riding on the coach one day, and mistaking Barclay for a common coachman. took offence at something he said, began to talk big, and wound up by saying, "If we was on the ground I'd punch your head; aye, even if you was your master, the mighty Captain Barclay himself." The Captain said nothing then, but when they came to the next change, alighted at the same time as the very passenger, and said quietly, "I am the mighty Captain Barclay himself, and now I am quite ready to receive your punch on the jaw — and return it." The pugnacious cockney's jaw dropped; a sickly pallor overspread his face, and muttering something about meaning no offence, he bolted into the inn; but when the Defiance resumed its journey, it had one "outside" the less.

Amputation of Limbs in Animals.

the March number of Baily article appeared by Dr. George eming, C.B., late Principal eterinary Surgeon to the Army, Fracture in Animals, in which nputation was incidentally menned. Except in a few cases of gs and cats, it rarely falls to e lot of the English veterinary actitioner to be called upon to rform such an operation, owing, Dr. Fleming has pointed out, the popular belief that a broken ne in a horse or cow will not ite, and the necessity of at once stroying the animal. Having ent a considerable part of my e in India, where religious tives for bid the taking of animal e, I have been called upon to form many amputations in th horses and oxen, as well in the smaller animals. urse, as Dr. Fleming has pointed t, the animal is only useful for beding purposes, and no one in senses would indulge in such wild hope as ever being able to rk a horse with an artificial hb; but nevertheless I have en surprised at the facility with ich all animals adapt themves to the loss, and how very ll they are in their mutilated ndition able to take care of mselves and enjoy life. In the se of oxen, there is no reason y the animal should not be epared for the butcher instead going to the kennels; and with ws, why, they should not be ot till the calf is born, and then ed and fattened instead of ng knocked on the head offnd as is at present usually ne.

In small animals such as dogs it cats, the loss of a limb really as not appear to inconvenience creature very much. One or

more pariah dogs minus a limb can be seen at nearly every Indian railway station, the animals having been run over by trains. Yet they get about, fight, breed, and appear to hold their own with their fellows.

I operated on a valuable terrier dog for a comminuted fracture of the left hind leg between the hock and stifle joint; the dog lived for several years, and followed his master about with very little inconvenience, and was sire of many valuable litters. animal was the property of a friend of mine in India, brought to me "after an ineffectual attempt had been made by some one to set the limb" to be destroyed, gangrene having I only give this case as an instance of many that have come under my observation.

In the horse I have never had an opportunity of removing a hind limb, and am somewhat doubtful as to the ultimate success, but in the foreleg, especially when the operation is performed between the knee and fetlock, an artificial support can be fitted with but little difficulty.

In cattle I have on several occasions removed the hind limb both below and above the hock, and although preferring to remain down, the patients have been able to move a considerable distance when they chose to.

Horses have to be kept in slings while the stump is healing, but oxen are better out of them; they can remain in the recumbent posture for a long time. Small animals, if a suitable bandage is applied, can be left loose; it is wonderful what care they will take of themselves.

The operation is simple enough,

with an anæsthetic and modern antiseptic precautions. Care should be taken that there is a good flap of skin left to cover the bone, and that it is cut larger in proportion to the same operation in the human being, as in animals the tissues appear to shrink more when divided. I also take the precaution to round the sharp edges of the bone off with a file after it is sawn through. time, no doubt, the angles will be absorbed, but in my earlier cases in large animals I have had troublesome sores form from the pressure of the skin between the sharp bone and the artificial support. When proper antiseptic precautions have been employed, I have never found this filing interfere with the healing process.

An artificial limb can be turned out with proper straps and pads by any intelligent saddler. I have had them made by the bazaar "moochie," or saddler, in India many times. For small animals

elaborate artificial limbs with joints have been made out of aluminium. There is an excellent article on the subject in the Journal of Comparative Pathology for December, 1899, by Professor Hobday, in which there photographs of dogs fitted with these artificial limbs. I have on a few occasions in dogs been able in favourable cases to resect the joint instead of amputating the limb. This operation consists of removing the damaged ends of both bones that form the joint, bringing the ends together and bandaging the part in a suitable manner until union takes place. Of course the limb at the place where the joint should be is stiff and shorter than the opposite one, but the eyesore and deformity of an amputation is avoided.

> JOSHUA A. NUNN, F.R.C.V.S., C.I.E., D.S.O., Vet-Major, A.V.D.,; Late Principal, Lahore Vet. Coll.

The Position of Provincial Countries.

Dear Bailly,—An excellent article by your gifted contributor, Mr. W. Phillpotts Williams, in your issue for the current month is, I think, of value at this period, in ventilating the matter of the very serious though gradual increase in hunt expenditure.

In these days of warfare and strife to which our forefathers were more or less accustomed, foxhunting was not so much of a fashion as it now is, and, though I think I may fairly say that to master and hunt servants the responsibility of showing sport was not so great as nowadays, yet I believe that people for the most part hunt now as then, for

the pure love of the sport. We have all got accustomed, in the piping days of peace in which we have been brought up and entered. to certain luxuries as regards hunting which our forefathers never dreamt of, but the main thing now, with Income Tax at one shilling, and many of our best men either ordered or " volunteered" South, is to discriminate between such of those luxuries which have become a necessity to hunting and those which we can and are ready to dispense with. Second horses for huntsman and first whipper-in are no doubt a luxury, but we must either kees them on, or we must in many

instances sacrifice our afternoon draw, which in my experience is frequently more conducive to sport than a morning's hunting. In that case we should lose our afternoon's sport, our hounds will suffer from lack of condition and will lose that keenness which is only arrived at by good kennel management, judicious breeding, and the blood which they so often earn for themselves after a hard dav's work. Subscribers, too, may take exception to the fact that days would be so frequently shortened, and the master may find—even in a provincial country -that his intended economy may result in actual loss to his own pocket. How are we to economise? We cannot cut down our earthstopping expenses, which in this country amount to a considerable sum. We cannot starve our horses or hounds, even if we were such bad sportsmen as to wish to. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and it would be inexpedient, not to say unjust, to the best class of servant in the world, to ask them to accept less wages than they have been in the habit of earning. It is false economy to buy or keep bad horses, and it is real economy to keep an extra horse or two in case of accidents.

Mr. Williams is very near the mark when he says that in a provincial country it costs £50 to tatch a fox. In some countries it may be done cheaper, but they probably kill fewer foxes, and they also probably find fewer foxes.

I take it that the master of hounds bases his expenditure on the subscription which he may reasonably expect, together with that he is prepared to spend in addition out of his own pocket. If he satisfies his subscribers,

they are bound to support him in every way, and it is only fair that regular subscribers should, if it is not their intention to hunt for another season, signify to the hunt secretary before the annual general meeting whether they are or are not prepared to pay their subscription for that season, in order that a fair estimate may be made of what the sum total of subscriptions may be.

It is surely hard lines on a master if he is called upon to pay more than usual, simply because those whom he meets in the hunting field are feeling the pinch of extra taxation. He has his own private subscriptions and expenditure, the same as his fellow men, and in many instances he has made sacrifices for the various war funds which are unknown to the world at large.

It is his duty at all times, in peace or war, to maintain his hunting establishment on lines of economy and sportsmanlike con-Lavish display is not sportsmanlike conduct, and I have never yet been convinced that leather breeches for hunt servants who require a valet to clean them have done hunting any real good. If Mr. Phillpotts Williams or any other contributor can give information how a provincial country can be hunted two days a week for less than £750 a day, I shall, in company with, I am sure, many other masters of hounds, be truly grateful. I enclose my card, and have the honour to sign myself,

Your obedient Servant,
AMATEUR HUNTSMAN.
March 14th, 1900.

P.S.—I have handled 16½ brace and run 10 brace to ground this season up to now, in fifty days' hunting.

"Our Van."

Sandown Park.—The Sandown Executive did their best to make up for the abandonment of the Grand Military Meeting by substituting a couple of days' racing, which included two United Service races. It is hardly necessary to say that the members' enclosure did not present its usual appearance of a miniature Ascot, the military element, with its attractive following, being practically absent. The two military races, as anticipated, were both won by the same horse, Cushendun. race of the meeting was the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase of three miles and a half, in which was running Romanoff, a great tip for the Grand National. The title of the race was no misnomer. a large majority of the ten starters being Liverpool candidates. manoff won, waiting on the plodding Gangbridge to the last fence and then coming away.

Hurst Park, Kempton (National Hunt) and Gatwick.—If sport under National Hunt Rules were always like that which prevailed during six days between March 7th and 14th, how enjoyable it would be! And I venture to think it would take a firmer hold of the public than it does. satisfactory spell, which almost made one forget the dreary afternoons spent at other periods of the winter, commenced at Hurst Park on the 7th. Ten days before, the course had been a lake, the Thames and Mole having overflowed, and the water had not quite percolated the soil, gravelly as it is, consequently the going was distinctly "sloshy" in more places than one, but the running was true, nevertheless. Speaking of floods, the next time there is a really good, "old - fashioned" Thames flood, I shall feel nervous

for the Hurst Park hoarding. The united action of the water companies, the spoiled children of the Thames Conservancy, which allows them to do precisely as they please, has turned the river above Hampton into a huge sluice. The once picturesque Platt's Ait is now an unsightly gravel heap twenty feet high, and this, assisted by the artificial high banks, will cause the water to rush over to Molesey Hurst with irresistible force.

Last year Hurst Park had the National Hunt Meeting, and although, on this occasion, the monetary aid of the N. H. was not forthcoming, the Executive determined to keep the programme up to the strength of 1899. Thus on the first day we had the March Hurdle Race of 500 sovs., and on the second day the New Century Steeplechase of 1,000 sovs. As an effort of nomenclature the last - named race was a trifle previous, like the Christmas numbers; but we care little for titles in racing, being more concerned with the horses and the odds. General Peace had, of course, been kept for the March Maiden Hurdle Race. He had not been out since winning the Middlesex Maiden Hurdle Race at Kempton early in February, and as this success did not lose him his maiden qualification, the Hurst Park race was practically at his mercy, though he was called upon to give weight away. His party do not funk laying odds when they feel safe, and the ring was well hit when General Peace won by half-adozen lengths from Peace and Plenty. The race of the day however, was one with a stake of 100 sovs., the Richmond Steeplechase of three miles. For this

Manifesto and Hidden Mystery were known to be certain starters, although each was weighted at 12st. 5lb. As Manifesto is handicapped to give Hidden Mystery 13lbs. in the Grand National, the Nugents seemed to be taking a bold flight. In addition the touts reported that Hidden Mystery had not been in strong work (a suggestion that was entirely belied by his appeararance, by the way), and odds of 9 to 4 were laid on They were upset, Manifesto. Hidden Mystery practically making all the running after the first quarter of a mile and winning by five lengths. A great deal was made of a peck by the winner at the last fence but one, which threw Mr. Nugent on his neck, but it is very likely the soft ground had to do with this.

The second day provided us with a very welcome surprise, no less than the complete resuscitation of the redoubtable Count Schomberg, who can take his place as the best all-round horse of his day. He has been on the belf so long after his breakdown France that one thought him done with, but here he was, quite sound, apparently, and looking as well as ever, if not better, and ioing for the New Century Steeple-The opposition to him, **ho**ugh eighteen strong, was not very formidable one in point of mality, and the Count showed scontempt for it by taking the **ad** at once and keeping it to the d. His running gave criticism ttle scope, and it was remarked at the time of the race was a affe less than that occupied by eneral Peace in his hurdle race the same distance the day More.

For the first time in its history empton Park had been allotted two National Hunt races, id, by a strange fatality, each of

them brought about a catastrophe in the way of falls. The Kempton fences are the least severe of any metropolitan meeting, and perhaps it is their very insignificance that brings horses to grief. The fences are not made up, and horses accustomed to stiffer ones possibly take no trouble with these. The jumps along the railway side are leaps for ponies, but on each of the two days horses came down at one or the other of them in a heap, and Mr. Tippler was badly hurt on the first day, when, in the National Steeplechase of four miles, no fewer than eight in a field of ten fell during the race. taking the lead Spiddall, who cost Mr. Mainwaring 36 guineas, and Eoos escaped the trouble, and but for a mistake Spiddall would have won instead of Eoos, and so have gratified his owner's ambition to win one of the N. H. races. After the event it became easy to suggest that four miles is too far for horses that "had not won a steeplechase or hurdle race, or any description of flat race," but the distance has not proved disastrous in the past. The distance of the National Juvenile Steeplechase for four-year-old maidens, so far as steeplechases were concerned, was two miles and a-half. Yet nine out of thirteen came to Full Flavour, who was second to Count Schomberg at Hurst Park, won. Most of the other races proved interesting.

Gatwick carried on the successful programme into a third stage, the management being justly proud of the fact that the stakes for the two days aggregated some £3,500. The money was by no means thrown away, for some very interesting racing was seen. The Tantivy Steeplechase, for four and five-year-olds, "which, at the time of closing,

have never started in any steeplechase," was a race of 1,000 sovs. Helium had had a very narrow escape of being ineligible, for he once started in a steeplechase which was subsequently declared null and void. As there was no race, Helium could not have started in it. As it happened, he did not do the great things expected of him, the race being easily won by Shipshape, of whom little had been seen in public, but who came with a great private reputation. Very great interest was centred in the International Hurdle Race, also of 1,000 sovs., run on the second day, which was not surprising, seeing that both Soliman and Count Schomberg were running, besides several others who have made their mark of late. Soliman was Count Schomberg 7lbs., and after the show of the last-named at Hurst Park, he did not seem likely to come off second best. He was a good favourite to win outright, the next in favouritism being the improving Friary. The race was marred by an unfortunate fatality, a doll being swung into the course through Soliman being bored against one end of it and the off hind leg of Villiers coming into contact with this, was broken in two above the hock. Count Schomberg made the best of his way home, but he could not shake off all the others, and he was beaten a quarter of a mile from the finish, Friary staying home in fine style, and winning in 5 mins. $55\frac{2}{k}$ secs., which is a record for a two miles' hurdle race. Strange to say, two races later another leg was broken, Wolf's Hope breaking his off foreleg in landing over a hurdle, and Mr. Alexander lost his promising young horse.

The accident to Villiers clearly demonstrated that dolls should

not be used to mark courses, especially at a bend, and the Gatwick people will do well to substitute posts and rails. They have adopted a capital plan of putting up an extra fence and hurdle in such a position that horses can take their preliminary jump on the way to the starting-post. The great saving in time thereby effected enabled the races on both days to be started with almost exact punctuality.

The Kingsclere Sale.—The proceedings at Kingsclere on March 8th, connected with the sale of the late Duke of Westminster's horses in training and two-year-olds, have added another to the already numerous chapters of Turf history. It should be a profusely illustrated chapter, for the "snapshot merchants," glad of such an opportunity at a period of slackness for them, were present in strong force, and no phase of the proceedings could have gone unrecorded on one or other of the photographic plates. principal incident was, of course, the falling of the hammer to M. Blanc's bid of 37,500 guineas for Flying Fox, the principal actors in the scene being "set" for the purpose by pre-arrangement. Not the least pleased of the company will be the "boy" in charge of the Fox, got up for the occasion as he was, with all available stable splendour, as was but fitting on an occasion so momentous. The price realised of course sets a new record a long way in advance of the previous best, and the only way to suppose it surpassed is by imagining a colt with the same breeding and reputation as Flying Fox, plus the chance of winning four ten-thousand-pound races, put up for sale. Speculation as to what the Fox would have fetched had he been still eligible for this year's ten-thouind-pounders belongs to the falm of vanities. Whether, as stallion, Flying Fox is worth 7,500 guineas is really no busiess of mine. One English trainer lought him worth 34,000, and he American owner 37,000, thilst no one is likely to be in a bition to give M. Blanc any pints in matters of breeding. Ith racehorses, the excellent fectum that an article is worth recisely what it will fetch, holds and as with all else.

A detailed reference to this sale made in a separate article, so need not be further dwelt on re. But in order that, in time to me, readers of Baily may have e Turf career of Flying Fox at and for reference, I append a ief epitome. As a two-year-old first ran at Ascot, winning e New Stakes, next beating No rumps for the Stockbridge Foal akes, the least important race r which he ran. At Kempton rk, in October, in a desperate ce for the Imperial Produce akes, St. Gris beat him by a ad, but to the last the late uke of Westminster thought he ld won; and this defeat was lowed by a second, Caiman ishing first in the Middle Park ate by a length and a half. As ban was riding Caiman, and a ry powerful headwind was bwing, the theory was seriously rted, and has since been strenusly maintained in some quarrs, that wind pressure accounted the defeat, Sloan avoiding the ction by his crouching attitude. am not of those who subscribe this theory. John Porter has other, and he is strongly of inion that Flying Fox should ve followed in the footsteps of grandsire in never knowing feat. But others go farther than is and say that he should never ive been started for the Two

Thousand Guineas, he, it is confidently alleged, being shin-sore at the time At the Newmarket Craven Flying Fox won the Criterion Stakes, in which St. Gris finished fourth. As a three-yearold he won the Two Thousand Guineas, beating Caiman by two lengths; the Derby, in which Holocauste broke a pastern; the Princess of Wales's Stakes, Newmarket; the Eclipse Stakes, Sandown; the Doncaster St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Stakes, Newmarket. His aggregate of winnings amounted to £40,096.

Hunting—Some Changes.—Mr. F. Swindell, late of the Old Berkshire, has accepted the Taunton Vale in succession to Mr. Portman. Mr. Parker has resigned the secretaryship of the Belvoir hunt, and will be succeeded by Mr. Pinder of Barrowby, and Mr. T. A. Heathcote, of Folkingham, has given up that of the Annual Hunt Steeplechases. The latter will not be held this year, but it is proposed to have a point-to-point race in their stead.

March Hunting.—With February it is often the case that hunting practically comes to an end; this year it is not so, and March has had its full share of sport. The week beginning with Monday 5th having been marked by an unusually large number or good runs, is also the time for hunt meetings and balls, but these have been for the most part put an end to by the war. There will be a few point-to-point races, but these have to contend not only against the war, but against the discouraging influences of the rules laid down by the Grand National Hunt.

Her Majesty's. — One of the greatest runs of the month past was that of the Royal Buckhounds on March 6th, if we consider the distance travelled,

the nature of the country, or the fact that hounds hardly checked at all for the three hours which the run lasted. The fixture was Holtspur Heath. The contrast between the rather cockney holiday scene of a meet with the Queen's and the thoroughly wild and sylvan nature of the country over which the chase took place was marked. As soon as the hounds were laid on and began to run hard over the fairly stiff fences the hard riding element came to the front, and half-anhour later it was quite a small field that clung to hounds through the rough country, partly plough and partly woodland, and all flints hills and between Holtspur Prestwood. Up to this and point the chase had taken a tolerably straight line, but now the stag began to swing to the left, and soon after there came that terrible climb down into the valley and the hardly less formidable climb up to Saunderton Workhouse. The stag had plenty left in him, not so the horses, for one by one men who had gone well up to this point dropped off, and but five or six crossed Bledlow Ridge and dropped down to the village of Radnage. Galloping almost the length of the Old Berkeley hunt, we were now in the South Oxfordshire. If hounds had not turned towards the diminished field, and the pace become very moderate, most of us would have seen no more. As it was, the roads and lanes helping, some five or six weary men on beaten horses saw this good deer taken. The distance travelled was twentyseven miles or more.

The Cottesmore.—Mr. Baird is to close a long and successful mastership, and Mr. Evan Hanbury, of Braunston by Oakham, has unanimously been elected his successor. It is believed that

Mr. Fernie was offered the country, but preferred to remain where he is so popular. Lord Lonsdale, while not anxious to take the Cottesmore, yet felt that the country had a claim on him, and offered to hunt it without a subscription.

Arthur Thatcher goes from the Essex Union to the Cottesmore. A huntsman who can show good sport equally over Essex plough or Leicestershire grass is bound to obtain promotion. Yes, we sympathise with Mr. Mashiter in losing so good a servant. If we turn from the politics of the hunt to its sport, the latter will be found to have been good. Nothing was better than the gallop from the Punchbowl, after a meet at Leesthorpe. Two foxes were in the covert, but hounds settled to the best and boldest and ran very straight to Owston Wood, and thence to Wadboro, where he turned right-handed and worked his way back to Sir Francis Burdett's covert, where they killed him. A simple outline, perhaps; but recollect that hounds were running well over one of the very best lines in Leicestershire, with the grass riding deeper than it has done for years, and it was no easy matter to keep with them; in fact, only a comparatively small part of the big field that started was with hounds when they left Owston Wood, but a few lucky ones picked up the thread when hounds turned towards Newbold.

Mr. Fernie.—The master is known not to love publicity, but his quiet wedding at 10 and the fact that at 11.15 he was hunting with his hounds made quite a little flutter of excitement and interest in the hunt. I wish I could add that the master and his bride had the run of the season. They did have a good day, but not equal to the gallop on the

following Thursday, of which I have to tell. It was not, however, so much the pace of the run as the extraordinary distance bounds travelled, going from Mr. Femie's country right into the Quorn, and almost to Dalby. The distance must be twenty miles, and the country covered almost perfect. The run would deserve to be recorded among historic chases, but for the fact that hounds changed foxes so often. No run can be admitted in BAILY's gallery of great gallops in which it is not at least possible to pretend that there was only one fox all the way. One doubts if there are many ten-mile points without a change, but that of course is a heresy to whispered in low tones.

The Belvoir had a really great day from Piper Hole. In the morning the chase illustrated what could be done with a bad fox and a great scent. With an immense field of men of the best in the shires thundering after them, the pack hunted a fox at a great pace ever a very twisting line. for the many turns, so deep was the ground and so stiff the fences that few would have seen it. The fox started from Harby Hills, whence you look over the mest hunting country in the world, and the fox was dug out and killed on the railway near Scallord Bog. Happy were those, and they were not a few, who had econd horses or another run left the first one, for with such a ecent and a good fox what might not expect? Holwell Mouth ave us the fox, and in a few moments from the first cheer men and women were riding their est to keep with hounds, as they iterally flew over the beautiful vale. Round came the pack, and chorus in Sherbrooke's covert parned us to get through or

Nor were we any too soon, for it was only the leaders who saw hounds streaming away. Long Clawson was reached, and then Clawson Thorns, but though a beaten fox panted in front of hounds, horses were beaten, and Capell was forced to stop hounds.

The Rufford, too, on March 3rd, scored a magnificent fortyfive minutes without a check, and it is noteworthy now between the 5th and 10th of March nearly every pack that went out scored a gallop; the culminating day being March 6th, which was probably the best in the year.

Scorey, who is hunting the hounds, found his fox in Harlow Wood. So good was the scent, and so hard did hounds drive on his line, that it was no easy matter to keep with the pack, and it was a relief when for the first time the fox ran direct to Thieves Wood. Round this he made a ring, but hounds never left his line, and fox and hounds coming out close together, they fairly burst him up in the open just over the main road near the It was a really great covert. gallop, and but few comparatively saw the end. Frank Scorey leaves the Rufford at the close of the season.

Atherstone.—If a member of this hunt was asked which run had been the best of the season he would probably say that there had been few better than the gallop from Three Pots Gorse on March 9th. This, at all events, was the impression given the writer by a friend who told him of the sport. The only point which might be urged against the claim of the run was its line, which was circular. Still, on the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the circular gallops often give most pleasure.

A good pack of hounds, a fine scent, little wire, and fifty-five minutes, what more can you wish for? From the road that leads to Shelton along the vale towards Cloudesley Bush was the course, and no one need draw a better line.

The Ludlow. — Sir William Curtis has had some great sport, which is rather in danger of being overlooked among the good news chronicled from more fashionable countries. Saturday, March 3rd (also within the week of sport), was the great day. The fixture was Munslow, the time 3.30 p.m. Sir William and a small following trotted off to try Gordon's Gorse, named after an absent member of the Ludlow. There was just enough hesitation at the beginning, over some fields of plough, to give us time to start fair. Once on the grass, hounds drove along at a rare pace for half-anhour. No fox can keep up that pace and live, and on a less favourable soil hounds steadied a bit, and then hunted on till they were stopped in the dusk at 6.30 p.m. The fox was saved, but if it was the same one, it may be feared that he will not be able to run again. The writer is of opinion, based on many instances, that foxes run so hard do not often recover to run another day.

The Woodland Pytchley.—Lord Southampton, master, huntsman and once No. 2 in one of the strongest polo teams ever seen, has been most successful in showing sport, but I doubt if ever he has often ridden a better run than he showed his followers on March 3rd.

Sport brings fields, and it was a large field for this country that met at Carlton. From Dingley Warren a halloa marked the departure of a bold fox. In a few minutes the field were struggling

with the difficulties of the Harborough country, one of the stiffest in England, in places quite But hounds were unrideable. tripping along, and, come what might, as over seventy were out to see them, the country had to be crossed. There were fails enough to thin the field, and it was but a chosen few who saw the fox complete his circle into Dingley Warren, when scent failed, as fail it will too often with a beaten for in front of hounds. Lady Southampton was there, and the master, and perhaps six others, but you cannot count the gallant folk if you do not see them.

The Puckeridge.—The going through heavy plough land when the country is deep will test the heart of the strongest horse, and it was with some difficulty that even high-class hunters could keep hounds in sight during the run of Tuesday, the 27th of last month. From Chickney Springs, close to Elsenham, our fox was found, then a gallop for half-an-hour as fast as one could wish into the Essex County towards Thaxted, crossing the brook to the right of the Stick Covert, where, after ringing about like a beaten fox, he got to ground in the earth on Mr. Pomeroy's farm. We thought at the time that this was the best run of the season, but other good. things were to come, and Saturday, the 3rd inst., was a red-letter day; hounds did not find until they drew Capon's Wood; late in the day, and had an hour and twenty minutes really good, the first half of which was very fast, killing him in the open near Plashes Wood. An incident to be remembered during this run was seeing Jim Cockayne, the huntsman, riding "Boer fashion" at the back of Farmer Stacey, or a heavy-weight hunter, racing to

ch his own horse, which had

given him a fall. "Give me the reins," said Jim, "or I shall fall." "No, I shan't," said Stacey; "it's my horse, and I shall steer; you hold on to my waist," and away they went, to our amusement, and caught the huntsman's horse. No less than five different horses during this run did Jim ride, and great credit was due to him for killing his fox at the end of it. Monday, the 5th inst., was amother first-class day, from Chesterford Park, this time with the dog pack, hunted by the master, Mr. Barclay. The line was through Cronie to Hempstead Wood, where, owing to having run into some of the best country of the Essex Hunt, he got to ground, where of course the earths were This was as near unstopped. as nothing an eight-mile point.

Resignation of the Master of the Essex.—At a general meeting held on 10th March at Harlow, when Lord Rookwood presided, Mr. E. Salvin Bowlby, to the sincere regret of all supporters of the hunt, announced his intention resigning the mastership which shared with Mr. Arkwright, ho had acted as field-master rom 1893 until 1899, and has held hith Mr. C. E. Green as fieldmaster during the season just losed. In making this intimaon, he said that his state of ealth compelled his retirement com a position which required continued attention to numerous mall but important details, as e did not feel himself able to evote to these the supervision believed necessary. A small committee was appointed to conder the matter and report at future meeting, and it is hoped all that Mr. Bowlby may be resuaded to withdraw his resigstion and retain the office he has led with so much success. Mr. E. Green has promised to continue his services as fieldmaster, if Mr. Bowlby can be induced to reconsider his decision.

The Bicester.—No sooner had the snow disappeared from the face of the earth than Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's pack resumed their story at the point at which it had been broken off a fortnight earlier, and maintaining the inthey had commanded throughout the season, have added page after page and chapter after chapter in a style which defies the laurels being snatched from them. Take, for instance, February 22nd, a day long to be remembered by those who were lucky enough to participate in it, for meeting at Claydon Home Wood they succeeded scoring a twelve-mile point into the Whaddon Chase country before a stout fox beat them at Denbigh Hall, near Bletchley, the principal points touched en route being Claydon Park, Mount Pleasant, thence over the railway and brook to Tuckey Farm and Winslow, in their neighbours territories, and having passed Shipton to Little Horwood and Narberries, probed the very depths of the Whaddon woodlands in Codimore Hill. It is supposed they must have changed foxes at that point, but they ran on without a check to Water Spinney and Cold Harbour, reaching the London and North-Western Railway at Denbigh, to find that a stout bold fox had beaten them, and with eighteen miles between them and their kennel door, the master decided home was the order.

Again on March 1st, they were to add to their triumphs, and from that popular fixture, Waddesdon Cross Roads, scored so signally that by two o'clock everyone was ready to turn homewards, even though on most

occasions it would be argued that the day were but half spent. However, they had accounted for a leash of foxes, forty minutes with their first from Mason's Gorse in a fast run ring by Blackgrove and Denham Hill to the North Marston Valley, thence over the spur beyond between Oving and Pitchcott, and with Lionel Gorse on the left to drown their fox in a pond just beyond; but that hounds should not be disappointed of the blood they deserved, another was forthcomcoming in the double close by, and without an effort he fell a victim to the pack. A second visit to the gorse was productive of a second enjoyable ring of an hour's duration over the deep Quainton country, Miss Alice de Rothschild's plantations at Waddesdon Manor being selected as the finishing point of this good day with the death of their third fox.

Tuesday, March 6th, from the kennels, men turned homewards well satisfied with their luck, for commencing operations at Stratton Coppice, the fun waxed fast and furious as the chase swept round Poodle Gorse to the Goddington and Twyford Vale, Cox eventually losing his fox Steeple Claydon. Returning to Poodle Gorse, hounds went off at score in quite an opposite direction, for crossing to Cotmore and Bignell, they drove their fox to Weston Wood and Wendlebury.

The Whaddon Chase.—March 3rd, Mentmore Cross Roads, a date and fixture which will be stamped indelibly in the minds of Whaddon Chase men. It is not generally expected that sport will accrue from a visit to Lord Rosebery's coverts, so that it came as matter of surprise that hounds should find at once on

that morning, and not only find, but drop upon a stout travelling fox who knew his country, and very luckily saved his brush at the end of a good gallop, during which the hunt touched Cheddington, Long Marston and Marston Gate, beyond which they entered the deep holding grass lands of Hulcot and Rousham, finally entering Aston Abbotts Covert. Then again at Ascott they were equally fortunate in getting a traveller upon his legs, and the pace was fast as hounds ran on by Southcourt to Mr. Cremien-Javal's house, turned to the left to Liscombe Park and Wing Spinneys, Stewkley being skirted i as with Highhavens, a field on the right, the hunt dropped into the Swanbourne valley. Hoggeston, Dunton and Creslow all figured in the line ere hounds crossed the brook to Cublington, and then with one more dip into the grass vale dividing it from Littlecot, finally stopped were Stewkley.

Tuesday, March 13th. Foxes appeared scarce until Padbury Covert was reached, and it was not until Tuckey Covert was assailed in the afternoon that any spirit was infused into the undertaking. Then hounds ran fast on to Grandboro', crossed the Biggin double, and set their heads over a stiff line to the Denham Hills, just escaping the Bicester boundary as they swung round to North Marston and Mains Hill; and with one short circle in the Hoggeston and Swanbourne Vale marked their fox to ground in Christmas Gorse.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

One great gallop has made the present month famous in Lord Rothschild's country, originating at Hoggeston Guide Post on

March 5th, and ending just beyond the World's End, ten-and-a-

half miles off as the crow flies, the charm of the thing being the fact that the run occupied exactly one hour and ten minutes, the line traversed superb from a tiding man's point of view, and hounds the whole time a good field in front of the hardest men. With Dunton on the left, the chase touched Hurtwell Hill. swept across the bottom to Creslow, and leaving the brook behind, entered upon a big forbidding district below Norduck, until having brought Burstons in the line to Rowsham, Hulcott was pessed and the railway crossed ust beyond. The Broughton and Aston Clinton country held out errors to many, and they drew min, but the pack held on relentssly with Mr. Vivian Nicholls, Mr. Harry Rich, and John Boore colding the pride of place until Weston Turville was reached and his good stag was re-taken close the railway just beyond.

Ireland.—The first week March brought good sport everal packs, and there have en no complaints of scarcity of mes during the season. ficulty that has to be faced ow is to get sportsmen to hunt mem next season, for with Westeath, Wexford, East Galway nd possibly yet another country want of masters, it cannot be hade known too early that these acancies have occurred, for a ew master in May is worth a and deal more to a hunting country than one in October.

Meath.—When Mr. John Waton got fairly to work again, he
copped into a run of fine sport
hich will cause the present
ason to be long remembered,
the only regret being that so
any of those who delight in the
cort that this unequalled country
cords are now on the Veldt, and
ave missed one of the best

seasons these hounds have had. the first really great day's sport enjoyed by the Meath hounds since the frost came off February 24th, when they met at Virginia Road. They began by a real good eighteen minutes from Drumlerry, when they earthed their fox in a rabbit hole; then found in one of Mr. Napier's woods, opposite Loughcrew on the hill; they ran fast over a perfect stone wall country, and checked after twenty-five minutes at a saw mill on the Oldcastle Mr. Watson held them forward, and hitting it off they ran to Beltrasna, and did not check again till they were near Bobsgrove. The delay was not for long, and then they ran by Roebuck right on to Mount Prospect, and then came a wicked bit of bog. There was no way to get to hounds who had never been in this part of the world before, but luckily they checked and then came back to Mr. Watson's horn, thus ending a great run unsatisfactorily. They ran for one hour thirty-six minutes, made a seven-and-a-half mile point, and covered fifteen-and-ahalf miles of country by a very accurate measurement.

Since the frost departed the sport shown by the Kildare hounds has been consistently good, and though it has satisfied all, yet one heard of better runs and more foxes brought to hand in the days before the stoppage. Colonel de Robeck is making steady recovery, though he will not be able to take command again this season in the field, and now we hear that his popular locum tenens, Major Moore, has been appointed to command a battalion of Yeomanry at the front, with rank of Lieut.-Colonel, thus attaining the desire of his heart. Meanwhile the master, Colonel de Robeck,

has so far recovered as to be present on foot at a Lawn meet of the Carlow and Island hounds.

The long continuance of northerly winds has now made the going very hard in Kildare, where the ground is unusually dry, and it is expected that the season will close early. The "Killing Kildares" had a great mountain gallop on March 6th in their Blessington country. They found at Three Castles, and hounds running over Ballyward Hill soon had every one shaken off, yet Champion and some ultra-keen pursuers who were not deterred by the ascents, saw the pack on the slope of an opposite hill twist suddenly, stop, and close up their ranks in a small grass field. They were killing their fox as Champion triumphantly shouted, and he got up in time to save the brush; this good piece of work was performed by the bitch pack. Another great success on the part of hounds was in the Queen's County side of the Kildare territory on the 12th, when a fox from Ballyadams was run "to the Cobbler," and after being forced through the big Ballykilcavin Woods and thick scrub, was hand-To Sir Hunt somely killed. Walsh's zealous preservation of foxes the good sport is due that so many have enjoyed this season in a district that was derelict for long.

The Carlow and Island hounds were stopped for some days after the frost owing to the deplorable death from wounds of Lord Rathdonnell's eldest son, Mr. William McClintock-Bunbury, of the Scots Greys. Mr. Bunbury followed closely in the footsteps of his father, whose portrait and biography appeared in Bailly not long ago. He was Captain of the Boats and stroke of the Eight at Eton, like his father, and was

also a very good horseman indeed, being as good over Meath, Louth and Carlow as he was in an English country. A young life very full of promise and with the brightest of prospects, was thus cut short at the glorious relief of Kimborley.

Kimberlev. Mr. Robert Watson had a great scenting day in a very hilly part of his Wexford country on March 1st, when hounds found a fox on Ballycadden Hill and hunted him over the mountain, killing him on the far side after an hour and twenty minutes' fast work. then had another run from Charlesfort Bog nearly into the town of also was fast, which although it lasted over an hour. This was followed by a good rut on the 3rd from Graney, a covert which has done good service to

Mr. Watson this year. The Kilkenny record has really been a wonderful one, and since the frost, sport has, if anything slightly improved. Quite a feat ture in the latter part of the season's annals, has been the manner in which a Saxon visito Mr. Herbert Blyth, has steer his English horses over the mo intricate parts of the country, qui upsetting all preconceived notical upon the subject; he did **a** come off scathless, to be sure. was always well in front and often as not "played pilot," thou he had never hunted in Irelai before, we believe. The lowing is a brief summary recent Kilkenny sport since frost:—

February 21st. — Knocktoph Abbey. Raced a fox for twe minutes from Lower Killeen a killed in the open in a grass finear Sir John's Gorse. For vixen foxes in two other cover and did no more good.

February 26th. — Ballyks Cross Roads. Found in Rossmo

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a very wet and wild morning. Fox broke on the Tipperary side and bounds got on terms at once. He soon turned and scent was extraordinary, so they burst him ap and killed him just beyond the Kilmanagh and Callan Road in twenty minutes.

February 27th. — Newmarket. Fine gallop from **Booliglass** through Carricktruss on to Miltown Hill to ground, bolted and silled immediately. Thirty-five minutes, hounds not handled.

March 5th. — Barnaglissawnay.

After hunting bad foxes in the

est.covert hounds got away with

vixen and came back to covert

ith her, and being then clapped

to the line of a dog fox who as viewed away, ran him for ne miles over a grand country Freshford, and on to the funchbowl, where hounds were opped before entering the covert. me: one hour, all sound grass, wire, bog, railway or plough. March 7th.—Windgap. Found Davies' Gorse, ran for thirty-two mutes, very best pace over the by best part of that country to of Mr. Burke's woods beyond wtown Big Wood and left there. Found in Windgap II, ran him hard towards moganny, then turned over charming country towards ranes, wheeled for Castleres, sank the hill near that ce, and ran across the flat Intry below to Ballytobin and d in the open near the gate. **¥y**-five minutes as good as dd be.

arch 9th. — Had thirty-six utes without checking late in evening, and when they at last w up, the line was not remed, and hounds had to catch train. This fox was found in y beautiful piece of new gorse Wellbrook and lost within a of Ballydanniell.

Lord Huntingdon's hounds, the Ormonde, have had very good sport, their form of pursuit of late chiefly consisting in long hunting runs, when hounds have generally accounted for their fox, and a stranger from a very galloping part of Ireland was much pleased with the close working qualities Much sympathy of the hounds. is felt for Mr. Assheton Biddulph, the King's County hounds, who has been obliged almost to abandon the chase owing to the virulent disease that has attacked his kennels of late; this is very hard upon him after having built kennels recently and endeavoured make them as healthy as

possible.

The United who, as was mentioned in Bally, had also to stop at one time owing to distemper, have had a lot of good sport, and a run from Boltons (which has always been one of the crack coverts of the country) on March 5th, will take a lot of beating. Thev ran past Knocken, over Minane Bridge, having skirted Regan's Gorse on the way, then over all the best of the country past Colonel Johnson's and the new covert at Conderstown, crossed that once celebrated trout river, the Bride, and reached Kildinan, where they checked near the house after one hour, and they were running hard all the time. The point must be nearly eight miles, and the distance run nearly three miles more; such a straight "hammering on run" is seldom seen.

The Etiquette of Master and Servant.—On more than one occasion during the last few years a good deal of feeling has been aroused in certain hunts by the action of masters of other packs, who, in their anxiety to secure the services of good huntsmen or whippers - in, have apparently

forgotten those unwritten, but generally recognised, rules which govern the relations of employer and employed. Quite lately a gentleman in search of a new communicated with huntsman the huntsman of a distant pack with a tempting offer; this without considering it necessary to first address the man's present employer and enquire the conditions upon which the servant was engaged, and ask his permission to offer the man an opportunity of improving his position.

There is no more self-respecting and obliging class of men than the hunt servant, but there could be no better means devised of destroying the good relations which exist between M. F. H.'s and their men than this practice of ignoring the employer with the purely selfish aim of securing the services of the man. And should the master who writes direct to huntsman of another hunt find that the servant thus lured away from a brother-master turns out unsatisfactorily, he has only himself to thank. No fair-minded employer ever stands in a servant's way when the man is offered a chance to "better himself," as the phrase goes; and the most ordinary courtesy requires that a master should not take advantage of his knowledge of a hunt servant's merits to set aside the usages approved by the laws of social intercourse.

In the case now referred to we believe the huntsman had signed an agreement to remain his with master during next season, and the latter would have been entirely within his rights had he declined to let the man set his undertaking aside. A gentleman would never think of offering another's butler or valet inducement to leave his situation without first approaching

man's master, and there can be no excuse for pursuing a different method with hunt servants.

Polo.—Wimbledon begins on the 3rd inst., and Hurlingham on the 3oth. The Rifle Brigade beat the 4th Hussars rather easily in the Indian Military Championship. There will be no Cairo tournament, but a handicap tournament will be held instead. Mr. George Miller will act for his brother as polo manager at the Ranelagh Club, where a strong programme, including his popular Hunt Cup, will be carried out.

The Horse Shows. — The Spring Horse Shows at the Royal Agric cultural Hall have passed 🕊 more successfully than could have been expected, in view of the fact that so many of the supporters of these fixtures are at present on active service in South Africa The series commenced with the show of the Shire Horse Society which prosperous institution again enjoyed the advantage of having H.R.H., the Prince of Wales, president. His Royal Highner was present at the dinner give to the president and council a Cambridge House by Sir Walter Gilbey; and it should be men tioned here that the Prince Wales was present at the three shows, and in this way helped the materially, as the attendan∝ **q** these occasions was large at the reception given to the disting guished visitor most enthusiastic There was an excellent display the massive breed of cart-hors and in most of the classes the competition was very keen. destination of the champion prize was generally anticipated, M Henderson's Buscot Harold ben the champion stallion and S Blundell Maple's Dunsmo Gloaming (bred at Sandringham the champion mare. Both we last year.

The Sandringham stud also fursished the first prize yearling filly and the first prize mare under sixteen hands

sixteen hands. The show of the Hackney Horse Society, a week later, was the second of the series and also proved accessful, although the entries were not so numerous as at the exhibitions of the last few years. The Champion Cup for stallions was swarded to Mr. H. Livesey's Mc-Kinley; Sir Walter Gilbey's Royal Danegelt, who was champion two years ago, being reserved. Mr. C. **E.** Galbraith, who is succeeded in the presidency by the Duke of Porthand, won the Champion Cup for mares, and also had the reserve in Rosadora and Queen of the West. The closing week of the show eason at Islington was a very fell one, comprising as it did the khibition of thoroughbred stalcons under the auspices of the Royal Commission on Horse reeding for the award of the ucen's Premiums, the the Hunter's Improvement ociety, and for the first time, the how of the Polo Pony Society. the thoroughbred stallions numered 115, showing an increase of even over last year. The list those that won premiums innded fifteen that had been eccessful on former occasions, d the fresh candidates for encurs included a number of mim is well adapted for the pur-The section of the show comoted by the Hunters' Imovement Society manifested an dvance in numbers and quality. the Ch., lenge Cup for the best ere or elding was awarded to essrs. 1 and H. Ward's The night, a cay gelding by Ricotto. ther special prizes fell to Mr. J. Brovn's Doneraile, Mr. olt Needham's Chorus Girl, r. G. P. l'inch's Planet and ir. A. J. Bipwn's Richard II.

The show of the Polo Pony Society was a very popular feature and attracted a large company on Thursday. Sir Walter Gilbey's Rosewater gained another championship. Sir Humphrey F. de Trafford secured the special prize for entire colts with Hill Crest. Mr. John Barker's Lightning was the champion mare or filly, with Mr. Norris Midwood's Hazel reserve in one section and the Keynsham Stud Company's Oh My in another. Mr. Midwood's Hazel was the best filly, Sir H. de Trafford's Bobby the best Mr. Tresham Gilbey's gelding. Early Dawn won in the riding class and also the bending competition. Altogether the three weeks of shows clearly indicated that the horse-breeding industry is in a vigorous condition, and that the country possesses the material for supplying requirements of peace or war.

Coursing—The Waterloo Cup. -After a week's postponement caused by frost, the Waterloo Cup meeting took place at Altcar under the most favourable auspices. Excepting the action of the Watch Committee of the Liverpool police, who took steps which prevented the draw taking place at the time-honoured resort, the Adelphi Hotel, everything was propitious. Weather was fine, ground favourable, greyhounds rather above the average, and hares stout. The betting was 10 to 1 against Black Fury, 12 to 1 against Mister O'Shea, 100 to 7 each against Father o' Fire, Peregrine Pickle, and Fearless Footsteps, and 20 to 1 against Mrs. Grundy, Border Song, Dick Burge, and Lavishly Clothed. No fewer than fifteen of the dogs entered had figured in last year's Waterloo Cup, namely, Genetive, Father o' Fire, Lapal, Anstrude, Rare Luck, Hesper,

Plume, Dick Burge, George Tincler, Prescot, Peregrine Pickle, Gimcrack, Black Fury, Song, and Countess Udston. All the last four in the 1800 Waterloo Cup were again entered, and six of the last eight. The puppies mustered thirty-one; there were twenty-six secondseason dogs, six third-season, and one fourth-season amongst the runners. The only owner running three dogs was Mr. Pilkington, who entered Peregrine Pickle, Prescot, and Pike Law, while the Hon. O. C. Molyneux, Sir T. Brocklebank, Sir R. Jardine, Dr. F. Harris, Messrs. Fawcett, Mr. G. Hale, A. Dunmore, F. Watson, G. W. Smith, T. Graham, Duke of Leeds, and Knevett Michels, filled two nominations.

The meet on the first day was at Hill House, but it was quite eleven o'clock before Hawthorn VI. and Dora Trevor went to the slips. From a splendid slip the pair ran locked together for fifty yards or so before the former forged ahead, and gradually increased his lead to a length before breaking over his hare for Dora Trevor to kill. The course between Dick Burge and Border Song was a great disappointment, if not an actual fizzle. Burge drew quickly away, and at one time was leading by a long length, when Border Song gradually drew level, and then ran out two lengths for the first turn, and held his place well for the second and third points before Dick Burge had a couple; exchanges then followed slightly in favour of Border Song, but when the hare broke towards covert Dick Burge had the next sequence when Border Song came again, and was the decided winner when puss made the covert. Cherry Whiskey and Peregrine Pickle had a good

Peregrine Pickle was the first to show in front, but Cherry Whiskey drew level, and again Peregrine Pickle got to the front, and the hare coming slightly to his side, he led a clear length for the first two turns. Exchanges then followed before Peregrine Pickle had another couple, and then Cherry Whiskey took possession for a short sequence. Peregrine Pickle now again scored before Cherry Whiskey went right round him for possession, and made another couple of points, and then, after another exchange, finished the trial with a good kill. Father o' Fire (another much-fancied competitor) drew past Sweet Remembrance in the run up, and eventually led by three lengths to the hare. and made the second two before losing his place, and the red collar scored a couple. Exchanges followed slightly in favour of Sweet Remembrance, and at one moment, as the hare broke away towards the slipper, it looked as if the red collar would win, but she tripped badly in attempting to kill, and Father o' Fire drew to the front and scored three or four strong points, Sweet Remembrance only getting one as the hare took them over the bank and right away to Carr Wood.

The next contest of interest was that of Lavishly Clothed and Copper Cash. After running: level for some distance Lavishly Clothed began to show in front, and eventually went round with her game a length and a half in front; keeping her place well, she then scored another couple: of points before effecting a fine kill—a very smart performance. Fearless Footsteps and Hume led in turn during the run up, but the former led by two lengths for the first three turns; exchanges followed all in favour of the

black, all through a long trial, Hume finishing with a good kill. After running level for fifty yards Rare Luck drew in front of Black Fury, and went round in possession quite two lengths in front, and then put in a rare sequence, holding his place well. After an exchange, she resumed possession for another sequence before the hare beat them both at a gateway. Prince Falcon and Backslider just killed together in a smart trial, in which Prince Falcon always appeared to have the better of it. In the first ties Cherry Whiskey came away two or three lengths from Father o' Fire (who had been very hardly run), and scored the next six or seven points; then after some exchanges she again drew in front and finished off with a kill. :Fearless Footsteps reached her hare a long two lengths in front of Bradley Fold, and scored the first three points before some exchanges followed, when Fearless **Footsteps** scored once before Bradley Fold shot to the and killed. front. wrenched **Prince** Falcon led Prescot by two lengths and scored twice more before an exchange took lace, and then again took possession for a long sequence before the hare was killed between them.

On Thursday, at Lydiate, a miserably wet morning improved considerably after mid-day, and entinued fairly fine. There was big crowd, which may be conratulated on its good behaviour. et Hold ran a splendid trial gainst Glenarlie, but was somethat unlucky against Lavishly Clothed. Gimcrack easily beat he tired New Melody, but could ake no fight against Fearless Pootsteps, who had previously ad the best of the luck against Blackham. Prince Falcon ran an undecided with Rare Luck, when the latter was withdrawn.

meeting concluded on Friday before a very large crowd and in beautiful weather. The meet was at Hill House, from which a move was made to the Withins. Lavishly Clothed won a very easy victory over Hawthorn. Fearless Footsteps and Prince Falcon were slipped—the former led on the inside and picked up her hare after the first The excitement was very great when Fearless Footsteps and Lavishly Clothed left the slips for the deciding course. From a beautiful slip Lavishly Clothed showed slightly in front for nearly fifty yards; then Fearless Footsteps began to close up and draw past, eventually leading a couple of lengths to the hare; she also had the second before Lavishly Clothed went round beautifully in possession, and made a very smart sequence. couple of exchanges followed, when Lavishly Clothed made a few points, looking at this moment all over a winner; but when the hare broke again towards the top of the ground, Fearless Footsteps shot in front and made three or four strong points before killing handsomely.

Fearless Footsteps is the property of Mr. G. F. Fawcett, and ran in the nomination of Mr. J. Hartley Bibby. Duke of Leeds has now been the runner-up for three successive years. Mr. Fawcett himself was sadly out in his judgment, preferring as he did to run Father o' Fire in his own nomination to Fearless Footsteps, who, however, had always previously succumbed to Mr. R. A. Brice officiated as judge for the third year with the greatest satisfaction, and E. Wilkinson slipped for the first time in the Waterloo Cup to the entire satisfaction of every-

bodv.

Death of a Famous Bowler.— On March 11th, at Newlay, near Leeds, after four days' illness, died the celebrated Yorkshire bowler, Edward Peate, at the age of 44 years.

The county of Yorkshire has ever been pre-eminent in the production of great bowlers, some of whom have assisted in maintaining the honour of the White Rose, and many of whom have been allowed to drift away to help to make formidable some other county team. Of all the great Yorkshire bowlers, we question whether there has been one to surpass Peate at his best. Bowling slow left-hand, with a beautiful delivery—albeit, the arm was a little low—he had the most marvellous control of the ball, and was, perhaps, as great a master of length as the celebrated Alfred Shaw.

We would indeed be inclined to trace a close similarity between these two great artists, the distinguishing difference being that Peate bowled left - handed and Shaw right-handed. Each bowled about the same slow pace, with a beautifully easy action, and the same subtle variations of pace, pitch and elevation were practised by both. Whilst, however, Alfred Shaw was for a large number of years before the public (indeed, his Indian summer with the Sussex eleven, long after his first retirement from first-class cricket. seems an event of but the other day), the career of Peate in firstclass cricket was all too brief, for leaping at one bound to the top of the tree, when he first came out for Yorkshire in 1879, he had entirely dropped out of county cricket before 1888, although in club cricket his bowling was, up to last season, invaluable to his side. Of

him Mr. Lyttelton writes in the "Badminton Book of Cricket":-"Peate for some years enjoyed the reputation of being the best left-hander in England, and rightly He was an exceptional good length, difficult to see, and had a lot of work on. Some of his performances against the Australians are truly wonderful. When Peate first began to play cricket he was a very fast, highactioned bowler; he subsequently altered his pace to slow, and it is a remarkable fact that, though a fast bowler once and still a young man, he has now lost the power of sending down a really fast ball."

The late Mr. James Maclaren. -For a very large number of cricketers and footballers it was a sad hour when they learned of the death of their old friend James Maclaren, which took place in Guernsey on March 6th. So long ago as 1882 Mr. Maclaren occapied the post of president of the Rugby Football Union, and for some years before that time, and for all the years afterwards, be took the liveliest interest in the game. For many years he has been treasurer of the Lancashire County Cricket Club, and to his enthusiasm and unflagging energy very much of the success of Lancashire cricket must be attributed. The large number of cricketers who used, in the course of their wanderings, to visit the magnificent ground at Old Trafford, must all feel that they have lost a personal friend, and sadly will that fine, genial presence be missed during the summers to come.

Mr. Maclaren was an ardent Harrovian, and, sending his sons to that school, had the satisfaction of seeing two of them, James and the celebrated Archie, come up to Lord's as captains of the Harrow Eleven. The eldest son.

lames, has appeared for his county, but the pursuit of his profession of medicine prevented his following the game very Of Archie Maclaren, who this year captained the Enghish team against the Australians in the last four test matches, nothing more remains to be said; he is one of the greatest cricketers of this or any bygone age. He has just accepted a post as Secretary to the Lancashire County Cricket Club, so that he is likely to captain the representatives of the Red Rose in all their matches during the coming season.

#J00.]

Sport at the Universities.-Never has the ever-increasing popularity of University sport been so forcibly illustrated as this Despite the war, &c., mmense interest has been taken the various "Battles of the Blues"; indeed, at most of these he attendance so far has been wht above the ordinary. It says much for the constraining inmence of purely amateur sport that at a time when the fate of Ladysmith hung in the balance med the whole nation was much umbled up and down in mind hereby, fully 12,000 spectators **should** have foregathered at the Queen's Club to witness the Assonation football match. Up to ate, the Inter-'Varsity record for 1899-1900 reads thus:—

Cambridge ... 15 points 4c.

The Football ... Cambridge ... 22 points nil.

Ling and Fencing ... Oxford ... 4 events 3.

Location Football ... Oxford ... 2 goals nil.

Likey Cambridge ... 3 goals 2.

Limits (Doubles) ... Oxford ... 127 points

Lister (Singles) ... Oxford Country...

From this it will be seen that hose chequered fortunes, that variation " in the issue of events thich the wise old Greek assures is the best in every walk or allop of life, has again been a ature of these Isthmian tussles. Moreover, that in every single instance our prediction has been

happily fulfilled.

Simultaneously with the current issue of Baily, further competitions of an Olympian nature will be decided, i.e., the athletic sports and boat race, both of which have long since attained national importance. Many sensational performances have been reeled off by Light and Dark Blue athletes since our last, but we still think Cambridge will win the Chambers Shield. Oxford "may" succeed in again making honours easy, as in 1899, but we doubt it. As usual, we give a form-at-a-glance list of the performances at the respective Trials Meetings, figures which will speak for themselves :—

| EVENTS. | Oxford. | | | Cambridge. | | |
|-------------|---------|--------|--|------------|--|--|
| 100 yards | | 10 | | 9ŧ | | |
| ł mile | | 51 | | 511 | | |
| Hurdles | | 178 | | 161 | | |
| One Mile | | 4'37\$ | | 4.30 | | |
| Three Miles | | 15'41 | | 15'19 | | |
| Hammer | | 110,3 | | 105.3 | | |
| Weight | | 35'5 | | 34 3 | | |
| High Jump | | 5'71 | | 5'7 | | |
| Long Jump | • • | 21.3 | | 22.2 | | |
| mile mile | | 2 j | | 1.58 | | |

As regards the Boat Race, " fluctuations Bismarck's events" were rarely so productive of mishaps in any previous year. There was a time when Oxonian prospects looked altogether gloomy. Warre and Hale (the "Old Blues") were prevented from rowing by illness, while the question of a fitting No. 2 was a very vexing one. Even after their arrival Henley-on-Thamesill-luck seemed to pursue them, but happily the inclusion of R. Culme-Seymour (Eton and New College) enabled them to reach tidal waters in fair trim. As we write, they have made marked improvement Putney, and a keen struggle is anticipated by most—at any rate. The Cantabs also were compelled to make a change at bow, W. Chapman (the "Old Blue")

having been ordered to the front. S. P. Cockerell (Eton and Third Trinity) filled that thwart most satisfactorily "at once"—as the Yankees say-however, and they reached Cookham one of the most powerful and polished crews ever sent out from the Cam. Getting "a sight o' good advice" from Mr. Muttlebury subsequently, they at once found high favour with the river-side critics upon their arrival at Putney, and justly so. After watching them at work under all sorts and conditions of weather, &c., we unhesitatingly dub them even faster and smarter than the 1800 Cambridge eight. We still anticipate their victory once again, albeit—for the greater part of the course, at least—the Dark Blues should make a fine race of it. Critical comment on the tussle shall be given next month, as usual.

Outside representative fray, sport fast and furious has raged at both Universities. The Clinker Fours on Isis and Cam produced some fine racing this year, victory going to New College (Oxford) and Peterhouse (Cambridge) after some exciting tussles both ways. The "Lents" and "Torpids" races were well above the average, notwithstanding wretched weather in the main. At Oxford, New College attained premier position, the other most successful boats being Exeter (six bumps), Pembroke, Corpus, and Keble (four bumps), and Lincoln, Brasenose, &c. At Cambridge, First Trinity maintained their proud position as head boat, while Third Trinity I. and Sydney (five bumps), First Trinity II., Selwyn I. and Selwyn II. (four bumps), Pembroke III., Emmanuel II., St. Catherine's, First Trinity VI., and Magdalene (three bumps), all shared the honours of the meeting. As the

outcome, some fine crews should be en evidence next Term at the respective summer races. football season died hard, but has now concluded, and (as we predicted) Light and Dark Blues have once again played a very important part in the game, under both codes, right through the A goodly number have season. gained international and other honours. According to usual custom, we give the records of representative teams for 1899-1900 for future reference:

| | | | Rυ | GBY. | | | | |
|-----------|----|----|------|------|-----|--------|-----|----|
| P. | | | | | | POINTS | | |
| Oxford | 18 | 13 | | 0 | | 207 | •• | 81 |
| Cambridge | 20 | 16 | 2 | 2 | • • | 304 | •• | =5 |
| | | As | soci | ATIO | N. | | | |
| | P. | w. | L. | D. | | G | CAL | |
| Oxford | | 10 | | | | 52 | - • | 3 |
| Cambridge | 17 | 6 | 5 | 6 | •• | 54 | | 35 |

Lent Term, now concluded, has been chiefly remarkable for two things, (a) the large number of 'Varsity men (mainly sportsment) who have gone to the front, and (b) the fillip which the current war has given to the respective University Volunteer Corps. Both the last-named are now at full strength, and shooting has certainly acquired a new and described importance in the eyes of most. This is quite as it should be!

The Billiard Championship.-In an extremely dull and un eventful billiard season, intelli gence of forthcoming matches for the Championship is welcom The writer has alread indeed. (Baily's MAGAZINE, February 1899) discussed at length in "Ou Van" the question of the Chan pionship, now so happily settle by the Billiard Association Great Britain and Ireland. Her it will suffice to record once more our satisfaction that the Revist Rules have given us, at the cost certainly, of the genuine and time honoured spot-stroke, one game billiards in which no legitimat

stroke is barred. Henceforth, thank goodness, we shall all know the meaning of the words "Eng-Ish Billiards," seeing that we have now but one game, one championship of billiards, and that the sbnormal "championship table" **h.** for all practical purposes, as extinct as the dodo. Nor is either eavil or sneer at the Championhip, as being merely the "Billiard Association" Championship, any longer permissible. The Chamsionship of Billiards, as we now know it, has been challenged for, and won, by Charles Dawson, ho, on every showing, is, and must continue to be, Champion, antil he retires or is dispossessed f his title. Neither actual suremacy at the game of billiards played under the late Rules, or, to go further, even acknowsupremacy under resent code of billiard laws, can must entitle any other player wear the proud title of "Chamon," until he has actually fought , and won, it. For most of us hn Roberts is still, despite adtacing years, the one "bright, rticular star" in the billiard mament, and gladly would his mirers, whose name is legion, ace more hail him Champion of nglish Billiards. That this cant be, and that Charles Dawson wears the laurels, and enjoys not insignificant pecuniary rards that attach to the Chamaship, Roberts has surely only nself to thank.

Edward Diggle and H. W. wenson have challenged for Championship, and these prosionals will therefore play for right of meeting the little rkshireman for £100 a-side, it the annual income of £100 ich the Championship now properly carries with it. rangements in detail have not, the time of going to press, been

made for the two matches, but they will take place this month, and shall duly be chronicled in Baily.

Golf.—The movement started in Edinburgh for perpetuating in some tangible form the memory of the late Mr. F. G. Tait, has spread throughout the United Kingdom, and is even making progress in India and the colonies, and there is every prospect of a very large sum of money being subscribed. Many suggestions have been put forward as to the best form for the memorial. among those which find most favour being a tombstone in the old churchyard at St. Andrews and a professionals' and caddies' relief fund. Both suggestions have their special merits, and it may be possible to avoid discriminating between them by carrying both into effect. late Mr. Tait, though a native of the Scottish capital, learnt his golf at St. Andrews, and played some of his best games there, and was immensely popular in the grey old town by the sea. The churchyard is already adorned by tombstones consecrated to the memory of Tommy Morris and Alan Robertson, two golfers with whom Mr. Tait may well be associated. As for the other suggestion, it was often a matter of conversation with the late champion that something should be done for professionals and caddies who fall upon evil days.

"Stilton" Cheese.—Referring to "Anecdotal Sport" in BAILY's for February, a correspondent points out that Stilton (which is situated in Huntingdonshire, and not Leicestershire), where Jem Mason's father carried on his business as horse dealer, gave its name to the famous cheese under the following circumstances. Stilton was the place where the passengers travelling

on the Great North Road used to stop for dinner in the old coaching days; and the cheeses which invariably appeared on the table became widely known by the name of the place where they were eaten, though they were actually made in the Melton Mowbray district and there only. Stilton, when our correspondent visited the place, consisted practically of old-world inns, whose custom has ebbed away from them since the construction of the Great Northern Railway. Its great prosperity in the coaching days was due to its situation, which is only two miles north of Norman Cross, where two great trunk roads meet.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During February—March, 1900.]

THE final of the American Rackets Championship was played at Boston, U.S.A., on February 11th, when Mr. Eustace H. Miles, winner of the open competition in the Amateur Racket Championship of England last year, met Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, winner of last year's American Championship, and eventually won by 3 games to 1, and secured the title of Amateur Rackets Champion of America.

The return tennis match between Mr. Eustace H. Miles, amateur champion of England, and holder of the M.C.C. Gold Prize, and Mr. Lawrence M. Stockton, amateur champion of America, was played on February 11th at the Boston Athletic Association. After an exceptionally hard struggle, Mr. Miles won by 3 sets to 1.

Writing to the *Field* of February 24th, Major J. W. Jones records a very early litter of cubs found on the Penton Farm estate, near Andover, on February 20th. The vixen, with seven cubs, was discovered under a heap of straw, and the cubs were apparently about a week old.

The Shropshire Hounds had a narrow escape on March 2nd, when running from Preston Brockhurst. The fox crossed the railway, and as hounds were following, a passenger train came in sight; the first whip dismounted and succeeded in clearing all but three, and these appeared doomed, but in some way all escaped, one being pushed aside by the train.

John Channons, who was nor twelve seasons second whip to the Hambledon Hounds, during the mastership of Mr. King, died on March 3rd, at the good old age of eighty-one years.

The injuries sustained by Captain Cole through the fall of Hermon in the San-

down Maiden Steeplechase at Sandowa Park on March 3rd, terminated fatally on March 6th.

When out with the South Cheshire. Hounds on March 6th, Mr. A. N. Hornby, of Parkfield, Nantwich, the famous cricketer, sustained a severe accident. Mr. Hornby was thrown at a double ditch, but remounted; he had, however, to give in at the end of the run, and on examination it was found that three ribs were broken.

A somewhat remarkable coincidence between the two great sales of Loss Falmouth and that of the late Duke of Westminster's horses at Kingsclere of March 8th is pointed out in Horse and Hound, this being that in each case the three final figures should be 440. Of April 28th, 1884, twenty-four horses in training of Lord Falmouth's fetched 36,446 gs. June 30th the same year fifty-nine had realised 75,440 gs., and at Kingscless nineteen animals made 70,440 gs.

The Warnham Staghounds met of March 9th at West Grinstead, and enjoye a fine run of two hours and a half, what was unfortunately terminated by the and dental death of the deer. The meet wat the Burrell Arms, West Grinstead where a hunt breakfast was given, and which the deer Actress, the fastest kept the Warnham Hunt, was enlarged, god off at a great pace owards Old Houturning over the line to Partridge Green and then on to Henfield, crossing the haspain to Poynings and Hassocks. But utuly she got into Clayton tunnel, and wrun over and killed by a train from Bright.

While hunting with the Badsworth March 10th, Mr. C. E Rhodes, Horacas Farm, Stapleton, was thrown on his he and sustained severe injuries.

While hunting with the Belvoir Hounds from Waltham on March 14th, Captain Featherston Haigh was thrown heavily and sastained a broken leg.

A very unfortunate accident occurred in the course of the race for the International Hurdle Handicap at Gatwick, by which Mr. Archie Gold lost a valuable horse, Villiers, by Thurio out of Lady Clarendon, a winner of many races. There was, says the Sportsman of March 15th, a deal of crowding out at the turn out of the straight after passing the stand, although the field of fifteen runners was by no means the largest that has contested the mee since its removal to Gatwick. As a direct consequence Soliman was driven on to a doll, which was knocked over, and, swinging round, came in contact with the leg of Mr. Gold's unfortunate horse with such force as to snap it like a dry stick. Of course, Villiers had to be shot, and this was mercifully done without delay.

The celebrated American trotting mare Maud S., whose death was reported on March 17th, in her twenty-seventh year, held the trotting record for eleven years om 1880. Purchased by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt in 1878 for 20,000 dollars, it was as a six-year-old on August 12, 1880, that Maud S. became famous, tying with St. Julien, when both horses created a joint record of 2 min. 113 sec. for the nile; in September of the same year, at Chicago, the mare covered the mile in min. 10 sec.; during the following year he reduced her time on two occasions by sec. each. In August, 1884, she set up new record of 2 min. 97 sec., subsesently lowered by 1 sec., and in July, 3885, her record was 2 min. 82 sec.

The first whip of the Cotswold Foxounds, Charlie Beacham, has been very afortunate this season. On March 17th, when taking a fence at Westfield, near Nogrove, his horse came in contact with wire, and threw its rider headlong to the cound, afterwards rolling over him, masing concussion of the brain. Beacham ad only recently resumed duty after his accordanced accident of the season.

Lord Fermoy has offered a reward of 25 for the conviction of the person or among who recently maliciously set fire to fox covert at Rockbarton, co. Limeth, on the property of his lordship.

With reference to the interesting parlears as to the weight of foxes which we been contributed by various corresordents to the Field, "Morven" gives tails of a dog killed in North-West syllshire, weighing 22lbs. and meating 4ft, 2½in. from nose to tip of tash.

The huntsman of the Ullswater Foxhounds, Joe Bowman, writes :-- "According to my experience, the average weight of a dog fox is 15lbs.; the vixen, I am sure, will average 13 lbs. I have never killed so small a fox as one of IIlbs., and I have weighed hundreds. I kill on an average twenty-two brace in the season, and as I never have a hound that will break one up, have the chance of ascertaining all the weights. I do not believe in hounds eating a fox. Mine are never short of dash, and can kill a fox in this rough country without the aid of any one, so that is good proof. I once killed a fox of 23lbs. on the Cross Fell Range, the largest and heaviest I ever did kill; his length was 4ft. 4in. from tip of nose to tip of brush, and about 4in. of brush was white. The majority of foxes on Cross Fell weigh about 19lbs. to 20lbs."

Referring to a letter on this subject, written by J. Bowman, huntsman to the Ullswater Foxhounds, "I may remark," writes 'Helvellyn," "that probably no man has weighed more large foxes during the last twenty years than he has. He does not let his hounds break up and eat a fox, and so nearly every big fox killed is weighed, and the Cumberland hill foxes are as large, or larger, than any others. About the end of 1898 or beginning of 1899 three very large dog foxes were killed in a cliff at Ullswater by a blue terrier bitch called Corby, belonging to Lord Decies. Bowman, having run a fox to ground, put Corby in to bolt it, and did not get her out again for twenty-four When the rocks were broken and loosened the bitch was discovered in a very distressed and torn state, having killed three large dog foxes, one behind They were weighed, and took down 62lbs. on the scales—a record weight for a small terrier to kill in one earth. do not think 30lb. foxes are or ever have been found."

It is reported that one night early in March a fox found its way into a pheasantry at Beechwood Hill, between Oxted and Godstone, Surrey, and killed no fewer than 150 pheasants. Only seven birds were found alive in the morning.

The Essex Union white fox has come to an untimely end; being chased by a dog outside Horsey Wood, it got the worst of the encounter. The fox is to be preserved, and will remain in the possession of Mr. Ward, Hon. Secretary of the Essex Union Foxhounds.

W. Brockwell, the Surrey cricketer, recently scored one hundred and fifty and one hundred and three runs in a match at Patiala.

TURF.

WARWICK CLUB.—FEBRUARY MEETING.

February 22nd.—The Leamington Grand Annual Handicap Steeplechase of 177 sovs.; two miles and a half. Lieutenant Tuisten's b. m. Miss Battle, by Ben Battle—Buff, by Uncas, aged, 11st. 5lb. ... Hassel I Sir Peter Walker's ch. g. Slingsby, aged, 11st. 5lb. Mr. G. S. Davies 2 Mr. C. Grenfell's b. g. Glamorgan, 6 yrs., 10st. 10lb.Matthews 3 Evens Miss Battle.

BIRMINGHAM.—STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

February 23rd.—The Yardley Handicap Hurdle Race of 200 sovs.; two miles. Mr. W. Squire's br. c. Brecon, by Timothy — Brenhilda, 5 yrs., 10st. 4lb........Mr. II. Hunt I

Mr. W. Liddell's ch. g. Wales, 6 yrs., 11st. 4lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen 2

Mr. T. Wadlow's br. m. Valhalla, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb. Mr. M. Harper 7 to 4 agst. Brecon.

February 24th.—The Great Warwickshire Handicap Steeplechase of 174 sovs.; two miles.

Mr. H. Tunstall-Moore's br. m. Fanciful, by Hackler — Miss Fanny, 5 yrs., 11st. 2lb.

Mr. W. Cullen Mr. Alex. Browne's ch. h. Kenmure, 6 yrs., 10st. 11lb. Phelan Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac,

Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, aged, 10st. 12lb.Halsey 3 to 1 agst. Fanciful.

SANDOWN PARK.—MARCH MEETING.

March 1st. - The March Handicap Hurdle Race of 174 sovs.; two miles.

IO to I agst. Friary.

March 2nd. — The Sandown United Service
Handicap Steeplechase of 137 sovs.;

two miles.

Mr. H. A. Johnstone's ch. g. Cushendun, by Timothy—Craftiness, 5 yrs., 11st. 1lb. (4lb. ex.) Mr. G. S. Davies 1 Captain W. Murray-Threipland's b. m. Lambay, aged, 12st.

Sir G. Prescott's ch. g. Gaffer Green, aged, Iost. Iolb. Mr. H. M. Ripley 5 to 4 agst. Cushendun.

March 3rd.—The Liverpoool Trial Steeplechase (Handicap) of 189 sovs.; three miles and a half.

Captain W. H. Lambton's br. g. Romanoff, by Peterhof—Agnes Mary, aged, 11st. 7lb. ...Dollery

Mary, aged, 11st. 7lb. ...Dollery 1 Mr. H. S. Sidney's ch. g. Gang-Bridge, aged, 10st........Owner 2 Mr. W. H. Walker's b. g. Glen

Royal, 6 yrs., 10st. 9lb.

Mr. Fergusson 3
100 to 30 agst. Romanoff.

HURST PARK CLUB.—March Steeplechases.

Air, 5 yrs., 11st. 7lb.

Mr. J. W. Widger 3
7 to 4 agst. Count Schomberg.

NATIONAL HUNT AND KEMPTON PARK.—MARCH MEETING.

March 9th.—The National Hunt Steeplechase of 1,000 sovs.; about four miles.

Mr. T. Bayden's b. g. Eoos, by Stratford—The Dawn, 5 yrs, 12st. 1lb.Mr. A. Gordon 1 Mr. R. K. Mainwaring's ch. g.

Spiddal, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb.
Mr. Garnett 2

Mr. F. L. Wilson's b. c. Double Ireland, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb. Mr. Quartermain 3 100 to 8 agst. Eoos.

The March Handicap Steeplechase of 175 sovs.; two miles. Mr. W. Bainett's b. m. Mrs. Grundy, by Tyrant - Jenny Cameron, aged, 11st. 61b. Mr. G. S. Davies Sir Peter Walker's ch. g. Missionary, aged, 11st. 4lb. Mr. Garnett Mr. Cairnes' ch. m. Elfrida, aged, iist.....Owner 10 to 1 agst. Mrs. Grundy. March 10th .- The Kingston Hurdle Handicap of 175 sovs.; two miles. Mr. Cairnes' gr. h. Friary, by Grey Friar — Secrecy, 6 yrs., 11st. 10lb. (inc. 5lb. ex.) Owner Mr. J. Hare's b. h. Teviot II., 5 yra, Iost. 13lb.....D. Read Mrs. Sadier Jackson's ch. m. Saintly Songstress, aged, 11st. 6b.Mr. W. P. Cullen 3 to I agst. Friary. The National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase of 397 sovs., for four-yearolds; two miles and a half. Mr. Romer Williams' ch. g. Full Flavour, by Satiety— Muscat, 10st. 10lb.Mr. Hartigan Mr. F. R. Hunt's b. f. Ammunition, lost. 10ib. W. Taylor Mr. J. Hare's b. or br. c. Bucklent, iost. ioib.D. Read 3 to 1 agst. Full Flavour. The Surrey and Middlesex Steeplechase Handicap of 175 sovs.; three Mr. W. J. Compton's br. g. Tours, by St. Gatien—Faustine, aged, 11st. 3lb......Dollery Mr. J. Cannon's bl. g. Barcalwhey, aged, 10st. 8lb.....T. Lane Mr. R. C. Dawson's ch. m. Mill Girl, aged, 11st. 4lb. ...Gourley 10 to 1 agst. Tours. GATWICK.—MARCH MEETING.

Much 13th.—The Tantivy Steeplechase of

925 sors., for four and five-year-olds, which at time of closing (November 28th, 1899) have never started in any steeplechase; two Mr. W. H. West's b. g. Ship-shape, by Master Mariner— Celeste, 5 yrs., 11st. 5lb. Mason Mr. B. W. Parr's b. f. Æsthetic

Anne, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb. (car. 10st. 6lb.).....Mr. M. B. Bletsoe 2

Captain J. H. Jackson's b. g. Strangford, 4 yrs., 10st. 10lb. T. Lane 3 100 to 30 agst. Ship-shape. The Wickham Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 184 sovs.; two miles. Mr. J. G. Clarke's ch. g. Battalion II., by Battailons—Nancy Till, aged, 11st. 10lb.Brewer Mr. A. Gorham's b. g. Ravensdale, aged, 10st. 8lb.T. Fitton Mr. H. T. Barclay's b. f. Lady Derry, 4 yrs., 10st. 6lb. G. Williamson 100 to 8 agst. Battalion II. The Surrey Steeplechase (Handicap) of 164 sovs.; two miles. Lord Dudley's br. h. The Tramp, by St. Honorat-Auntie, aged, Mr. H. M. Cairnes' ch. m. El-frida, aged, 11st. 7lb. F. Mason Mr. J. Phelan's ch. m. Sweet Charlotte, aged, 12st. 7lb. O'Brien 3 to I agst. The Tramp. March 14th.—The Stewards' Steeplechase (Handicap) of 164 sovs.; three miles and a half. Mr. H. A. Johnstone's ch. g. by Timothy -Cushendun, Craftiness, 5 yrs., 10st. 6lb. Oates Mr. H. M. Cairnes' b. g. Mount Cashel, 6 yrs., 10st. 4lb. Mason Mr. Leybuck's br. g. Royal Angus, 5 yrs., 9st. 13lb.O'Brien 2 to 1 agst. Cushendun. The International Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 825 sovs. (second receives 100 sovs., and the third 50 sovs.); two miles. Mr. H. M. Cairnes' gr. h. Friary, by Grey Friars—Secrecy, 6 yrs., 11st. 5lb. (5lb. ex.).......Mason Mr. J. G. Clarke's b. g. Tornado II., aged, 11st. 12lb......Brewer Mr. L. Byron Peter's br. g. Upper Cut, 6 yrs., 10st. 13lb.
R. Woodland 9 to 2 agst. Friary.

The Brook Maiden Hurdle Race of 129 sovs. : two miles. Mr. W. Liddell's bl. or br. f. Styrienne, by Bennitthorpe -Mignon, 4 yrs., 10st. 12lb. Mr. W. P. Cullen Mr. A. Yates' b. h. Dynamo, aged, 11st. 7lb.Dollery

Mr. C. Levy's b. c. Glen Choran, 2 to 1 agst. Styrienne.

COURSING.

February 23rd.—Waterloo Cup.—Mr. J. H. Bibby ns. (Messrs. Fawcett's), bk. b. Fearless Footsteps, won, Duke of Leeds' f. b. Lavishly Clothed, ran up. February 23rd.—Waterloo Purse-Mr. A. Briscoe ns. bd. b. Gutta Percha won, Mr. R. W. Jardine ns. (Sir R. Jardine's) f. b. p. Long Glass ran up. February 23rd.—Waterloo Plate—Mr. J.

B. Thompson's r. d. p. Red Fury won. Sir T. Brocklebank's Border Song ran up.

FOOTBALL.

February 24th —At Dublin, Ireland v. Scotland, drawn, no score.*

February 24th.—At Llandudno, Wales v. Ireland.

February 24th.—At Leicester, North v. South, latter won by 22 points to 9. March 3rd.—At Queen's Club, Oxford v.

Cambridge, former won by 2 goals to of March 3rd.—At Belfast, Ireland v. Scotland, latter won by 3 goals to 0.7

March 7th.—At Richmond, St. Mary's v. London, final round of Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup, former won by 6 points to 3.*

March 7th.—At Crystal Palace, North v.

South, drawn, 4 goals each. †

March 10th.—At Edinburgh, S England. March 17th .- At Belfast, Ireland

latter won by I try to 0."

March 17th.—At Dublin, Is England, latter won by 2 goal March 17th.—At Upton, Londor donians v. Old Westminster, won by I goal to o, and I holders of the London Sensor lenge Cup. †

* Under Rugby Rules. † Under Association Ru

HOCKEY.

February 17th.—At Llandudno. Ireland, latter won by 5 goals February 21st.—At Richmond,

Middlesex, latter won by 3. February 21st.—At Dunstall F lands v. North, latter won b

March 3rd.—At Richmond, South, former won by 2 go March 5th.—At Richmond, Cambridge, latter won by

March 10th.—At Belfast, England, latter won by 2 g March 17th.—At Kersall, England v. Wales, former goals to 0.

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OF.

PORTS and PASTIMES

MAY, 1900.

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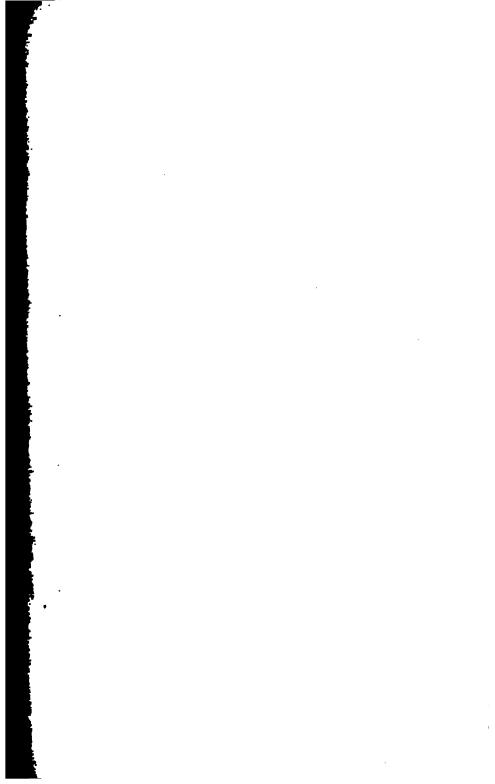
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SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 483.

MAY, 1965.

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WITH

Portrait of CAPTAIN CYRIL STACEY, M.F.H.;

Engravings of Horse for Mounted Infantry and White Dacshunds,

Captain Cyril Stacey, M.F.H.

Born in the year 1867, the master of the North Cotswold Hounds is the eldest son of the late Rev. Cyril Stacey, of Southam de la Bere, Gloucestershire, and previously of Tockington House, Almondsbury. Captain Stacey's taste for sport is hereditary; his father in early days was well known with the Oxford Drag Hounds, and also in University cricket; and later he held a place in the Berkeley country among the old-fashioned foxhunting parsons, of whom there are now but

few representatives surviving. His uncle, too, the late Mr. F. E. Stacey, will be remembered by many as a representative of both the Eton and Cambridge cricket elevens, and as the finest wicket keeper of his day.

Captain Stacey was entered to foxhunting at a very early age, and well remembers the day when he was blooded by the late Lord Fitzhardinge, known in his own country as "The Giant." In 1880 he went to Eton, where he put in three years; and in 1885

he passed into Sandhurst. Cricket was the game to which he chiefly devoted himself, and on more than one occasion he played in the R.M.C. eleven, doing good service as a fast right-hand bowler. Early in the summer of 1886 he was disabled as a cricketer by a bad accident, coming in violent collision with another player while running for a catch. The results were serious enough to put him on the sick-list, and much to his regret, he was unable to take his place in the eleven for the annual match against the Royal Military Academy.

In 1887 he was gazetted to the 14th Hussars, and during the eight years of his soldiering experience saw as much hunting as falls to the lot of the cavalryman who has any luck in the stations to which his regiment is sent. When quartered at Brighton. Captain Stacey hunted with the Southdown and the Crawley and Horsham. A term at Leeds-1891-92-gave him an excellent season's sport with the Bramham Moor; while at Manchester, in 1892-94, he kept his horses at Nantwich, and hunted chiefly with the South Cheshire. also saw some particularly good sport on the occasional days he could put in with Sir W. William Wynn's. In 1894 the 14th went to Ireland, and from Fethard hunted with the Tipperary. Captain Stacey usually spent his long leave at home, and hunted with the Cotswold and neighbouring packs. Hence when he assumed the pleasurable burden of mastership he had tolerably wide experience of hunting countries behind him. The 14th Hussars has always been a great hunting regiment, and it is worth noting that there three former officers the corps now on the "active list" of masters: Captain Stacey.

Mr. Albert Brassey (Heythrop), and Sir James Miller (Northumberland and Berwickshire) now, by the way, in South Africa. Colonel Gerald Ricardo, who resigned the Craven in 1892, was an old 14th Hussars man, as was also Mr. Harold St. Maur, who for a period hunted the South Devon Hounds.

He had become a polo-player when he joined in 1887, and for several years played in the regimental team. One of the matches for which he cherishes a lively recollection was the final for the Rugby Polo Club Tournament in the first year of its establishment -1803. In the final the Rugby Club beat the 14th Hussars, after a very hardly contested and exciting game. Mr. E. D. Miller, of Springhill (now serving with the Lancashire Yeomanry South Africa) has a series of pictures in which are shown incidents of the final which gave victory to the Rugby Club. Since leaving the service he has played a good deal both at Hurlingham and at the Circucester Club when the latter was in its infancy. was always well mounted. Perhaps the best ponies he ever owned were the two roans named Strawberry and Raspberry, the latter of which passed out of his possession into that of the late Lord Ava whose sad death in South Africa is within the memory of all.

Captain Stacey is fond of 'chasing, and rode his own and brother officers' horses with varying success at the annual regimental steeplechase meetings. He is a good whip, and used to drive the regimental drag regularly.

On retiring, he settled at Toddington Grange, Winchcomb, where he now resides, and found opportunity to indulge his love of sport and promote that of his

neighbours when Mr. Algernon Rushout resigned the North Cotswold country in 1896 after twentytwo years' mastership. Captain Stacey succeeded him in office, purchasing the hounds. During his first season he retained the services of Harry Goddard, who came from Mr. Butt Miller, master of the Cricklade division of the Vale of White Horse, though he hunted one of the packs himself. At the end of the season, however, he decided to do without professional aid, and Goddard having found a new situation with the Ledbury, Captain Stacey has since carried the horn himself. The North Cotswold country is naturally divided into hill and vale, nearly one-half being grass; stone walls are the only fences on the hills, but in the vale country are stiff Leicestershire fences which require a bold and powerful horse to negotiate them. The master is fortunate in that the farmers form a large proportion of his field; they are sportsmen almost to a man, and their love of foxhunting accounts for the removal of all wire during the season; a state of affairs which may be envied by followers of more fashionable The country was forpacks. merly part of the great Berkeley territory, and has existed in its present form since the year 1868. The master devotes great attention to his kennel; he aims at getting the best looks possible, but will not have shape without tongue; a mute hound is of little use in his country, and the North Cotswold are famed for their He has this year the music. most promising lot of young dog hounds for next season's entry that he has had in the kennels for some time.

Captain Stacey finds time to do a good deal of shooting during the season, and he is among those who find that foxes and pheasants can thrive together without injury to the interest of either.

He has not altogether given up soldiering. In 1897 he accepted the command of what then was the Monmouthshire troop of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry. Recruiting, however, was so satisfactory that the troop has since been raised to the dignity of a squadron. The thoughtful reader will note as an interesting and suggestive coincidence that recruits began to come in after the master of the North Cotswold took command of the troop. The circumstance points to greater readiness on the part farmers to serve under an officer who had shown them good sport with hounds. The Monmouthshire squadron answered heartily to the call for yeomanry in South Africa, as no fewer than twenty-three of its members are now at the front.

In 1897 Captain Stacey married Edith Constance, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. S. Gibbons, of Boddington Manor, near Chel-Mrs. Stacey, like her husband, belongs to a sporting family; her father for the last eighteen years has owned and hunted the Boddington Harriers, part of whose country lies within the boundaries of the North Cotswold. Mrs. Stacey is a straight rider to hounds, and hers is a well-known figure with her husband's and the neighbouring hunts.

The Liabilities of Stakeholders.

THERE is, perhaps, no branch of English law more intricate or more puzzling to the lay mind than that relating to contracts of gaming and wagering, and, although the point decided by the Court of Appeal in the recent case of Burge v. Ashley and Smith, Limited (reported in The Times of March 10th last), was a simple one in itself, its decision, depending, as it did, upon the construction of a by no means luminously clear section in an Act of Parliament, was not entirely

free from difficulty.

The question, put shortly, was as follows:—Can a sum of money deposited with a stakeholder be recovered from him by the depositor, if the depositor claims it back from the stakeholder before the latter has paid it over to the winner of the wager? answer is—Yes. It is not, however, by any means the first time that this question has been before the courts. It was put—to take the two most modern instances, though there are others of an earlier date—to the Court of Appeal in the year 1877, in the case of Diggle v. Higgs ("Law Reports," 3 Ex. D., 422), and answered in the affirmative; it was also put to a divisional court of the Queen's Bench Division in the year 1895, in the case of O'Sullivan v. Thomas ("Law Reports," [1895] 1 Q.B., 698), with the same result. But between the decisions in these two cases came the passing of the Gaming Act, 1892, and the object of the appeal in Burge's case the other day was to establish the proposition that the Act of 1892 altered the law with regard to stakeholders and did away with the decision in Diggle v. Higgs. This, of course, involved the

further proposition that O'Sullivan v. Thomas, in which the court acted upon the previous decision in Diggle v. Higgs, and followed it, was wrong and ought to be overruled, a thing which the Court of Appeal, being a higher tribunal than that which decided O'Sullivan v. Thomas, had power to do. The court, however, declined to accept either of these propositions, with the result that both Diggle's case and O'Sullivan's

case remain good law.

As most people are aware, the attitude of the law towards wagers and gambling transactions of all kinds is one of non-recognition. It does not declare them to be either legal or illegal; it simply declares them to be wholly null and void, and declines to have anything to do with the enforcement of their obligations. That is the practical meaning of the Gaming Act of 1845, and, that being the attitude of the law towards gaming contracts, the decision in Diggle v. Higgs was the only logical one that could be arrived at. In that case two men named Diggle and Simmonite agreed to a walking match for £200 a side. Higgs was their stakeholder, and Simmonite was declared the winner; but before Higgs paid the stakes over to him, Diggle gave notice to Higgs, through his solicitor, not to pay and demanded Simmonite. return of the £200 deposited by him (Diggle). In spite of this, Higgs paid Simmonite, and the court held that Diggle, having given notice to Higgs not to do this, could recover from Higgs the amount of his deposit. In other words, the law, declining to recognise any contract between Diggle and Simmonite, or between them, or either of them, and

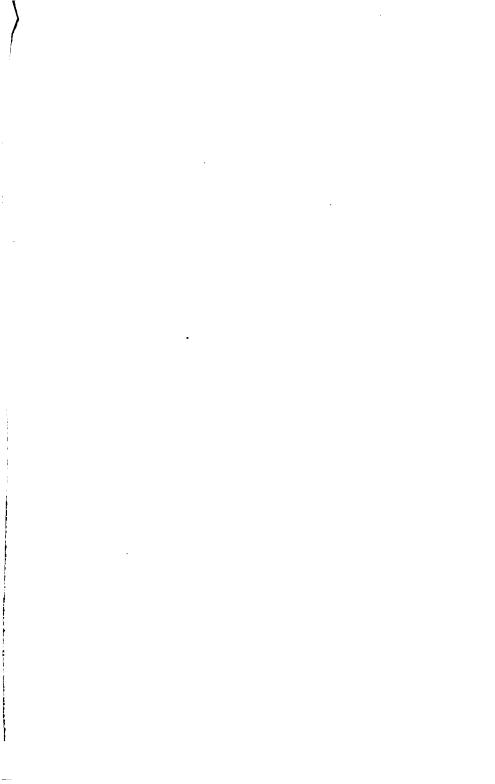
Higgs, treated the two deposits made as being still the property of the depositors and under their control, and the stakeholder as agent of the depositors to do with their respective deposits whatever they might direct him to do. Their first direction, when they made the wager, was, "You are to pay this money to whichever of us wins the forthcoming walking match." But before he could carry out these instructions further directions came from one of the parties, and these directions, says the law, he ought, as agent of that party, to have obeyed. If those further directions had arrived after he had paid the money over, the law would have protected him, for it would have said that he was carrying out instructions given him by his principal and unrevoked at the time, and that the principal had no one to blame but himself for not sending his revocation of those instructions till too late.

So much for the state of affairs under the earlier Gaming Act. But then came the Act of 1892, and with it the question whether the position of stakeholders is not affected thereby. Its first section (quite a masterpiece of legal phraseology, and one upon which its draughtsman must have often gazed with pardonable provides that "any promise, express or implied, to pay any person any sum of money paid by him under, or in respect of, any contract or agreement rendered mull and void by the Act of the eighth and ninth of Victoria, chapter one hundred and nine (i.e., the Gaming Act, 1845), " or to pay any sum of money by way of commission, fee, reward or otherwise in respect of any such contract, or of any services in relation thereto, or in connection therewith, shall be null and void. and no action shall be brought or maintained to recover any such sum of money."

The object of this lucid enactment was to get rid of the decision in Read v. Anderson ("Law Reports," 13 Q.B.D., 779), a case which had nothing whatever to do with stakeholders. Still, as is well known, if an Act of Parliament aims at one thing, that does not in the least prevent from hitting other things besides the thing aimed at. And so the question of the position of stakeholders under this new Act naturally cropped up and framed itself in this way:—Is money deposited with a stakeholder, money "paid under, or in respect of, a contract rendered null and void" by the Act of 1845, or, in other words, a gaming contract? If it is, then "no action shall be brought to recover any such sum of money." O'Sullivan's case and Burge's case, which has the higher authority of the Court of Appeal, have decided that it is In O'Sullivan's case the wager was about a running race. O'Sullivan agreed to run another man, whose name does not transpire, for the modest stakes of five pounds a side. Thomas was the stakeholder, and O'Sullivan, having lost and, as the report gravely states, "being dissatisfied with the result," demanded the return of his five pounds before Thomas had parted with it; but Thomas, like his predecessor Higgs, felt bound by the obligations of sport and heeded not those of law, so that he paid the winner ten pounds. Then O'Sullivan brought action to recover his five pounds and succeeded, both the judges (Justices Wills and Wright) before whom the appeal was heard holding that money to be "paid," within the meaning of the section, must be paid out and out, and that therefore the section did not apply to money lodged with a stakeholder. In Burge's case the facts were again on all fours with those of its predecessors. the pugilist, was matched against Bobby Dobbs, of New York, for £300 a side and the best purse offered. The proprietors of the Sportsman, Messrs. Ashley and Smith, Limited, were the stakeholders, and duly received £300 from each man. The match came off at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Dobbs was declared the winner, but, just as in the two previous cases, the loser gave to the stakeholders notice not to pay his stake to the winner but to pay it back to him, while the stakeholders, ignoring these instructions, paid the whole sum deposited over to the winner. An action by Burge against Messrs. Ashley and Smith, Limited, to recover his deposit of f 300 thereupon ensued, and ended in a judgment for the plantiff for the amount claimed. This judgment and the case of O'Sullivan v. Thomas, on which it was founded, has now been affirmed by the Court of Appeal, consisting of Lords Justices A. L. Smith, Collins and Romer, who, like the Divisional Court below them, held money deposited with stakeholder is not money "paid" within the meaning of Section 1 of the Act of 1802.

The result is that the law as to the liabilities of stakeholders, in circumstances like those detailed above, remains the same as it was in the days of Diggle v. Higgs, and has not been affected by the Act of 1892. Possibly Messrs. Ashley and Smith, or someone else in similar difficulties, may one day take the opinion of the House of Lords upon the point, but until that happens, or fresh legislation takes place, the matter is at rest.

From a sporting point of view the position of affairs is, of course, unsatisfactory. Α stakeholder who has, perhaps, seen a wager fairly contested, and has no doubt whatever in his own mind that the winner is morally entitled to the fruits of his victory, will relish nothing so little as being peremptorily ordered by the loser not to pay, and the knowledge that, if he ignores the loser's commands and pays, the loser's money must ultimately come out of his own pocket, will not tend to increase his admiration for the law of England. But we must remember what the attitude of the law has always been towards wagering and gaming of all kinds, and how it has rigorously set its face against the recognition of anything in the nature of a legal obligation where wagers or bets are made. Bearing this in mind, one cannot see what other conclusion could possibly have been Had the decision in arrived at. Burge's case gone the other way, the state of affairs might have become still worse, for if a stakeholder, having once received the stakes, was under no obligation to pay them to either party, it would seem to follow that a dishonest stakeholder could appropriate the stakes the moment they were placed in his hands, seeing that they would be money "paid" in respect of a gaming contract, and that no action could be brought against him either by winner or loser to recover them. If this assumption is correct, sportsmen may even find room to be thankful for small mercies in the reflection that, notwithstanding the inviolate character of the stakeholder as ordinarily met with English sport, his integrity will not be as highly tried in the future as it might have been had the Court of Appeal taken the other view. H. S. S.



The Horse for Mounted Infantry.

It is well recognised in theory, if not always in practice, that the required for the work horse mounted infantry are called upon to perform is an animal differing essentially from the horse suitable for regular cavalry. The former are wanted to perform the duties of infantry, and are mounted only to give them that superior mobility which is impossible to men on foot. As an officer, now at the front, remarked to the writer, the first duty of mounted infantry is "to be in two places at once." The Irishism conceals a fundamental truth, a very important **business** of mounted infantry being to harass an enemy from a quarter whence attack is unex-"Shock tactics" do not pected. **come** within the scope of their work; hence the weight which counts for much in the efficiency of heavy cavalry is not required in their horses.

The horse suitable above all for this arm is a small, compact, active and enduring hunter—such a horse as that whose portrait **appears** on the opposite page. This was—"was" unhappily, for **be was** lost on the voyage to Capetown — a well-bred, fifteenhand hunter with short back, well-laid shoulders, good bone, powerful quarters and hocks—in **enort, a** model hunter on a small scale. It is a well-recognised fact the endurance, which is an indispensable quality of the horse **in:** mounted infantry work, is far time commonly possessed by a horse than a big one. A mod big horse is no doubt better than a good little one, but how much more frequently do we find a stayer in the fifteen-hand than the sixteen-hand horse! Nor is it only in endurance that the smaller animal excels as a rule; he has greater activity and is more sure-footed, whereby he is more capable of traversing safely and at speed the rough ground which mounted infantry always be prepared to cross. smaller size is a recommendation, for nobody will deny that it is easier to "nip into the saddle" of a fifteen-hand mount than a bigger one; and rapidity in mounting and getting away at the word of command is an important factor in obtaining that swiftness movement which render mounted

infantry so valuable.

We have, it is to be feared, made height in the horse a kind of fetish, forgetting that hands and inches do not by any means necessarily mean strength. longer stride of the big horse gives him an advantage on the racecourse, but what is indispensable on the Turf may be secured at the sacrifice of qualities far more useful in other spheres of action. For the needs of our troops in South Government has purchased 23,326, and it is noteworthy that for "cobs," by which we understand Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., to mean small horses suitable for mounted infantry, the War Office agents have gone chiefly to Argentina, whence no fewer than 5,864 have been procured. Economy and necessity have dictated the step of seeking these horses in South America; at least a proportion of the required number could have been found at home; but that they were not purchased in the United Kingdom proves the value set upon them by their owners.

Hands and Seat.

THERE is no subject on which it is more easy to dogmatise than that of horsemanship, and it is only when we remember that famous definition of dogmatism as "puppydom grown old," that we become aware of the perils of positiveness. We know, we who are, more or less, proficient in the art, how easy it is to criticise, how difficult it is to ride—at least when there are fences to be jumped. As men get older they become, not necessarily in an unfriendly way, more observantly critical. With advancing years they know they are not Centaurs in the saddle, and, what is more, with their store of accumulated wisdom, they realise that they never have been. But it is very different with a youth or the middle-aged beginner, the latter often a rich beggar on horseback, for generally when either has been a short time in the saddle, one can hardly persuade him that he is not equal to winning a Grand National. He has not mastered, nor probably ever will master, one tithe of the niceties of the art. He never learns the harmony of touch or that exquisite sympathy -for which "fine hands" is the term-existing between a good rider and a good horse, in its way no less truly artistic than the harmony and sympathy existing between a great musician and his instrument.

We think that a very small proportion of horsemen ever trouble themselves much about the many hints on the various theories upon riding; and of course, as in many another art or handicraft, theory and books are by no means indispensable, as witness the numerous fine, but perfectly illiterate horsemen.

Still, we are convinced that at any rate a little theory is, and must be, of very great use, especially so, as in most cases if we have been taught at all, our lessons have not been given in the best style by the best masters.

There is no scarcity of books upon riding in its every aspect. They range from Xenophon's very interesting treatise—which contains so much that is as true for us to-day as it was for the prototypes of those Immortals who ride for ever on the Parthenon frieze—down to the very modern authors. Professor Anderson, Captain Horace Hayes, Colonel R. T. Dodge, and Major Whyte - Melville have, amongst many others, made substantial and useful additions to our knowledge. The first deals with the subject of horsemanship pure and simple, and explains the mysteries and the advantages of the haute école. Captain Hayes writes from his varied experience between the flags and in the hunting field, while Colonel Dodge, an American, has given us in "Riders of Many Lands" a most interesting history of his observation of horsemanship amongst almost nations; while Whyte-Melville in "Riding Recollections," with his facile, graceful pen, tells us, characteristically fashion, of his own purely English experiences "of many happy hours with horse and hound." this he never insists upon any of his theories being absolutely right, but asks us to draw our own conclusions.

These writers, to speak only of a few out of a great number, tell us of the way we should go and the fashion of our going. Yet

there is one thing which strikes any observant critic. How comparatively few riders there are who ride according to the laws laid down for their guidance. There is, in fact, a very great discrepancy between the theory and practice of horsemanship, as exhibited in riding across country by a large number of horsemen. But there is probably no art in which it is more difficult always reconcile theory with practice—to always do the right For are there not those terribly sudden reversals of fortune and seat to be reckoned with? Those brief, unhappy moments when we learn, if it be at all possible to learn, the art of falling. And even with the best regulated hands and seats falls must occur, though that they can be greatly lessened, and pain turned into pleasure, by the possession of good hands and seat, is a fact which requires no demon-

There is nothing more difficult to explain than what exactly constitutes good hands. We all feel we know what is meant by the term: but it is a different matter when we try to reduce it to the form of a recipe. Good hands seem to us to be far more of an inspiration than an acquisition, while the very finest hands are a very rare gift. They are a symbol of complete sympathy between the horse and rider, the delicate, give-and-take manipulation through which the horse's every movement is controlled and directed. Good hands, with subtle coercion, make the horse a chivalrous and useful friend, while bad ones, with heavy thwarting, make him a dangerous and uncertain ally. Strength of arm has little more to do with "hands" than it has with playing the violin. In both cases a por-

stration.

tion of strength is pre-supposed, but it is infinitesimal when compared with the skill of the artist, a skill we think altogether arising, from sympathy with, and full appreciation of, the instrument we are using.

We think that a study of the various snapshots taken during the progress of a steeplechase or hunt, which are now to be found in so many of the illustrated papers, will teach the student of horsemanship—he who seeks for the light—many lessons not only as to the variation in a horse's action as he jumps a fence, but with what we are at present concerned—the rider's hands and seat.

An axiom with which we are all familiar tells us to "let go the horse's mouth as he takes off"; but, as a matter of fact, one seldom exactly does this. If the obstacle be a very slight one and we have come slowly up to it, we may jump and land with a loose rein; but if it be a formidable place up to which we have come fast, and in a steeplechase, we have, of course, come very fast, the rein is not slackened or the horse's head let go. If we doubt this we have only to study the truthful "shots," when it can easily be seen how very much theory differs from practice. It will be noticed that all riders have a distinct pull on their These photos show that horses. most hunters, either through training or instinct, require to be "held together," as the term is, and cannot be ridden, with slack rein, in easy fashion up to a fence, though we may find a particular horse with so sensitive a mouth that it must be left absolutely This may, however, be alone. largely a matter of habit, for some men ride with a loose rein, and one of the best horsemen we know does this.

It is strange in what various shapes men ride. We do not mean the different methods, ranging from the Arab, with his knees in his mouth, to the long seat of the Texan cowboy, but merely the different styles of seat and hand which we see in an English hunting field. No two men ride alike, no more than they walk alike, while a man may become so fastidious in his riding as to object to perform in any saddle but his own, which must be on his own horse.

With the seat, as with the hands, we see the same marked difference between theory and In the tell-tale shots practice. we see the legs of steeplechase riders thrust right forward, but theory tells us to keep them back, and sit back. We think that this thrusting forward of the legs is more resorted to now than many years ago, probably because the pace is greater, for if we look at the sporting prints done by Alken and his brother artists we find that they portray a quite orthodox seat.

When the horseman sits far back, and thrusts his legs right forward, so that the knees alone press, or even touch, the saddle, he cannot sit down on his horse, and cannot possibly grasp him as he should, for the whole weight of the body, and entire security of seat, is thrown merely on the grip of the knee. Indeed, the position shown by the snapshots seems one of supreme insecurity, and the fact of its being practised by many fine horsemen does not make it right. Of course, the reason for this attitude is to prepare for a probable "peck," or even the certain jar, on landing when going at a great pace. So that the jockey—as he throws his body back and his legs forward—adopts this seat with the idea of saving himself. But if, as the body is put back, the legs are also kept back, the horse can be grasped firmly from the knee down, and a strength and real security of seat is obtained tenfold greater than that by the other method.

We are strongly of opinion that much of the shortcomings of hand and seat which we see in the hunting-field is traceable to illtaught youth. There are men who have been riding from boyhood, yet who are still but indifferent horsemen; often because they have, through bad instruction, acquired habits which they cannot, nor indeed, make any effort to get rid of. When boys commence riding, if they are allowed stirrups at all, they should be made to ride long, and taught that it is from a happy combination of balance and grasp that a pretty and powerful seat comes. They should be reminded of what Whyte-Melville says: "that it is from the loins that all good riding is done": that in horsemanship ease goes with true strength, and that the strength of the artist is much greater than that of the mere "Strongman." They should be taught to ride with a long rein, to give their horse lots of room, which is quite compatible with having him well in hand. If a boy or youth has been properly taught and subjected to a firm, but always friendly discipline, he will be able to appreciate and to practise those niceties of hand and seat which are so difficult to acquire in later life. But there is little good in commencing early if we are badly taught. The family coachman, who cannot ride, is usually the first instructor, and we may be generally considered fortunate if we can forget his teaching. But whether we commence riding to hounds on the threshold of youth or in the mellow thirties, if we have a keen taste for the sport, and study, with proper humility, the work of the best "artists," we can usually learn quite enough of the mysteries of hands and seat to make our amusement one of the greatest pleasures of life.

HUGH HENRY.

Is Pigeon Shooting on the Decline?

HAD this question been asked twenty, nay, ten years ago, the answer, it is to be feared, must have been in the affirmative. At the present day, thanks to the attitude adopted by the committees of Hurlingham and the Gun Club, and to the feeling among shooting members of those clubs, there can be no doubt that the sport or pastime of pigeon shooting is more popular than ever, and is carried on under conditions morally purer and more sportsmanslike than it has ever known before. Is pigeon shooting by the way, to be classed as a sport or a pastime? Many good authorities designate it a sport, while Mr. A. F. Stuart Wortley calls it a pastime. Personally I am inclined to agree with Mr. Stuart Wortley; but the **point** is one which is perhaps hardly worth discussion.

There is no reason to doubt that pigeon shooting, when carried on in holes and corners by peeudo-sportsmen who made it a mere excuse for wagering in shil**lings** and half-crowns, was a disreputable business and steeped in discreditable usages. The betting element has not always been con**fined** to low-class pigeon shooting; twenty years ago heavy wagering was the rule rather than exception at Hurlingham, and a gentleman who has been a regular attendant at the traps for the last three and twenty seasons informs me that was a common occurrence for **live hundred or a thous**and pounds to change hands over a single shot! Fashions, however, are transient; and for some reason or other betting on pigeon shooting has almost ceased; not one sovereign .changes hands now where formerly £50 or more was risked; the wagering is so insignificant as to be of no account Without whatever. admitting that there was malpractice or underhand dealing in the days of high wagering, there can be no doubt that the risking of large sums of money was not beneficial to pigeon shooting as a pastime for honourable men, and that the moral atmosphere is all the purer for the change. Whether the disappearance of the gambling element be the reason or not, it is impossible to say; but it is quite certain that at the present time there are more pigeon shots and of a better social stamp than there were when heavy wagering was in vogue.

The practice of shooting under an assumed name has often been put forward by the detractors of the pastime as proving that men are ashamed to see their names mentioned in connection with it. As everyone knows, many pigeon shooters do appear in the newspaper reports under names not their own; it is simply a matter of expediency. The prejudices of the ignorant are strong; pigeon shooting fairly and strictly conducted is bracketed with the hole-and-corner business that deserves suppression; and any given individual may have good reasons connected with his profession or business for assuming a name which conceals his identity from nobody but those who have nothing to do with his private amusements. The Turf has its detractors, but we have never yet heard them argue that the adoption of a racing name helped to prove a case against the sport. Why, then, should it bear any significance in pigeon shooting?

Objections have been urged on humanitarian grounds, but with rather less reason than against any other department of shooting. The retriever is invariably in waiting, and every wounded bird, unable to fly, is promptly caught and brought to be destroyed. In covert or field, it goes without saying, wounded birds must sometimes escape and linger for days before death relieves them.

The expense of pigeon shooting accounts for the retirement of some from the traps; but I think Mr. Stuart Wortley is right when he pooh-poohs the theory that suspicions of unfair play explain why men give up pigeon shooting. It would answer no purpose to go in detail through the "tricks of the trade," which are, or were, supposed to make the pastime unfit for any man who prefers to keep his hands clean. A few years ago there might have been opportunity to suggest changes in the method of trapping, etc., with the view of placing out of an official's reach even the possibility of favouring any particular shooter; but the introduction a couple of seasons ago of an apparatus invented by Mr. J. H. Hannay of the Hurlingham Club cuts the ground from under the feet of the most suspicious and most hostile critic.

It would be difficult to describe this machine without diagrams, but perhaps a rough superficial outline of it may be attempted. Each of the five traps is connected with a wheel kept in constant revolution by machinery; the wide, deep rim of this wheel is divided into five compartments of equal size, each of which is so contrived that when a metal disc is dropped into it connection is established between the particular trap to which that compartment is appropriated and a hand-worked lever. The wheel is encased in a steel box, and the only opening is a narrow slit in the top to admit The shooter, the metal disc. when his turn comes to fire, drops the disc into the slit on his way to the peg that marks his distance, or somebody else may conveniently do it for him, and it is obviously impossible for anyone to know into which of the five compartments passing constantly under the slit the disc will fall; in other words, which trap will operated when the puller pulls his lever. A more absolutely fair device could not be contrived. It may be added that the box containing the wheel 15 placed well behind the shooters to be out of the way.

This ingenious contrivance dispenses once for all with the necessity for adopting any of the trapping arrangements which had been suggested as a means to secure the same end, viz., impossibility of collusion between trapper and gun. It is simpler and infinitely more convenient than providing accommodation underground for the trapper, or indeed than any plan of the many which have been proposed. The electric wheel takes nobody into its confidence, and the task of the puller is purely mechanical.

No doubt I shall be reminded that perfection of trapping does

not obviate the possibility of trickery with the birds themselves; it still leaves the door open for those slight disablements by which a pigeon may be made to give an easier shot to the gun it is desired to favour. To practise without immediate detection any trick of disablement on the birds with that object is impossible at clubs where pigeon shooting is properly conducted; such proceedings, if attempted, would be discovered at once with results disagreeable and costly to the venturesome person. pigeons are brought on the ground by the contractor in hampers or crates containing a couple of score apiece. These crates are numbered, and to ensure fair play the Secretary names the crate from which he wishes the traps re-filled. Say there are ten crates; they are legibly numbered outside for this purpose. Secretary begins with No. 7, exhausts that, and directs his men to go on with No. 4, No. 2, or No. 9 at his pleasure. There is thus no possibility of "preparing" birds for any gun before they are brought on the ground; the only opportunity of inflicting injury on their powers of flight occurs while carrying them from the crate to the trap, and should the man entrusted with this duty **pecceed** in breaking a few flight thers between the hamper **nd** the traps, how is he to wow which of the five traps " faked" **b** select for the id? Supplying pigeons to a **Tree** club is a profitable busibess, and the contractor has othing to gain and everything to se by departing from the line marked by strict probity; he would not employ for another ay a man upon whom a taint of Epicion rested, nor would a club avant care to practise trickery

which is certain to be detected and as certain to cost him his situation.

It might be desirable from the economical standpoint that clubs should possess aviaries of their own and supply the birds their members required. The man placed in charge would of course be responsible for the condition of the pigeons, and therefore might with advantage be the club trapper. The permanence and responsibility of his office would thus be a stimulus to trap birds in the strongest healthiest condition.

It may be suggested that, as different varieties of birds are used in pigeon shooting, some being so much more difficult to kill than others, they should be divided into first, second third classes. During the shooting a notice should appear on the scoring-board showing the class trapped. But by this classification and careful assortment you would get them more regular than at present. According to the class, so the shooter could calculate his average.

It is well known that the English blue rock, being small, wild, quick on the wing, and remarkably game, is the most difficult bird to kill. The foreign rocks nearly resemble the English in form, but lack the gameness. At the bottom of the list comes the ordinary Antwerp. As different birds vary in price at from 12s. to 30s. a dozen, or sometimes even more, so the shooter would be charged a price according to the birds being trapped.

The shooter should stand to his mark and hold his gun with the heel of its stock not less than twelve inches below the top of the shoulder, assuming the position one takes in the field when walking up game. He should

not be allowed to stand with his gun to the shoulder, as many pigeon shooters do at present. Handicaps should be extended from 26 to 35 yards or the boundary should be shortened.
"Philocunos."

Remounts for the English Army at Home.

Ir must be acknowledged that never before has Great Britain been engaged in a war, which has made such drains upon its military strength as the struggle in which we are now engaged, and it is the first in which not only the British islands but the British Empire have taken part. South Africa is now very much a reproduction of the great Jubilee assemblage of Imperial The tinsel and ornament are wanting and the rattle of enemy's fusillade has taken the place of the admiring crowd's acclamations, but the men are there collected from many distant lands, not in small detachments but in great masses ready for battle, and all are animated with the same loyalty to the Queen, the same determination to hold high the honour of the Imperial Every part of our military system is now being subjected to a severe test, administration, officers, rank and file, arms and munitions of war, but with them we have nothing at present to do. We wish to examine the present method of supplying horses to the mounted arms of the service and to see, if possible, whether that method has been sufficiently good in the past and is adapted to the very probable requirements of the future.

We have had an unequalled opportunity of seeing in the field every class of animal produced in England's wide dominions, besides some that have been procured from friendly states, and when the time comes for reports to be written about all the experiences of the campaign, not the least interesting one will be that which deals with and comthe merits of English, Australian, Indian country bred, South American. South African, Hungarian, and the little Pegu ponies. We shall then have some very reliable data to go upon, in forming an opinion as to the warlike capacity of each type, each breed of animal, and we shall be able to make up our minds what course should be pursued in the future in order to supply remounts to our cavalry, artillery and transport.

And this question of a remount system will be a very important one in the general reorganisation of our military forces which will certainly follow the conclusion of the present war. England has been most thoroughly wakened up to the absolute necessity that has been proved of having a large and completely efficient army, and it is not likely that she will again go to sleep. People of all shades of opinion have been startled by seeing how soon our actual resources have been strained to the utmost limit, and they are resolved that this shall not happen again, that there shall be nofuture necessity to fall back on any makeshift expedients and that all our potential reserves of strength shall be made real and immediately accessible.

detail will be put upon a sound footing and it is probable that our old somewhat happy-golucky methods have seen their last days.

Let us glance at the condition of our cavalry and artillery before October 1899. There can be no question but that the military administrators have for many years put the cavalry service very much in the background, its value in war was depreciated and many obstacles were placed in the way of its efficiency. It was ridiculously weak in proportion to the other arms, even if all its units had been at full strength, but only a proportion of it was nominally ready for war and had a fair chance of practising its duties, while the remainder was really only a series of depôts whose whole occupation was giving elementary training to men and horses about to be quickly transferred to more fortunate organisations. It is marvellous how our cavalry maintained any efficiency at all and that it did so was due entirely to the high sense of duty and long continued efforts of its officers. The same things may equally be said about our artillery. Although indeed its importance was recognised, it was terribly weak in numbers and its organisation as a whole was nearly as **Edelective** as that of the cavalry. Its opportunities for practising its own special tactics were very restricted, and a misplaced economy prevented it from being equal to The needs of a great Empire.

Like the rest of the army, both cavalry and artillery had their reserves of horses, but the men certainly and, to a creat extent, the horses were not really reserves; they were a necessary part of the first line, and when armies were put into the

field, all the trained cavalry soldiers and artillerymen had to accompany them and the reserve of horses was seriously depleted. At the present moment it may be said that there are practically no gunners or cavalry soldiers left in the kingdom, and very extraordinary efforts are necessary to replace waste of horseflesh by drawing upon outside sources of supply.

Now it is not likely that this state of things will be allowed to recur. It has been proved to demonstration that cavalry retains all its old value and importance in war. Some of the very men who were in the habit of depreciating it have been forced to acknowledge how essential it is and their cry in the field has been "Cavalry, cavalry, give us

cavalry."

Artillery too must be provided in much greater strength than heretofore. Its mobilisation must be made much simpler and in consequence more rapid, and it is probable that some of the field batteries must be armed with guns of great power and weight, and that too without losing a very appreciable amount of their mobility. Besides cavalry and artillery there is a mounted force which has only been hitherto used more or less tentatively, but will now assume an important place in our military organisa-Mounted infantry proved its value for a great many purposes and no army will now take the field without including at least a division of such mobile riflemen and scouts. These services will require a large supply of horseflesh and it will be incumbent upon our Government to see that that supply is forthcoming in sufficient quantity and of the best possible quality.

In one respect, our army serv-

ing at home is in a different position from those of our continental neighbours. After declaration of war they cannot hope for a moment's delay in the commencement of military ope-They must therefore maintain always all their cavalry and much of their artillery at a service strength, ready at once to pour across a neighbour's frontier or to defend their own. same necessity is not forced upon our army. Rapid as our mobilisation ought to be, it may still be comparatively leisurely. need not keep more than a certain proportion of our mounted forces for immediate Though every cavalry trooper, every gun horse, every mounted infantry cob should be within reach, the State may be relieved from the cost of their permanent maintenance, for sufficient time will always be available to collect them and put them in the ranks, and this consideration will doubtless largely influence our remount system in the future as it has done, perhaps too much, in the But though we may not have all our horses, which are required for immediate mobilisation, in the ranks, the horses that are so required must not be considered as reserve horses. We must have a copious reserve quite independently and it must never be reckoned in the same category with the animals that really belong to the first line although in the meantime they may not be consuming Government rations.

In thinking of the provision of a large number of animals for future military contingencies, our first question naturally must be, can the British islands provide the number that is required and can that number be procured of the proper quality without paying such a price as no minister of war could put in his estimates? There is no doubt about the numbers of horses, and good horses, that are bred in Great Britain and Ireland, but it is by no means certain that there is such a number produced that Government can supply its requirements in addition to those animals which find their places in the private business and amusements of the people; and, if Government has to compete in the market with private wants, it will have to pay a very much larger price than can fairly be contem-The horses that have hitherto been bought for the army have been all bred by unassisted private enterprise and have generally been those which were apparently just not quite good enough at four years old to turn into hunters or to be adapted for private business or pleasure. happened very often indeed that the people who sold to Government made a mistake and the animals turned out much better than the promise of their youth, and this accounts for the number of very superior horses that have been found in the ranks. we take our troop horses all round, although they are good, they are not very good, and it is quite open to doubt whether, in some very essential qualities, such as stoutness, hardiness of constitution, capability of subsisting on indifferent food, &c., they are not inferior to many of the war horses in other European armies. may also be believed that they are not of as thoroughly useful a stamp as the animals that mounted our cavalry in the beginning of the century and that went through the severe work in the Peninsula. And one reason of this may be that there is not now in our country a general seeking after a particular type of horse. In days long gone by, good, stout, hardy roadsters and post-horses were a national want, and so many useful animals of that class were bred that it was comparatively easy to supply the army from the multitude.

To-day the road is superseded by the rail, and the needs of the road, which are really the essential requirements of cavalry, are no longer considered by the ordinary breeder. There is no supply of the old-fashioned well-bred cocktail with a capacity for carrying some weight, iron legs and a hardy constitution. The general breeding of horses that now come into the army is very haphazard. The result is that, while some of our men are mounted on horses that are very good with every possible recommendation, some are condemned to ride flatcatchers which get through their work fairly well on easy peace service, but go to pieces very quickly when they are exposed to the long strain and Latigue of war. The question of horsebreeding generally in our country has now entered such a phase that it seems as if the time had come when it should attract the active attention of Government, not only in the interests of **the** army which will always require a large number of good animals, but also for the benefit of the general public whose supply might certainly be much better than it is. We think we can trace a considerable change in the tverage horses, to be found in our country, to the general introduction f railways. May we not be at be beginning of a change almost qually great? Cycles have taken e place of hacks, tradesmen's that carts, &c., and it is more an probable that we shall soon e automobiles doing all our 'bus ad tram work, all our heavy **egon and van traffic, and indeed** great part of the work of carriages which are not kept for luxury and amusement alone. And, if this comes about, what inducement will there be for breeders to produce a class of horses, from whose superabundance we can draw the animals that will be necessary for our gun teams and transport?

Racing and hunting are likely to hold their own in England for some generations at any rate, so English thoroughbred stock will still exist and there will always a vast number of horses in many employments in which machinery cannot compete. should now be the care of Government to see that the advantages of good blood are spread over as wide an area as possible, and that a far larger proportion than there is at present among the horses bred in our islands should have those qualifications which will make them useful in war. difficulties and discouragements in the way of breeders should be foreseen and should be met by assistance as a wealthy nation can give. If this Government supervision and assistance are wanting, it is not impossible or even unlikely that, as a horsebreeding nation, we may in the future not be absolutely in the first rank. Too much grandmotherly legislation is of course to be deprecated, and private taste and enterprise should have full swing as heretofore; but, if Government does not drive, it may lead, if it does not attempt to carry the whole burden, it may give a helping hand in supporting its weight.

It is worth our while to glance shortly at what other nations do in the way of horsebreeding, to see what is the general result of their efforts and whether we may not profitably learn something from them. In France great assistance is given to breeders by the provision of stallions, about 3,000, maintained at the Government haras, whose services are available at a very moderate price (averaging between six and seven francs). There are besides between 1,000 and 2,000 "approved" stallions, belonging to private individuals which are licensed by Government; and a third class, between 100 and 200, of "authorised" stallions, which are usefully but not absolutely sound. also belonging to private individuals, principally used to get stock for agricultural purposes. national stallions comprise every including thoroughbred English and Arab sires, half breds and draught animals, so a breeder of any variety of animals can secure the services of a really good sire at a very low price Then, in order to encourage horse breeding generally, to keep the animals in the country and to increase the care bestowed on them while growing, there are a certain number of horse shows, "concours," held in different parts of France at which premiums are given for the best animals exhibited, especially brood mares, three year olds, two year olds and These premiums are yearlings. offered partly by the State, partly by the departments, and amount to nearly £50,000. As in England, race, steeplechase and trotting race meetings are the most practical form of encouragement to careful horsebreeding and to them the State contributes about £24,000, besides the large endowments which they receive from societies, departments, railways, &c., &c. And premiums are awarded at the various "concours," not only for make and shape but also for performance. Jumping and galloping competitions take place, including con-

tests for cavalry officers, and the obstacles which are then negociated are far from being child's play and demand the best powers of the horse and his rider. It will thus be seen what an amount of state stimulus is given in France to horse breeding, and the results upon the army remount system are great and good. The equine population of France is more than three millions, so there is plenty of reserve strength on which the country can draw in case of war. The immediate annual wants of the army amount to 7,000 or 8,000 horses and the average service in the ranks is about seven years. The buying is done by remount committees, who buy first from the breeders and then from the dealers. There are so few saddle horses used in France that it is impossible to depend upon finding any large number in case of emergency, and the cavalry therefore, for this as well as for other reasons, is always kept up to its full strength. Its remounts are bought at 3½ years old and are kept in transition depôts till they are mature enough for service. Artillery on the other hand is not kept up to its full strength. for draught horses abound and can at any time be procured by requisition.

In Germany the system pursued is in general principles very much like that of France. Government provides first-rate stallions, at very low fees, for the use of the breeders. It does not place any lien upon the stock produced, which the breeder can dispose of as he pleases, but remount committees buy for the army as in France. It is remarkable, as an encouragement to the breeder, that these committees are instructed not only not to beat down the price in dealing with the small breeders, but even

to give more than the sum demanded, if they think the animal is fairly worth more. In one respect the Government studs fail. Their stallions are not sufficiently big to beget heavy, strong draught horses, which must therefore be introduced from other countries, France, Belgium, or Denmark, costing a very large price. In Germany it is recognised that the breeder cannot afford to keep his horses till they **are f**our or five years old. Government, therefore, buys its army horses at three-and-a-half years old, and keeps them in depôts for a year and a half before they are distributed to regiments. Here again another concession is made to breeders, who are permitted to select from the depôts such mares as are likely to make good brood mares, and to buy them at a very little more than the average price. Besides the German State institutions and segulations for improving horse breeding, and to give pecuniary advantages to breeders, there are other encouragements, such as agricultural exhibitions, competitions and races, as well as the giving of prizes to importers of the best mares from foreign countries.

Hungary is probably the most corsey country in Europe. reat plains are subject to long eriods of drought, and are therebre not particularly well adapted or breeding, but the railways are w and the roads bad. The habitants have, moreover, The innatural predilection for riding, and the result is that horses are eared there in enormous numers. Hungary can produce now, or military purposes alone, over 5.000 horses annually, while the otal number of horses that beome mature annually is over 5,000. The supply required for the Austro-Hungarian Army is 5,000: there are therefore available for export about 30,000. We have lately been taking advantage of this overflowing market, and several thousands of Hungarian horses are now on their way to South Africa. It remains to be seen how their constitutions will stand that climate, but the officers who have been passing them into our service report that, in make and shape, they are as near perfection as possible for very light cavalry and mounted infantry.

The Hungarian Government maintains a number of stallion depôts (besides the stud farms, where a very superior class of thoroughbred is produced from sires and dams of the best blood in Europe), and the stallions are at the service of breeders for a very low fee. But there are besides many breeding establishments in the country, comprising well-bred private stallions, and so great and rapidly increasing is the general interest taken in horse breeding that it is believed that private enterprise will more than meet all wants in horseflesh, and that the Government studs and stallion depôts will at no very distant period begin gradually to disappear. Besides the expenses to which the State is now put, it gives £60,000 a year in premiums, subsidising races, &c., and there is also a large special national fund, of which the revenues are spent in buying thoroughbreds in England and the continent, and in any way that aids horsebreeding interests. A law which was passed in 1893 has had the effect of greatly increasing private breeding enterprise. It enacts that every village, except those where stallion depôts are, must, if it contain eighty mares, buy a stallion, which animal must be approved beforehand by the com-

mission of the county. The system of horse-breeding in Hungary is not nearly so much of an official business as that of France or Germany. The natural tastes and inclinations of the people lead them so far in the right direction that Government has comparatively little to do. It sets an example and gives assistance where it is wanted, but it does not find it necessary to undertake the whole burden of the work. nation which is devoted to sport and has ample territories in which to find elbow room may be poor in many respects, but it is rich in horseflesh.

And now for the future of British horse-breeding and establishment of a practical remount system. In the national interests, it seems pretty clear that our department of agriculture should undertake the provision of really good, sound, well-bred stallions for the use of the many small breeders dispersed about the country, and especially to be found in Ireland. The fee for a really good stallion's services is now so high that it is prohibitive to a poor man, who, in despair, sends his mare to some cheap brute, in the vague hope that all the sire's bad qualities may not be reproduced in the offspring. If France and Germany can afford to keep good stallions by the thousand, the great and wealthy England might surely follow so excellent an example, even if she began in a comparatively small way, and only developed the system if it was found to give the results that might fairly be anticipated. would probably be necessary to place some restrictions on the use of the stallions by men of certain means, for otherwise the small breeders, the very men whom it is most desirable to assist and

encourage, would not profit to the extent that was intended. It may be a question whether Government might not retain a lien upon the stock, if it provided stallions at a very cheap rate. If it did retain such a lien, it should only be to the extent of having the refusal of the stock at a certain age for a liberal price. But it would probably be much better if breeders were allowed to dispose of their stock in the open market exactly as suited themselves best. Government would always largely profit by the fact that the general standard of horses in the country had been raised by the provision of really good sires.

Private enterprise in horsebreeding ought certainly to receive much more public recognition by the State than has hitherto been the case. Anything in the form of subsidies is quite unnecessary. and would be undesirable for many reasons; but a great deal might be done by a system of liberal premiums and honorary rewards. If "whoever make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together," surely the man who raises the standard of perfection in his country's supply of the noblest of animals has done good service to the State, and should honoured and guerdoned accordingly.

If Government instituted a system of national stallions, it would naturally do so in the interests of every class of horse required by the nation. needs of the army would form a very important consideration, but they would not be paramount. Still, those needs are so varied

that an improvement in any class of horse in the country could hardly be made without benefiting the army supply in some degree, and naturally there would always be some breeders who would devote their efforts to meeting military wants rather than others. Roughly speaking, the animals required for the army in the future may be divided into four sorts. There will be the large, very active horses required for horse artillery, the less speedy but very powerful animals for field artillery and transport, the well-bred, enduring, and hardy cavalry troopers, and the stout, active cobs for mounted infantry. Well, there are special districts in our islands where each of these types is to be found, and breeders would most cordially welcome the advent of Government stallions which would perpetuate the breed in its **or**iginal strength and purity, or improve it by an admixture of new blood of proved merit. And here the experiences of our present campaign will be invaluable. may well happen that some of our native breeds would profit by a Little judicious crossing, Government could give an opportunity for this with more facility Athan any private society **in**dividual.

And if the actual supply of **borses** in the country is to be **Increased** and improved, methods by which remounts are procured for the army also stand **In need of much alteration.** Remount Department, like many others, has been starved in its dersonnel and in its means. **pursuing** a false economy, we fail to get the best horses possible, md those that we do get do not heir full powers. So few officers eir full powers. So few officers employed as buyers that they annot have an opportunity of

meeting the actual breeders, but they are obliged to buy through middlemen who collect the animals and sell a large number at time. Now this discourages the breeder, and, in the end, does not pay the Government. £40 is the price of a troop-horse, that sum is what is paid to the middleman, who takes a large proportion of it as his profit. would pay a breeder reasonably well if he received £40 for his horse, but, if he only really gets f_{30} or a little more, he does not make much out of the transaction, and does not care about the busi-The Government ness. loses, because there is no interest taken in the breeding of troophorses, and it only gets what is practically the refuse of the Then, if we are to buy market. horses at all, we must take them at an average of four years old or less, for no breeder can afford to keep a young animal doing nothing till it is five or six, and, if it is worked in order to pay for its keep, it is probably harmed. But, buying horses at four years old or less, it would not occur to any reasonable person that these animals should be considered to be on the effective strength of the corps to which they are immediately sent. Such is the case, however, and, though officers of cavalry and artillery nurse and take every care of their remounts, they are sadly interfered with by the conditions of the service, and the young horses are often perforce put to work which is beyond their immature powers, and they suffer in consequence, if not immediately, at least in the deterioration of their constitutional strength and endurance. The Remount Department should certainly be provided with depôts, like the French transition depôts, in which the young horses should be kept

and quietly handled until they are nearly or quite six years old. Few people know how many troop-horses are yearly cast from the service as "prematurely worn out," and, if young animals were never required to do severe work until they were thoroughly matured, this would seldom or never This has often been happen. suggested; but, though it was recognised how great the eventual saving would be if such depôts were established, the answer has always been that no Government would sanction the initial expense. The saving would have appeared in the Budget five years later, while the first outlay was a thing of the moment. Now, now is the time when such an arrangement can be carried through without question.

It has been mentioned incidentally that there are special riding competitions for cavalry officers at the "concours" in France, and something of the same kind is provided in Germany and other continental nations. In England hitherto no such arrangement has been necessary. Our officers have practised horsemanship in all its forms at their own expense, in hunting, steeplechasing, polo, &c.,

and, both individually and collectively, have done an immense deal towards the encouragement of horse-breeding in England and the maintenance of a high standard of equitation in our army. In a great many quarters lately there has been an outcry about the amusements of officers and the time and money which they devote to such amusements. is apparently forgotten how great are the purely military advantages which result from the personal tastes exercised from the private means of the gentlemen who serve the Queen, and how much of the presence of mind, hardihood, and stern decision of character that they so amply show is derived from the sports in the saddle in which it is their pleasure to take part. If, as many critics of our army appear to desire, the ideal of an officer's life in our army is to be entirely changed, it may become necessary to introduce riding competitions on the foreign model for the instruction amusement of our commissioned It is not very evident, ranks. however, that the eventual balance of advantage will be in favour of the qualities very distinctively required among leaders of men. C. STEIN.

Told by a Polo Stick.

Only a polo stick
With a tale to tell.
My thong slipped down from his wrist,
My handle dropped from his fist,
Which released me when—he fell.

Only a polo stick,

Long laid aside,
Battered and bruised and worn,
Head chipped, handle torn
By the stress and rush of the ride.

Only a polo stick
Covered with grit and sand,
Sent for again at the last;
Found there, hand gripped fast,
Locked in the dead man's hand.

THE TALE.

The sides were level, the game grew fierce,
First one then the other pressed;
The opposing "back" was a tower of strength,
The other's "2" was the best.
The excitement heightened, the minutes passed,
More desperate grew the play,
It was only a question when time was called
Which side could the longest stay.

Through the sultry glow of the afternoon,
In advance, attack, retreat,
They had followed the willow's restless flight
Till the ponies were all "dead beat;"
And the notice board scored 2 goals all,
So they played for another "ten,"
A fortune each would have gladly given
To have had a fresh pony then.

He was "tough as whipcord" and "hard as nails,"
And fit and as "fresh as paint,"
At the end of the game he was going strong,
Tho' others felt sick and faint;
He was out like a flash on the ball thrown in,
And was off and away in a trice,
When his pony crossed his legs, came down,
And rolled clean over him twice!

Good God, what a fall! The whistles rang, Play stopped; he was grey with pain, Yet he swung himself to the saddle tree,

And was up and at it again.

The ball gleamed double, the emerald turf In waves seemed to fall and rise,

And the trackless blue of the summer sky Burned a crimson fire in his eyes.

Yet out of the scrimmage he brought the ball, With "2" and "3" on his track,

An inward turn and a near-side stroke

He evaded and passed the back With a bump, a scramble; a clean, true hit,

And a shout goes up to the skies

As high o'er the goal posts, centre driven.

As high o'er the goal posts, centre driven, The gleaming willow flies.

Hurrah! well played, once more hurrah! The "final's" over and done.

Well played, old chap, well played, well played, The cup has been lost and won;

The bell clangs out and hands clap fast,

And beauty's eyes gleam bright,
But faint to his ears comes the band's sweet strain
And dim grows the noonday light.

He stoops in the saddle! He sways! He's down! The crowd have gathered round.

A riderless pony gallops in;

A white splotch left on the ground,

And voices falter and faces fall

That a moment before were gay.

"Fainted, poor chap; but he's hard and fit, He'll be right—by another day."

But a broken rib had glanced aside,
A splinter had pierced the lung,
So week after week he struggled on
And life in the balance hung;

And medical science could help him naught, Nor surgical skill avail,

Yet his courage held to the last, his pluck Never seemed to give in or fail.

And so to the end he struggled on
And fought the grim fight with death;
It was almost more than his friends could bear

To see him strive for breath.

They gathered round him; he tried to speak,
The words they could hardly catch;
He whispered, "Bring me a polo stick,

One I played in the final match."

They brought him up a polo stick,

His fingers the handle pressed,

Then they left him there in the darkened room,

For he said he wished to rest;

And dreams came out of the past, sweet dreams,

Of days too quickly spent—

The swing of the thoro'bred one's stride,

The joys of the tournament.

Softly, slowly around the bed
The evening shadows came,
Never again at Hurlingham
He'll join in the glorious game;
Never again he'll cleave the air
In the rush of the furious ride,
For they found him dead, with a smile on his face
And the polo stick by his side.

"Only a polo stick"
Covered with grit and sand,
Sent for again at the last;
Found there, hand gripped fast,
Locked in the dead man's hand.

H. C. Bentley.

Old-Time Tandem-Matches.

It would be interesting to know who originated the idea of driving horses tandem fashion for pleasure. Manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are adorned with such drawings of teams thus harnessed to heavy farmers' wains, and no doubt the idea of driving tandem was derived from the practice of agriculturists, but the writer has not been able to discover who discovered that horses driven tandem afforded scope for exercise of a degree of skill that exalts it into an amusement. Colonel Thomas Thornton, when he made his famous "Sporting Tour" into Scotland about the year 1787, travelled in a gig and was sometimes compelled by the badness of the roads to add a "leader," but, as Garrard's picture shows

us, the additional horse was ridden while the Colonel drove the wheeler. This division of labour prevents our regarding the arrangement as a tandem.

Tandem driving seems to have become fashionable in the earlier years of the present century, for somewhere about 1814 a rule was made by the University authorities which forbade undergraduates to drive tandems within the precincts of Oxford, which rule, I fancy, is in force at the present That king of day. sporting writers, or literary sportsmen, Nimrod, in his never-to-be-surpassed letters on "The Road," contributed to the old Sporting Magazine, displayed rather marked contempt for tandem driving; his feeling appears in the following passage:-

Hunting bag foxes with harriers was only doing things by halves, but driving tandem partakes still more of the mongrel system.

At the same time he admits that "in no way can the powers of horses be so available as in a light tandem," a confession which is somewhat contradictory.

The number of tandem matches made against time in the first decades of the century indicate that men had become proficient in the art of tandem driving. These undertakings were frequent and many were successfully accomplished under conditions well calculated to try both the steadiness of the horses and the skill of the driver. The volumes of the Sporting Magazine contain numerous accounts of such matches. Here is one which refers to a wager made in the year 1819:—

On April 14th Mr. Buxton started on Hounslow Heath early on Wednesday to drive a couple of horses tandem to Hare Hatch—24 miles, in two hours. The horses, however, not pacing well together, broke from the trot in the first six miles, which with the turns occupied more than an hour before ten miles were performed, and he resigned. This match was for 100 guineas.

Here are two more:

On July 12th, 1819, Mr. Thaner, of Knightsbridge, undertook to drive three horses in a gig tandem fashion, eleven miles within an hour on the trot, and to turn if either horse broke from the trot, which must have lost him the match, for one hundred guineas. The ground selected was on the other side of Maidenhead. The horses went off steady, and were five minutes doing the first mile and a half. The distance was done in 22½ minutes, and the whole ground was completed in three minutes within the given time.

On May 19th, 1824, Captain Swann undertook a tandem match from Ilford, seven miles, over a part of Epping Forest. He engaged to drive 12 miles at a trot within an hour for 100 sovereigns, and to back his wheels if he broke into a gallop. This happened only once, in the seventh mile, which he nevertheless completed in 33 minutes. On his return, the pacing together of the horses was a picture. The match was won easily, with two minutes and six seconds to spare.

In the same year (1824)

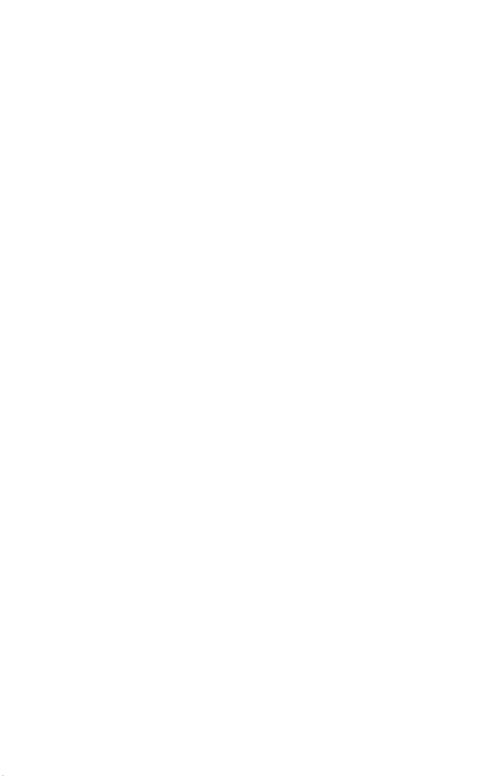
Mr. B. Houlston backed himself to drive two horses in tandem 12 miles in the hour at the trot. The horses to be bona fide his property. The match was for 200 sovereigns, and the ground selected was from the 33rd milestone on the Winchester Road to the 39th. Several sporting characters were present, and the betting was 5 to 4 against time. The leader broke into a gallop in the first mile, and the wheels were backed agreeably to the articles, notwithstanding which the six miles were performed in 27 minutes 29 seconds, and the match won cleverly with a minute and 35 seconds to spare.

Also in the same year

Captain Bethel Ramsden undertook to drive tandem from Theale to London, 43 miles, in 3 hours and 40 minutes. The start took place at four o'clock in the morning, and in the first hour the Captain did 12½ miles to between Twyford and Hare Hatch. He did in the next hour 12 miles and upwards, and got the horses' mouths cleansed at Slough. He had 5½ miles to do in the last forty minutes, and performed it easily with eleven minutes to spare.

The matches described appear to have been trotted in fairly good time, but they were far surpassed in 1839 by the performance of a Mr. Burke, of Hereford, whose extraordinary trotting match against time has been made the subject of a spirited picture by J. F. Herring, sen.:

This match, made against time for £100, in which Mr. Burke, of Hereford notoriety, undertook to drive two horses (alternately) 45 miles in three successive hours, was decided on Tuesday, June 25th, 1839, over 5 miles on Sunbury Common, from the Staines end to the fifth milestone towards Hampton, and completed in 2 hours 552 minutes. The wheeler Tommy trotted 20 miles in harness two months previous to the above match, on the West Bromwich road, in 1 hour 18 minutes, with the greatest ease. The leader, Gustavus, formerly the property of the Duke of Gorba, a most extraordinary animal, 24 years old, completed his twenty miles in I hour 14 minutes, and is now the property of G. Edwardes, Esq. Mr. Burke, in March, 1837, for a great stake, undertook with two ponies to go from the Boltin-Tun, Fleet Street, to Mr. Bosley's Hotel, Hereford, against the Mazeppa coach, a distance of 137 miles. Mr. B. reached the





hotel 12½ minutes before the coach, doing the distance in 14 hours 11 minutes. Up to the above performance on Sunbury Common, Mr. Burke, out of 35 extraordinary matches, won 32; and now, for any sum to the amount of £1,000, Mr. Burke challenges the distance of the train from Birmingham to London, and give half an hour's start, and the money is ready at Mr. Dowling's, editor of Bell's Life in London.

Burke's achievement on Sunbury Common was truly a remarkable one, for it must be borne in mind that he was obliged to considerably reduce his pace in order to turn at the end of every five miles, and the time so lost had to be made up by increased speed. Had his horses broken at all he must have lost the match. Mr. Burke would seem to have been a perfect whip and an excellent judge of pace. It is worth comparing this performance with the Duke of Queensberry's famous "carriage match" at Newmarket in 1749, when under the conditions of the wager the vehicle carrying one man was drawn nineteen

miles in one hour. Mr. Burke's horses trotted as fast as the Duke's galloped, taking into consideration the relative distance and the fact that the former gentleman had to turn his team right round at every fifth mile, while the Duke of Queensberry's ran on a round course.

The only match of the kind modern times can show to compare with any of those referred to in the preceding pages is that of Lord Lonsdale, and no true comparison can be instituted, because Lord Lonsdale drove as fast as his horses could gallop the whole way, and he had a fresh team to perform each feat.

One might almost think that tandem drivers of the present day lack something of the enterprise which distinguished their grandfathers, but perhaps in course of time these tests of driving skill will again come into fashion.

Geo. W. HARDWICK.

White Dachshunds.

THE German dachshund badger-dog has been described by Herr Ludwig Beckmann as "perhaps one of the most ancient forms of the domesticated dog," which for centuries has represented an isolated class between the hound and the terrier. Withapproaching either very markedly in form, the true dachshund has much in common with both; he has a splendid nose, great courage, tenacity and intelligence. Dr. L. J. Fitzinger recognised twelve distinct varieties the breed; but the high authority previously quoted, holding the dachshund's true sphere of work to be underground, con-

siders the small, long, low type of dog weighing from 8lbs. to 20lbs. the true one; he would choose as a model "not the bloodhound but the weasel." The dachshund will follow the scent of deer or other game for hours, but it needs only a glance to show that he is a born miner; he has been evolved to enter badger, cete or fox earth and dig. Herr Beckmann in his "scale of points" attaches highest importance to the conformation of his head and powerful forelegs. He should not be required to walk to his work, but carried, pedestrianism not being his strong point; in fact, Herr Beckmann states that the real

dachshund type would have been lost in Germany long ago had not a good stock always been bred and kept for hunting underground. A good dachshund will tackle a badger, and has been known to "draw" an old boar when circumstances were in his favour; but this is not the duty expected of him. The German peasant, when he attacks the badger's earth, only requires his dachshund to bolt the quarry or hold it at bay until he can reach the scene of operations with his spade.

Black and tan is the "most ancient and legitimate" colouring of the breed. White dachshunds are bred as curiosities in Germany, but are very rarely seen in this country; indeed, Lady Chesham's Puff and Piff, whose portraits, painted by Mr. H. F. Lucas Lucas, of Rugby, appear on the previous page, are believed to be the only representatives of the albino variety in England. The dachshund's business lying underground, it is obvious that no

advantage is to be gained by cultivating the white coat; but the fact that they are used by some for hunting in covert furnishes a reason for favouring a colour so much more conspicuous than the orthodox black and tan, or the reddish-brown less commonly seen.

Small packs of dachshunds have been occasionally entered to hare and show sport, though the complaint has been made that they run mute and hunt too independently. Perhaps they do throw their tongues less freely than beagles, but, as a general rule, this is the only fault to be found with then provided the slow pace, inseparate ble from make and shape, is t objection. The officers of 4th Battalion of the Rifle Brigad from 1869 to 1873, maintained pack of dachshunds, with whi they provided excellent sport **!** themselves and their friends Aldershot, Portsmouth and ot stations where they were qui tered.

The Lady Cricketers.

ONE of the most enjoyable features of a cricket match is the presence of ladies, who watch its progress as eagerly and criticise the play as keenly as their brothers. Their interest often takes an active form nowadays; but it would be a mistake to suppose that the lady cricketer is a development of the latter end of the nineteenth century, for the first match played by ladies of which any account can be found took place in the year 1745. To quote the chronicler: "The greatest cricket match ever seen in the South of England was

played on Gosden Common, near Guildford, in Surrey, between eleven maids of Bramley and Hambledon, maids of dressed all in white. The Bramley maids wore blue ribbons and the Hambledon maids red ribbons on their heads. Bramley scored 119 notches, and Hambledon 127. There were the greatest number of both sexes that were ever seen on such an occasion. The girlsbowled, batted, ran and caught as well as most men who play the game."

The next match we can trace was played in 1747, between the

maids of Chartson and Singleton against the maids of Chilgrove and Westdean, in Sussex. It was advertised to come off on the Artillery Ground, London. Result not reported. Either ladies' matches at that period were unusual, or the small newspapers with their limited space omitted to record them: for the next match we can trace was played in 1765, at Upham, Hants, between eleven married women and eleven maids. There were prizes for the winning team, to wit, a large

The second match was played on Rogate Common by the same elevens, when the game (which was exceedingly well contested) was decided in favour of Rogate by only two runs. It is stated that there were near 2,000 spectators. The teams agreed to play another match, and met on Rogate Common, when Harting won easily by 77 notches. There were about 3,000 spectators; but it was universally agreed that the Harting eleven had acted not only the part of cricket players, but jockeys.



RATCH PLAYED BETWEEN THE COUNTESS OF DERBY AND SOME OTHER LADIES OF QUALITY AND FASHION AT SEVENOAKS, KENT, 1779."

plum cake, a barrel of ale, and a quantity of tea. The maids won. After the game the elevens drank tea together, and concluded with a ball.

After this date ladies seem to have taken a great deal more interest in the game; as we see by the number of matches.

A match was played in June, 1768, on the Hill, near Harting, Sussex, between eleven young women of that place and eleven of Rogate, which was won by the former by 15 notches. A large concourse of people watched the players, who performed their parts with great alacrity and courage.

It is added that the heroines of Rogate "still retained their original hearts of oak, and felt determined to have another game, and to play on Harting Hill." One of the umpires on the above occasion was a principal of the Hambledon Club, who was so delighted with their activity that he offered to umpire for them on the next occasion, if they would play on Broad-Halfpenny Common. This they agreed to do; but the match does not appear to have taken place.

On August 3rd, 1775, a match was played at Moulsey Hurst, six married against six unmarried women; it was won by the latter; a score of 17 was made by one of the married side. On Friday, June 11th, 1788, a match was played on Felley Green, in the west end of Chobham, Surrey, between the married women and maids of Chobham, which was won by the latter by two games out of three. These were single innings games. On Monday, June 16th, 1793, a match was played on Bury Common, Sussex; the mar-

(which has been unfortunately lost) from his Grace's pencil:

Ladies, while you are eagerly pursuing the round of court-pleasures, and cutting out new figures for fashion, permit me to add to your singularity than those which of late so amply diverted your little society. Divest yourselves, then, for a moment of too much importance; cast aside your needles, and attend to my essay.

Though the gentlemen have long assumed to them elves the sole prerogative of being cricket players, yet the ladies have lately given us a specimen that they know how to handle the ball, and bat, with the



ried women of that parish against the maidens, which the former won by 80 runs. So famous were the Bury women at cricket, that they offered to play any village eleven in their county, for any sum. It was customary at this period, as the reader doubtless is aware, to play cricket matches for money. The then Duke of Dorset, in 1803, wrote a letter to a circle of ladies, his intimate friends, describing a cricket match played at the Oaks, in Surrey, by some of the leaders of English society; the letter was accompanied by a drawing of the scene

best of us, and can knock down a wicket even as well as Lord Tankerville.

The game I am speaking of was lately played in private, between the Countess of Derby, and some other ladies of quality and fashion, at the Oaks, in Surrey, the rural and enchanting retreat of her Ladyship.

Here the Duke thinks he hears

some little macaroni youth, some trifling apology for the figure of a man, exclaiming, with the greatest vehemence, how can the ladies hurt their delicate hands, and even bring them to blisters, with holding a nasty fifthy bat? How can their sweet delicate fingers bear the jarrings attending the catching of a dirty ball? Are they not afraid lest the ball should misplace an ivory tooth, or extinguish the fire of an eye, which has long been considered as a

blazing meteor in the horizon of beauty, and which has brought many a roving, obdurate, and flinty heart, to a true sense of its duty? Are not the soft charms of music, accompanied with the melody of female voice, and the delight of their conversation, more irresistible than all the masculine sports they can usurp? And why should not cricket become the favourite game of the ladies? Let your sex go on, and assert their right to every pursuit that does not debase the mind. Go on and attach yourselves to the athletic; and by that convince your neighbours, the French, that you despise their washes, their paint, and their pomatums, and that you are now determined to convince all Europe how worthy you are of being considered the wives of good, generous, and native Englishmen.

We may mention a few more old matches. On October 3rd, 1811, one was played at Ball's Pond, Newington, between eleven women of Hampshire against eleven of Surrey. The match was made by some noblemen of those counties, for 500 guineas The players "were of all a side. ages and sizes," in the ungallant language of the reporter; in point of fact, the ages of the cricketers appear to have ranged from 14 to so years; the match lasted three days, Hampshire winning. August 3rd, 1827, a match was played at Halmaker, in Sussex, when eleven married women were beaten by eleven maids of that place. The married wore orange ribbons, and the maids blue. The matches above mentioned are only examples of many similar games; it is not my intention to give a complete list, but only to convey an idea of the periods when interest was taken by the ladies in cricket.

To come down to fifty years later; in 1877 eleven women of Elstead played and beat eleven of Thursley, thus revenging their defeat in a previous match. One lady was described as "being a batswoman of good repute." Another "showed excellent defence"

until "she was well caught by the bowler." Thursley went in first, but were soon got rid of, as the bowling was so good that 7 duck's eggs appeared in the scoresheet. The defensive powers of one promising young lady player were greatly admired, and two other ladies batted in good form. Elstead scored 44, and 28; total 72. Thursley 49, and 17; total 66. Elstead thus winning by 6 runs.

Ladies' cricket has thriven more vigorously in some localities than in others. Angmering, in Sussex, for instance, had and perhaps still has a reputation for its players. In recent years matches between ladies' elevens and handicapped teams of men have been popular. A match of this kind was played at Drewsteignton, Devonshire, a few years ago on the grounds of Mr. T. Ponsford, between a picked team of ladies, who styled themselves "Nonpareils," against a team of gentlemen, who had to bat with broomsticks and also bowl The ladies won the left-handed. toss, and their captain, Miss Adams, of Puddicombe, having elected to go in, Miss Evelyn Danvers and Miss Fulford faced the bowling of Messrs. H. P. and The first-named, E. P. Adams. after scoring one, was taken by F. Tothill. Miss Adams followed, and runs came freely until her partner was caught at short leg. Miss Fulford, it was generally hoped, would succeed in carrying her bat, but she was bowled by Mr. G. Houseman. To briefly summarise the play, three wickets fell for 26 runs, four for 42, five for 45, and 7 for 92; the innings closed for 132 runs.

After a short adjournment, J. H. Houseman and Mr. J. Tothill faced the bowling of Miss Ella Adams (medium lobs) and Miss E. Danvers (slow twisters), Miss

Mabel Adams kept wicket, and the rest of the field stood in two groups, one on each side of the batsmen. Three of the gentlemen's wickets fell for 29, six for 68, seven for 81, eight for 91, the innings finally closing for 108 runs, leaving victory to the "Nonpareils," who owed it mainly to the fine batting of Misses A. Chichester, Adams and F. Fulford.

The Original English Lady Cricketers paid a visit to Aldershot on Thursday, May 20th, 1890, and played on the Institute Ground. The number of spectators was smaller than might have The "Reds," been expected. captained by Miss Violet Westbrook, played the "Blues," captained by Miss D. Stanley. The latter went in first, and sent to the wickets Miss Sheffield and Miss Sanders, who batted very steadily; the latter was dismissed when she had made 9. Ella Heather, who was in rare form, took her place, and with Miss Sheffield made the stand of the innings, despite several changes in the bowling. In trying a short run, Miss Sheffield was run out, having scored 27 runs. Stanley, Miss A. Heather, Miss Grey and Miss Parsons were very quickly dismissed; but on Miss Moss joining Miss Ella Heather, more runs were put on, and both continued batting in fine style, until Miss Moss was run out for 16 runs. Miss Beckenham, Miss M. Lisle and Miss G. Lisle offered little resistance, and the innings closed for 127, Miss E. Heather carrying out her bat for a well played 58. She was loudly applauded on returning to the pavilion. Miss Dempsey was the successful bowler. "Reds" commenced their innings with Miss V. Westbrook (the W. G. Grace of the party) and

Miss Charles. A disastrous start was made, as with only 4 runs on the board, a good ball dismissed the captain for 2. Miss Dempsey ioined Miss Charles, and matters improved: both batted carefully until the former lady was bowled by Miss Grey. Miss Matthey did not remain long, but on Miss Hardwick joining Miss Dempsey, a long stand was made, the latter being run out just before drawing stumps for an exceptionally good 26 runs, the score being then 70 for 4 wickets.

The players' weakest point was throwing in, Miss V. Westbrook, who was the best all round cricketer, being the only exception. The bowling was fair, some ladies being able to break both ways. Miss V. Westbrook made 99 runs at Guildford the day previous, May 19th, in fine style, and 91 the week previous. Miss Moss was alert and quick behind the wickets. The players had the advantages of coaching by Maurice Read and George Hearne.

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Miss J. Sheffield ... 27, run out.

L. Saunders ... 9, b. Dempsey.

E. Heather ... 58, not out.

D. Stanley ... 2 (Capt.), run out.

A. Grey ... 0, run out.

L. Parsons ... 2, b. Dempsey.

B. Moss ... 16, run out.

M. Beckenham ... 5, c. Westbrook, b. Daly

M. Lisle ... 4, c. Lane, b. Charles.

C. Lisle ... 0, b. Dally.

Byes ... 2

Total 127

REDS.

Miss S. Charles ... 16, b. Grey.

V. Westbrook ... 2 (Capt.), b. Sheffield.

REDS.

Miss S. Charles ... 26, run out.

A. Matthey ... 6, b. A. Heather.
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Total 70

The match appears to have been left drawn.

.. 14, not out.

·· } To bat.

,, F. Hardwick ..

B. Fane ...
L. Daly ...
F. Fane ...
B. Seymour
Watkin

About July 25th, 1899, a match was played on Uxbridge cricket

ground between Lady Maud Barrett's eleven against an eleven of Miss Mabel Roberts's Ladies' College. Lady Maud's eleven could do little against the bowling by the college eleven, and were all out for 33. The ladies of the college knocked the bowling about in great style, and scoring 130 runs, won easily.

On July 29th, 1899, at Highgate, a match was played between the Grove School eleven and eleven selected by Dr. Fletcher. The Grove School ran up 98 runs, of which Miss Gwen Figgis contributed 17. The score of the

other side is not given.

Perhaps if the ladies had had "pioneers" as good and influential as those who promoted the game for men, we might now have many ladies' clubs. The great "pioneers" were H.R.H. Prince Frederick Lewis of Wales (commonly called the sporting Prince, who died from the effects of a blow from a cricket ball on March 20th, 1751); the Duke of Richmond, Sir Wm. Gage, Lord John Sackville, the Duke of Bedford, the Earls of Sandwich, Halifax, Tankerville, and many more of the nobility, since 1730, gave great assistance in bringing the noble game to its present perfection.

The following purports to be an extract from a letter by Miss

Florence to a cousin:—

You know how it is after "a jolly .dance "-I don't mean "a ball" (how I hate the word ball, none but servants and county nobodies use the expression now) the confused dreams one has at night, Charles, Franks, Roberts getting mixed up with trifles and cracker mottos; the unpleasantness of witnessing your brothers making hearty breakfasts in the morning, and all that kind of thing. Well, double the unpleasantness, add to it one bruised thumb, and then you will have a slight idea of the condition that your cousin Florence is in after her cricket match. Harry called it the Maiden Match of the eason).

Croquet has been entirely neglected, and the lawn ficing the lake, where we used to play, has been turned into The Ladies' Cricket Ground, or, as he calls it, the Opposition Lord's Cricket Ground. Whenever I say "he," dear, I mean Harry. The other evening, at a tea-fight, he told me.....

We, of course, had to alter the rules written by the Marylebone people, and

make new ones of our own.

Rule I.—The ball is not to be too hard.
Rule II.—No one to bowl too swift.
Rule III.—Leg before wicket to be changed to ankle before. Personalities,

changed to ankle before. Personalities, such as long-leg, short-leg, square-leg, &c., are on no account to be mentioned.



Rule IV.—Any member using the word "bother" to be fined a pair of gloves, and so on.

We all like the rules, but don't like the umpires. They are allowed to do as they please, and snub you when they can, and on no account are we allowed to argue with them. I almost cried when Miss Farley gave me out "Hessian before wicket."

I don't like "fagging." Fagging means running all over the ground to stop runs. I was "mid-wicket" on; Miss Dazzleton, the heiress, you know, was point (he said because she was "a good catch"). Old Miss Vorty was "long-stop," and Miss Fisher wicket-keeperess.

We went in first and made 14. They

followed, and beat us by two; but next time we'll have our revenge. I know a dear old creature who will stand umpire for us, and then we shall see how they'll get on with their "short runs," "ankles before," and "catches," when the ball's on the ground.

Our dresses were lovely. Betty, Natty,

Polly, and the rest, send their loves, but are too stiff to write.

Enthusiastic lady cricketers, we feel sure, will join us in condemning this as fiction from the hand of some ignorant or envious male creature. H. T. W.

Revised Laws of Whist.

More than thirty-five years have elapsed since Mr. Loraine Baldwin obtained the sanction and cooperation of the principal clubs towards the promulgation of a code of whist laws. Carefully as those laws were drawn up, experience has shown that it is necessary to supplement them by case decisions. In these circumstances a small committee has drawn up a revised code, which has been considered. slightly altered, and finally approved by the Portland and Baldwin Clubs: and it is to be hoped that by the time these lines appear in print it will have been recommended for general club use. With certain exceptions, which will be dealt with later on, the object in view was not to make violent changes, but to put the laws into a more symmetrical order, and to incorporate words that would remove doubts in many cases, and embody case-made decisions.

Touching the question of the alteration of the value of honours, it may be remarked that opinions were generally invited, and in the result it was found that the replies in number showed a fairly even balance; but that the opinions of the multitude, as expressed by the secretaries of clubs in favour of the present system, greatly outweighed the opinions of individuals who desired a change.

Hence it was resolved not to recommend any alteration.

The laws have been drawn up in an order that, to a certain extent, divides the preliminaries to playing from those that affect the game itself. They therefore commence with such items as Cards, Cutting or Drawing, the Formation of the Table, Partners, Entry and Re-entry, Shuffling, and then with Deals and Mis-deals, Irregular Play and Exaction of Penalties. The new laws are few in number; one relates to the duty of shuffling, another to the case of a simultaneous lead by two partners, a third to the case of a demand of an unauthorised penalty, and the last to the prohibition of looking at a trick that has been turned and quitted. The first of these, as to shuffling, lays down that it is, after cards have been selected, the duty of an adversary to shuffle the selected pack, and of the dealer or his partner to shuffle the other pack. As to lead out of turn, an attempt; is made to deal with the penalty ' to be exacted when two partners simultaneously play cards as a It has hitherto often been a matter of doubt whether, from the moment of the fall of the cards, the player in fault could be punished as one who had led out of turn, or who had merely ex-! posed a card; it is now deter-

ned that the highest or lowest td of the suit properly led may called from the offender, or the d simultaneously led may be ated as a card liable to be lled. As to the demand of a nalty not authorised, the player king such demand forfeits all tht to exact any penalty at all. be prohibition to look at a trick at has been turned and quitted scept when searching for ssing card under a previous v) is by far the most important eration. Its exaction lubtless, at first cause some onvenience to many players, t time will prove its justificao.

The introduction of the call for mps has proved a doubtful ssing. What is more agonising an the look on the face of an certain player when, at a second d of a suit, his partner plays a nd that is or is not a call for imps, according to the card he yed in the preceding trick? A zed feeling rushes across his uin, the previous trick is hurdly clutched and pondered er, confusion is worse conmoded, and the result of the ocess is, probably, play that is we likely to be wrong than ht. Neither are the annals of y without instances of the ach of the law of etiquette hat a player who desires to see last trick should do it for his in information only, and not in **x** to invite the attention of his tiner." But, above all, it is be hoped that this alteration I cause players to train their mories and to trust to them. her than to make violent raids the turned tricks and to cause eral confusion on the table.

turning to alterations in the laws, it is to be noted that it been decided that if a player, had rendered himself liable

to have the highest or lowest of a suit called, failed to play as desired, or if when called on to lead one suit, led another, having in his hand one or more cards of that suit demanded, he incurred at once the penalty of a revoke, and his partner was not allowed to protect himself by inquiry as to whether the offender had played as desired or not. This has been altered, and, as in the case of an ordinary revoke, the partner can now make this inquiry, with the usual results following, if erroneous play has occurred.

Another injustice has also been remedied by the provision, that if an adversary takes up the hand of another player, or if through his act a player has more than fourteen cards and any of the other three less than thirteen cards, then no misdeal occurs, but the dealer is allowed to deal again.

Among minor points it will be found that the duty of shuffling is If the dealer leaves regulated. the trump card on the table, instead of being liable to be called on the turning of the first trick, the time is extended to the turning of the second trick; if, therefore, it is then left on the table, it is more probable than now that the penalty will be exacted. connection with the trump card, permission is given to inquire the trump suit; this was formerly allowed on the authority of a footnote by "Cavendish"; it may be observed that where practicable these foot-notes have been incorporated in the text of the laws. An addition has been made to the cases in which cards are liable to be called by the provision that where a player mentions or names a card in his hand, that card is liable to be called; for instance, if a player says, "I have the king of diamonds for that," that card is liable to be called, although having been prematurely named, an unexpected ruff has rendered the play of the card inexpedient. This is perhaps a case of what has been termed "after dinner whist," but some players will be impetuous. Probably no question has been oftener referred for the decision of an expert than that wherein a player leads out of turn, and the adversaries have the right of calling a suit from him or his partner. This law has been so amplified that it is difficult to believe that in future any miscomprehension can arise.

With reference to revokes, the right of adversaries to consult as to the penalties is included in the law, and it is pointed out that where more than one revoke has taken place, a different penalty may be exacted for each revoke. Throwing down the hand or claiming game constitute an act of play within the meaning of leading or playing to the following trick. This is one of the examples of the embodiment of case-made law.

The law of single dummy is assimilated to that of double dummy, in that there is no misdeal.

It must be a matter of regret to all that "Cavendish" did not survive to take part in the revision of the laws. His opinion in favour of the necessity of a revision is on record. In "Card Table Talk" (1880) he writes:

"The laws of whist, though very good in the principles on which they are based, are, it must be confessed, too loosely worded. It this were done with the consent of the clubs that have adopted the (which one would think could be readily obtained) a boom will be conferred on whist players." It is difficult to hit the happy medium between conciseness and diffuseness. To some the English code is too wordy, to more the American code is not sufficiently inclusive. Tacitus himself discovered, when he wrote history in the most terse paragraphs on record, that he was compelled to admit that in writing short sentences he became obscure. may be expected that the revised code will not meet with the approval of those who prefer a lew pithy enactments, but it must be remembered that to the majority of whist players the general principles of the laws affecting the game are already well understood, and that in face of the strong rivalry to the game that has grown up by the popularity of "bridge," would not have been expedient to have suggested any extreme emendations that might have caused further players to deser "whist" for "bridge." been otherwise, it is possible the the question of the reduction of t value of honours might have be recommended.

W. M. D.

Bowls.

Ay-day will this year inaugurate bowls season in this country der conditions more favourable an ever before marked the nous old pastime, and so desirle an object has, undoubtedly, en brought about by the recently med Imperial Bowling Associan, in which the Earl of Jersey, president, displays the most actical interest.

In no better way could so imtant a new movement have run than by the issue of such tellent laws as those promuled by the "Imperial" Associan, in the hope of their ultimate option as a recognised code terally by bowling organisans.

Is.
Chat a pastime could exist for r seven centuries upon methods play almost chaotic is surprising eed. Not only is bowls played erently in Scotland to what it in England, but in Australia methods are somewhat at lance with what they are in mother country; nor is there to a similarity as to the form play in New Zealand, Victoria New South Wales.

lot only are the laws of bowlboth in Great Britain and the nies thus decidedly different, the bowls are as varied, those at home being of larger bias. New Zealand nothing smaller a No. 3 is tolerated, whilst New South Wales No. 2 finds and deal of favour.

Iderman Young, the father of its in Australasia, expresses fidence that within a year or international bowling will be blished firmly, and marked by ries of mother country internial contests. Lord Jersey, an Governor of New South les, not only proved himself

a good all-round bowler, but most practically and generously patronised the efforts then made to advance the pastime in the seven sister colonies.

There is no actual knowledge of the number of bowling clubs in England and Scotland, but they probably total a thousand at least. With such a force the hope of the Imperial Association's executive for a great united organisation should not be a vain one.

One good sphere of work the "Imperial" may well be expected to aid in advancing is the establishment of bowling clubs in our public parks. In many parts of Australia such institutions have been formed, and well flourish. Excellent greens have been laid down, not only improving in appearance more than one unsightly spot, and affording opportunities of play, but enabling the public in general to witness a most entertaining form of pastime.

The London County Council has already had several greens laid down, and provincial municipal authorities will doubtless afford like public facilities, particularly if the Imperial Bowling Association is enabled to create anything like a widespread interest in the game.

Ireland, although possessing only a few bowling clubs in Belfast, surely need not wait. In New South Wales many of the best and keenest bowlers are Irishmen. Truly the country which is proverbially believed to grow the greenest turf might well have not a little of its good soil laid out as bowling grounds.

Gallant little Wales, although not entering very widely into our national pastimes, has already become associated with the Imperial movement, and holds a seat on the executive.

The colonials are certainly enthusiastic on the new international movement, and in the event of matches with the mother country, are likely to display excellent form, enabled as they are to play all the year round. In Australia the saying is a common one that "the bowls season begins on the first of October and never ends."

The mother country has, how-

ever, despite its comparatively short season, many remarkably able exponents of the game, whilst the bowling greens both of England and Scotland generally are the admiration of the Australian players who have visited them. What but remains is for the bowlers of Britain to unite under the auspices of the Imperial Bowling Association, as those of the colonies appear prepared to do, for one of our grandest old games to flourish more than ever.

The Sportsman's Library.

The "image of war" is a phrase we are fond of quoting from Mr. Jorrocks, but it is doubtful whether those who do not wear scarlet as well as pink realise the full fitness of the expression. Colonel Alderson's book* enables the civilian to understand how happily chosen was the simile that Surtees put so constantly into his hero's mouth, and also shows us far more clearly than we have been shown before what a really practical and valuable school the soldier finds in the hunting-field. The earlier chapters are devoted to sound and sensible advice concerning horsemanship, stable management and equipment; the author necessarily covers ground that has covered very frequently before, but writing as he does from the soldier's point of view, his teaching will be acceptable to young men of his own profession. Colonel Alderson knows the secret of teaching a man his work without hurting his feelings. His hint concerning the blacksmith

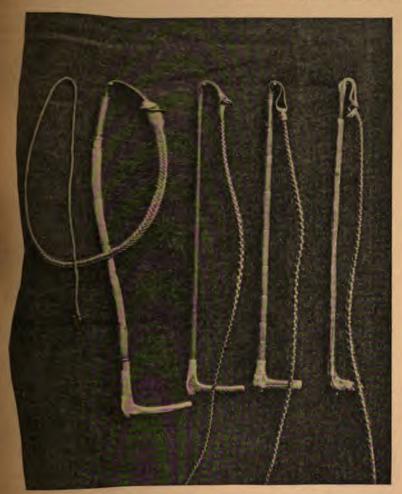
might well receive general application. "Get him to shoe your horses as described by Sir F. Fitzwygram in 'Horses and Stables'; take him the book, show him the pictures, and tell him quietly, putting it as if it was your fad, and not as if you wanted to teach him his work."

The latter portions of the book are those which teach us how the soldier can apply a day's foxhunting to his profession. Everything he sees can be regarded. with a military eye. Thus of the ditches and hedges along the roadside: "What sort of obstacles do they offer from cavalry. infantry or guns, and do they give cover from view only, or from fire, or from both?" As Colonel Alderson justly remarks, there are so many things to be looked at and so much to be learnt from them that it is difficult to know where to begin. Only a keen soldier and keen sportsman could have written this instructive and entertaining book, and it comes at a time when it will receive the meed of attention it so well deserves. The illustra-

^{* &}quot;Pink and Scarlet." By Lieut.-Col. E. A. H. Alderson. (W. Heinemann.) 7s. 6d.

tions are in most cases worthy of the text. All of them are instructive; one of those which we reproduce shows the right and wrong ways of attaching the thong to the tongue.

very readable little book he has made. He does not give a very flattering account of the Cape horse, which in many respects proved an animal very different from the "Cape" he had known



THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS OF ATTACHING A THONG TO A WHIP.

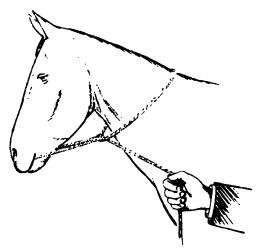
by the spirit of the time to dish up his experiences "Among Horses in South Africa," and a in India; but he speaks highly of its endurance as exhibited on the road in a coach team. He went to the colony on his usual mission, to teach all who would learn the best methods of mastering savage

[&]quot;Among Horses in South Africa," By

or untractable horses and reducing them to order; and his tour, though in the main successful, was occasionally attended with difficulty in the lack of horses sufficiently vicious to provide a good object lesson. He had no very agreeable reception from the Transvaal Boers, who scouted the idea that an Englishman could teach them anything; but he found opportunity to win their respect, and prides himself on having gained the approbation of a race of horsemen.

ideas concerning us. The frontispiece, a photograph of President and Mrs. Kruger, is a very good one; but is it quite appropriate to the contents of the book?

The admirable coloured illustrations give this handsome work—claims to praise which could hardly be bestowed upon the text. Mr. Dixon is a painstaking and observant naturalist, and when he writes of birds which have come within the scope of his personal knowledge, he is entitled to the respectful hearing which he



AN IMPROVISED HALTER .-- (FROM "PINK AND SCARLET").

Captain Hayes does not confine himself to horseflesh; as is his wont, he writes of many things; of politics, I.D.B., the social usages of the colonists and the people he encountered. From his account, it would seem that Cape Colony receives rather more than her share of incompetents and incapables who are "not wanted at home," and possess no particular talent for anything. It is just possible that the number of these indifferent specimens of the Britisher have done something to give the Boer population false

is sure to receive; but when he deals with facts acquired at second hand he is less happy. The scheme of the work hardly justifies the title. The cranes and the rails, and very many of the waders, as the stilts, godwits and sandpipers, are not game birds, and have no right to figure in such a work. Moreover, the naturalist has over-ridden the sportsman in Mr. Dixon's pages.

[&]quot;The Game Birds and Wild Fowl of the British Islands." By Charles Dixon. Forty-one coloured plates by Charles Whymper. (Pawson and Brailsford.) 43 3s.

Sportsmen feel but little interest m "allied forms" which have ever, and in all ornithological probability never will, under their notice in this country. Nor are they as a rule sufficiently versed in the science to find much ssistance in the task of identifyng a strange bird from the diagnostic characters" Dixon considers infinitely preferble to long, tedious detailed decriptions of plumage. It must be added that Mr. Whymper has nost efficiently replaced such decriptions. His pictures, reproluced be it said with exceptional ccuracy and skill, are the handiwork of the artist-sportsman, who as also a naturalist's eye for a ird. It may be objected that he as represented his subjects not, s sportsmen know them, in their vinter garb, but in the glory of reeding plumage. In this the rtist was, to our thinking, right; only because the "wedding ress" of birds is the more chaacteristic, as it is undoubtedly so many cases the more pleas-We cannot speak too armly of the merit of these lustrations, or of the manner in hich they have been reproduced. t is a triumph of colour-printing. he artist's share in the work akes it, so far as it goes, a aluable substitute for Lord Lilrd's classic whose cost places it yond the reach of all but wealthy en,

As Mr. W. H. Walker observes his preface, there is great diffilty in obtaining reliable inforation concerning stallions at the ud; and the frequent changes of vnership, changes in fees, sales, d withdrawal from service, to y nothing of deaths, render

compilation of such a work as this a task of peculiar difficulty, and one in which accuracy in every particular is impossible to guarantee. At the same time it is just the difficulty of procuring information which lends such a work exceptional value; and Mr. Walker deserves hearty congratulation for the care and minuteness with which he has carried a most happy thought into execution. He has given us the breeding for five generations (with references on the Bruce Lowe Family system) of no fewer than 323 stallions, with succinct notes which comprise all that the breeder about to choose a stallion will wish to know. He gives the place where the horse will stand for the season, particulars of fees, some description of the horsecolour, height, girth and bone below the knee, his successes on the Turf—when noteworthy; and most convincing, the names of horses got by him. That errors should appear in a mass of detail -detail kaleidoscopic in its frequency of alteration—is unavoidable, but the book represents an amount of labour for whose fruits breeders and owners will be sincerely grateful.

The Jockey Club might well adopt Mr. Walker's prefatory suggestion to "institute stringent regulations for the annual registration of stallions"; and they could not do better than take the work Mr. Walker's industry has placed ready to their hand and make it their register, with officially obtained particulars revised annually. The compiler, we understand, sends the work gratis to anyone who desires to possess it; he should need a large stock, for it is a veritable mine of information, most handily and clearly

set out.

[&]quot;Stallion Register, 1900." Compiled and ted for private circulation by William Hall Mer, Gateacre Grange, Liverpool.

The Cricket Season.

Although we are this season to be without the excitement caused in the cricket world by a visiting Australian team, there is likely to be no lack of interesting firstclass cricket, and once again the County Championship is likely to prove the attraction of the season. Surrey, who succeeded last year in regaining the coveted honour of being Champion County, will have to work hard to retain their position at the head of a competition which yearly grows more keen. Mr. K. J. Key, who for the last six years has led the Surrey forces to many a brilliant victory, has resigned the captaincy of the team with which he has been associated for no less than eighteen years, and a large debt of gratitude is due to him for his great services to his county. He is succeeded by Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, who acted as captain of the team upon many occasions last year, and has shewn himself to be not only a most useful batsman, but perhaps the best lob-bowler of the day. Mr. E. M. Dowson, who had such a remarkable career at Harrow, is now in residence at Cambridge, and should in the vacation prove of great service to Surrey, the county for which his father, Mr. Edward Dowson, in his day did such good service. Mr. V. F. S. Crawford also ought to be of increasing value to the side.

The Surrey programme is always a long one, and this year in addition to two matches with all the other fourteen first-class counties, matches are arranged with the London County Club and Cambridge University, twice each, and a match each with Oxford University and the West Indian team.

Surrey are, we think, likely to be hard pressed in the struggle for supremacy by Yorkshire, Middlesex and Lancashire. Yorkshire, under the popular command of Lord Hawke, should make a good show, although terribly handicapped by the absence of Messrs. F. Jackson, F. Mitchell and F. Milligan, all of whom have been claimed by the war in South Africa; and of Mr. Milligan, the alarming news has reached England that he is seriously wounded and in the hands of the enemy.

We hear that Mr. Ernest Smith will this season be able to play more frequently, and his all-round services should in some measure atone for the absence of Mr. Jackson.

Middlesex are playing more matches than ever before, out and home matches with Essex and Worcestershire, bringing up their total to twenty-two matches; the increased strength of their professional element has enabled the Metropolitan County to extend their sphere of action, and the powerful side under the captaincy of Mr. Gregor Macgregor should go very nearly top of the tree, a distinction which they might have achieved last season, for their stupid against Kent and Sussex.

Lancashire are to be congratulated upon the prospect of gaining the services of Mr. Archie Maclaren throughout the season, and it is difficult to over-estimate the advantages to be derived from his assistance at the wicket, in the field and as a captain.

It is very gratifying to learn that the popular Johnny Briggs is himself again and recovered from the unfortunate illness which overcame him during the Test Match at Leeds last session.

Mr. R. H. Spooner, Marlborough's captain, made, last season, a most promising début for the County Palatine, and it is to be hoped for the interests of Lancashire that he may be able to assist his county. Another most talented cricketer from Marlborough, Mr. J. L. Ainsworth, has occasionally appeared with success for this county, but a difficulty for Lancashire is that their best amateurs are generally unable to spare sufficient time to satisfy the exigencies of championship cricket. George Baker has accepted the post of ground bowler at Harrow School, and so a most useful all-round man looks like dropping out of the team. It will be very sad to miss the genial presence of the late treasurer of the Lancashire County Cricket Club. Mr. James Maclaren was for so many years a regular attendant at Old Trafford. Sussex have enlisted the services of A. E. Relf, who has for the last few seasons played with conspicuous success for Norfolk, and his allround cricket ought to be of help to the county of his birth. spite of many rumours of his having gone to the front Mr. C. B. Fry is already very much in evidence in the cricket field, with two scores of over 50 against Surrey, as is his captain, Ranjitsinhji, both of whom are likely to do good work for the Southern

Somersetshire are likely to be short of the help of Captain W. C. Hedley, and Messrs. H. T. Stanley and F. A. Phillips, all of whom are representing the Empire in South Africa. This is very unfortunate for the Western County, as with these gentlemen available they appeared to have an excellent chance of bettering their present lowly position; for Braund, late of Surrey, is said to

qualify for the County in June, and he should prove a most useful recruit, his performances against the Australian team of 1899 being consistently good. Moreover, Mr. Lionel Palairet, whose absence last season was a sad handicap to the County, will be able occasionally to assist the side, as also will the other invalid of last season, Mr. Gerald Fowler; Mr. S. M. J. Woods has had to face some roughish times occasionally with a short-handed Somerset side, and we wish him the good fortune his gallant efforts deserve. It is impossible to properly estimate the value of his services to Somerset cricket.

Hampshire is, of all the counties. mostly heavily handicapped by the war, Major Poore, Colonel Spens, Major Christopher Heseltine, of the Imperial Yeomanry, Captain Bradford, Leiutenants Studd, Barrett and Sprot are all, we understand, in South Africa; and with Captains Wynyard and Quinton occupied with their military duties at home, Mr. C. Robson, the new captain Hampshire, is likely to experi-ence great difficulty in his first year of command. It will be a good thing for Hants when Mr. C. B. Llewellyn, the South African cricketer, is qualified for them, but this will not be for another year yet.

Gloucestershire does not seem the same county without its veteran captain, W. G. Grace, but last season did very fairly well under the leadership of Mr. W. Troup. That gentleman has now returned to India and Mr. Gilbert Jessop has been appointed captain, and is likely to have the assistance of most of those young players who did so well last season.

Essex has lost the services of Mr. A. J. Turner, who is serving with Sir Redvers Buller, and his

absence is likely to be severely felt; however, Mr. C. T. Kortright will be able to resume his place in the team. Mr. C. E. Green is always indefatigable in his exertions for Essex, and his latest thought has been to engage Alfred Shaw and Robert Peel for three weeks at the beginning of the season to bowl to and coach likely players at Leyton. J. R. Mason will again captain the Kent Eleven, but he will be without the services of Messrs. R. Livesay and L. J. le Fleming, who have gone to South Africa, whilst the veteran, Walter Wright, has been appointed a county umpire, and so is unlikely, we presume, to make many appearances in the ranks of his county. Kent cricket should be in a prosperous condition, seeing that a new pavilion has been erected on the Canterbury ground at a cost of nearly £3,000.

Worcestershire, that latest addition to the ranks of first-class counties, has extended its programme materially, and, with fresh fixtures with Gloucestershire, Kent, Lancashire, Middlesex and Surrey, has a card of twenty-two championship matches, as against the dozen played last season, whilst out and home matches with London County, and games with Oxford University, the West Indian team and M.C.C. and Ground bring the total of Worcestershire's matches up to twentyseven, which is a very ambitious programme. Mr. H. K. Foster will have his hands pretty full, especially as his brother, "W. L.," is away in South Africa, and "R. E." is captain at Oxford. Either University appears to have a good supply of Old Blues, but that is not always a sign of certain strength. At Oxford about eight of last year's team are available, whilst Mr. T. L. Taylor.

the Cambridge captain, has six Old Blues at his command. E. M. Dowson, the Harrow captain, should easily secure a place in the 'Varsity team, as should H. J. Wyld, also of Harrow, at the sister University, both of these gentlemen being players far above the average of freshmen. W. G. Grace has succeeded in arranging a sufficient number of matches for the London County Cricket Club to rank as first class. but, since this organisation cannot compete for the County Championship, no great interest is likely to attach to the matches, although no doubt "W. G." will always put a hot side into the field. Other matches of a less ambitious character there are in plenty for the members of the London County Cricket Club, of which there are upwards of seven hundred. The enthusiasm of W. G. Grace is infectious, and wherever he is there must cricket thrive.

Benefit matches now form an important feature of the county season, and this year nine most deserving professionals are to take a benefit. I. T. Hearne is to have the proceeds of the Whit Monday match at Lord's between Middlesex and Somerset, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the match may not be all over in one day, as was the case last year when the match was set aside for the benefit of W. Flowers, and Middlesex, making only 78 runs, won in one innings.

Arthur Shrewsbury is to take half the gate realised at Trent Bridge in the Whit Monday match, Notts v. Surrey. Nottingham benefits have been most terribly disappointing of late years, but it is to be hoped that we shall never again hear of such terrible fiascos as some benefits have been, notably that of poor William Barnes. Pougher has deserved

well of Leicestershire; Mold has done wonders for Lancashire; Brockwell is one of the best men in the Surrey Eleven; Henry Butt has kept wicket well for Sussex for many years, and each of these deserves a splendid benefit. speaks well for the popularity of the Yorkshire team that all four men should have selected for their benefit-match the encounter with Yorkshire. Walter Mead, the hard-working and brilliant Essex cricketer, is to have the Essex and Middlesex match, for both of which counties he has a qualification. Philip Need, the pavilion attendant at Lord's, is to have a benefit, North v. South, at Lord's on September 13th and following days; this appears rather a late date, but if the match is as successful as was one played at Lord's in September, 1894, for the benefit of G. F. Hearne, there should be no need for grumbling, or rather no grumbling for Need.

There is much that is very unsatisfactory in the present system of benefit matches, so much has to depend upon the weather and other outside influences which ought not to so seriously affect the amount of the reward to be received by a faithful servant. The Yorkshire executive, realising this, have adopted the expedient of presenting a definite sum of £500 to R. Moorhouse in lieu of a benefit match, and we think that this system has much to recommend it.

The Committee of the Marylebone Club is at intervals moved to recommend a reform of the laws of the game, and at the general meeting of the club on May 2nd proposals will be made and, we presume, adopted that the over shall in future consist of six balls, that the side one hundred and fifty, one hundred, or seventy-five runs ahead on the first innings—according to whether it be a three, two or one-day match-shall have the option of making their opponents follow on, and that the innings may be declared closed at lunch-time on the second day of a match. It will be a relief to cricketers to have the following-on figures increased, but it seems a pity that cricket throughout the world should not be allowed to advance at a normal rate, and we have had to wait too long a time for sluggish cricket legislation. late months there have been great discussions as to the potential remedies for high scoring and drawn matches; even the columns of Baily have not been free from the indignant outbursts of veteran cricketers against the oppressive and unfair condition of the legbefore-wicket law in its present application; whilst suggestions as to increasing the size of the wicket or decreasing the width of the bat have poured in from all quarters. We understand that the Marylebone Committee have been sitting in deliberation over these matters. so it may be some further alteration in the game may be suggested at headquarters in the course of a few years.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

As I was reading the other day that delightful diary of Colonel Peter Hawker, in which is set down the plain, unvarnished tale of an enthusiastic sportsman's daily life for fifty years, I was struck with the constant reference to the sport he enjoyed whilst travelling by stage coach. Pleasant old leisurely days those were when a man could beguile the tedium of a long journey by shooting on the way! Take the following entry for example, descriptive of a journey by mail coach to Exeter:-"We were a delightfully jolly party, and, not being post day, the mail stopped whenever we saw game, and during the journey I killed four brace of partridges. When it was too dark to shoot our party mounted the roof and sang choruses (which I joined in and drove), and in which the guard and coachman took a very able part."

There were fast coaches and slow coaches in the old days; the Edinburgh mail ran four hundred miles in forty hours, stoppages included. The Exeter day coach did one hundred and seventythree miles in seventeen hours, and the Devonport mail two hundred and twenty-seven miles in twenty-two hours; but the Shrewsbury and Chester "Highflyer" usually took from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. to do its forty miles over a good road. It was a freeand-easy, no-hurry sort of a coach. If a commercial gentleman wanted to do a little business on the road. or a swell wanted to call upon a friend, the coachman was always

willing to pull up and bide their time. Then there were houses of call; half-an-hour soon slipped away with a pleasant landlord or pretty barmaid. Then there was the dinner at Wrexham, for which two hours were allowed, and at the end of that time coachie would thrust his jolly face in at the door and say, "The coach is ready, gen'l'men; but if yer wish for another bottle, don't let me disturb yer."

The costume of the celebrated Driving Club, when it met in Hyde Park in 1811, would very much surprise the coaching clubmen of the present day. light drab - coloured cloth coat made full and single - breasted, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankles, and mother-of-pearl buttons the size of a crown piece; a blue and yellow striped waistcoat, each stripe an inch wide; cord silk plush breeches made to button over the calf of each leg, with sixteen strings and rosettes to each knee; the boots were short, and finished with very broad straps that hung over the tops and down to the ankle; a hat three and a half inches deep in the crown only, and the same depth in the brim; and each driver with a large bouquet at the breast. Both the elder Matthews Joey Grimaldi burlesqued this absurd costume on the stage. Joey transformed a light-coloured Witney blanket into a coat that reached to his heels, adorned it with small plates for buttons, and a bunch of cabbages for a bouquet; to these he added very low boots with paper tops, and a very lowcrowned hat with an umbrellalike brim. A song was composed for the club, the first verse of which ran:—

With spirits so gay we mount the box, the tits up to the traces,

Our elbows squared, our wrists turned down, dash off at awful paces; With Buxton bit, bridoon so trim, three chestnuts and a grey,

Well coupled up the wheelers, then, Ya

hip! we bowl away.

Sir John Lade was said to be one of the best whips of his day. It was he who, for a wager, drove four-in-hand into the old yard at Tattersall's and out again without touching either wall or grass plot. This was thought a great feat then, as the entrance to the great horse mart was through a narrow passage and down an inclined drive, at the bottom of which was a sharp turn by the "Turf Tap." Another covered gateway then led into the auction yard, round which Sir John drove and got out again, without brushing against brick or blade of grass on either side, and won.

But quite as difficult an achievement in the driving art was accomplished by Sam Page, the driver of the Winchester mail, on September 16th, 1795. Mr. Lackington, the bookseller, had a dispute with Mr. Willan, the horsedealer, about the size of his (Mr. Lackington's) shop, the "Temple of the Muses," Finsbury Square, which the proprietor said was large enough to allow a coach and four to drive round it. As each was positive the other was wrong, a bet of 500 guineas was made, and Sam Page was selected by the bookseller to decide it. On the day named the Winchester mail coach, full of passengers, was driven in, round and out of Lackington's shop without doing

the least damage, the proprietor in his own carriage following the mail. Sam Page was presented with twenty guineas by the winner for having accomplished the feat. Mr. Willan, the loser, owed all his success in life to having, when ostler at the "Rutland Arms," Newmarket, H.R.H. the Duke of mended Cumberland to buy a mare who afterwards the dam Marske, the sire of the celebrated Eclipse. As Mr. Willan had previously got the duke a capital mount, H.R H. put him into business in London as a dealer. and subsequently got the ex-ostler the contract for supplying the British cavalry and artillery with horses.

A favourite pastime in those days was trotting—not the highly elaborated sport now practised in America, but a very much less ambitious test of a horse's speed at that pace—and matches were frequently made to trot against the crack express coaches. For example. A man named Burke, of trotting celebrity, laid a wager that his pony would trot from Bedford to London and back—a distance of fifty-two miles—in less time than the "Times" coach, which did the distance at the rate of ten-and-a-half miles an hour, and with only half-an-hour pause between the down journey and the up. When within nine miles of Bedford on the return, the pony broke down, and had to be shot. On another occasion he was more fortunate. He trotted two ponies from London — the Bolt-in-Tun Inn, Fleet Street to Hereford, a distance of 137 miles, against the "Mazeppa," and arrived at his destination twelve minutes before the coach, doing the journey in fourteen hours and eleven minutes.

Burke, by the way, was one of the principals in an amateur prize-fight for £100 a-side, which created great excitement in the sporting world. His antagonist was a gentleman-jockey named Chilcott. They fought for two hours and a quarter under the rules of the Prize Ring, at Grays, in Essex, on the 4th of October, 1842, and Chilcott won.

In 1791 a trotting match took place upon the Romford Road between Mr. Bishop's brown mare, 18 years old, and Mr. Green's ch. gelding, six years old, 12 stone each, for 50 guineas a side; they were to trot sixteen miles, which the mare did with sixty-six minutes and ease in some seconds. The same year a trotting match took place from Lynn Gates, seven miles on the Downham Road, and back to the gates (fourteen miles) by a noted horse called Shuffler, the property of Mr. Kent, of Unwell, in Norfolk, against time, for 200 guineas. The horse carried 18st.—14lbs. to the stone—and was allowed an hour, but performed it in fiftysix and a half minutes. In 1793 Mr. Shipway, of Hoxton, trotted his pony Jack, ten hands high, twelve miles on the Kingsland Road. He took ten guineas to five that he did not cover the distance in less than an hour, and Jack did it in forty-one and a half minutes.

In 1796 the Honourable Mr. Cavendish betted another gentleman 200 guineas that he would trot his English mare fifteen miles over the Curragh in one hour, and accomplished the feat in fiftyone and a half minutes. A brown gelding once trotted a mile on the Denham and Norwich road in two minutes forty-nine seconds. One of the best trotting

matches on record was that for 100 guineas between Charles Herbert and Richard Wilson. The bet was that Mr. Herbert's horse could not trot seventeen miles in an hour on the Highgate Road (which, as everybody knows, is the hilliest outside of London), to start from St. Giles' Church. Six o'clock in the morning was the time chosen, as the road was then free, and the task was actually accomplished in one minute twenty seconds under time.

In the year 1797, a gelding belonging to a pork-butcher in the Blackfriars Road, whose daily employment was to run in a cart, was matched against time to trot on the Romford Road, twelve miles in an hour, for five guineas. The appearance of the poor animal was so miserable that considerable odds at starting were laid against it—20 guineas to 5. Yet notwithstanding his meagre appearance, he did the thirteen miles in fifty-eight minutes fifty-seven seconds.

But these feats are "small pertaters" by comparison with the wonderful achievements of trained trotting-horses in America, where the time for a mile has been reduced in my time from 2 min. 18 secs. to 2 min. 4 secs. It was but last month that the famous mare Maud S. died. She held the record from 1880 to 1885, her best time being 2 min. 84 secs., and if I remember rightly, she reduced the record for 2 min. 12 secs. Alix, the present holder of the record, is credited with 2 min. 32 secs., and possibly I may live to see the mile trotted in even time. It is a sport, however, which has been marked by some tragic incidents. Take the following as an example.

Not many years ago a trotting match was made between two sporting men at Chicago, and heavy sums were laid upon the result. The two horses were called Butler and Corney, and the former was ridden by a man named M'Keene. Butler was the favourite, and the odds were largely in his favour. It being winter time, darkness had set in before the final heat was run. Nevertheless, they started through the gloom, everybody believing the course to be clear. had not trotted far when an awful crash was heard, and after a while Butler rushed past the winning-post, driverless, followed a minute later by Corney, whose jockey, as he pulled up, quietly remarked, "You'll find M'Keene on the track below." By this time a number of people were rushing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, and there they found the unfortunate man with his skull completely smashed Some heavy staves had been torn from the track fence and planted right in the course, and it was against these that M'Keene

had dashed himself. The other rider had no doubt had the tip to avoid them by those who meant him to win, and was, to put it plainly, an accessory before the fact to an organised conspiracy to murder.

Such incidents have been by no means uncommon in the annals of American trotting, but I am glad to think that they have been rare on the English Turf. I remember, however, once at Bromley Steeplechases seeing a very dastardly outrage perpetrated on Charles Lawrence, the wellknown cross-country jockey. He was struck in the face by a brick flung by a ruffian, no doubt paid to do it, and was felled like an ox. When Lawrence recovered consciousness, he said bitterly, "He might have saved himself the trouble. I was the worst of the four that started, and could not have won anyhow bar accidents." am sorry to say that the cowardly skunk who flung the brick escaped, and the outrage was never brought home to any one.

"Our Van."

Lincoln Spring Meeting.—
Successful as this meeting always is, the Lincolnshire Handicap never failing to attract tens of thousands into the town, it is the practice of many race-goers to either miss it altogether or limit the visit to one day, the Handicap day. If they seek a thorough instification for this they find it readily enough in the weather. Speaking of the last few years, it has invariably been describable only by the word beastly, wind,

frost, snow or rain, or a combination of some or all of them, never failing to put in an appearance. One year the dust was whirled about in such a manner as to give a very fair understanding of the African dust-storm, and a warm bath after racing became necessary. This year it was snow, and the first day people stepped about in inches of slush, whilst the open stands that are good enough for the old-fashioned meetings afforded no protection.

The going was, of course, dreadful. In spite of all, the meeting was a success, although it was about even betting at one period on the first day that racing would have to be abandoned.

The features of the Lincolnshire Handicap we all know. The early fancies for the race are such by reason of some running or other in the previous year, and the thing is to find out how far that form has been maintained. Of the twenty-five that started (the Lincolnshire Handicap remains one of the most popular of big handicaps) a dozen or more could have been justifiably fancied on previous form, the one of whom this could have been gainsaid with the greatest confidence being, strange to say, the favourite, Survivor. He was the one horse in the field whose position as flat-catcher should have created no surprise, for he has filled it so often before. I do not question that his party have excellent reason on the strength of home running for the way they have fancied him, and once, at Epsom, he justified the confidence in public by a piece of forward running, but on no recent running could he be made a 4 to 1 chance in such a field. The race was very similar to that of last year, Sir Geoffrey having won a long way from the finish, Strike a Light, the "winter" favourite, beating the others with some ease.

Last year Mr. Musker entering newly upon the troubled waters of the Turf, found them pleasantly smoothed for him. He began this season well by winning the Brocklesby with a filly by Melton out of Britta. Watson, who had trained the winner of the race four years in succession, was thought to have a very good chance of seeing a fifth consecutive success in the Flirtilla, be-

longing to Mr. L. de Rothschild. A trial run by Hector Macdonald had made the race an "absolute" certainty for him, and when they had covered half a mile he appeared to be winning as he pleased. But the Britta filly came suddenly on the scene, and Hector Macdonald could not prevent her from winning cleverly.

Liverpool Spring Meeting.— This meeting is the happy hunting ground of the racing veteran. We find him everywhere, but what time the Grand National is to be run we find him assembled in fullest pace. The occasion is more pleasing to his honourable vanity in his protracted experience than is Epsom, where he becomes lost in the tumult. At Liverpool he can get a decent hearing, for it is a sporting crowd that is always met with there, and reminiscences of Turf heroes are not considered to bore. But in this year of grace the veteran had to take a back seat. Whatever the strange things and moving sights he had witnessed since he first began to frequent Aintree, he could recall nothing that could compare, as a whole, with the events of Friday, March 30th.

Although, according to the almanack, we are in Spring at the date of the Grand National. the weather at the end of March is usually of the most treacherous character. In 1878 the race was run in a snowstorm, and last year, in all sheltered places not reached by the sun, the ground was quite hard from frost. We had sharp night frosts this year, whilst the experiences of Lincoln visitors in the first half of the week were even worse than in 1899; but the eventful Friday was the loveliest of days, and the light was even better than had been the case twelve months previous, the

colours being made out every yard of the four and a-half miles, nearly. The rule of small attendances that is to prevail this year, in consequence of the war, was to be provided with its one exception, the announced presence of the Heir Apparent, to see his gelding Ambush II. run, causing one of the largest, if not the largest, concourse ever seen at Aintree to assemble. The increase, as might be supposed, was in the higher class enclosures, and the railway people spoke of a record first-class traffic night and morning, the breakfast train being highly appreciated. The Prince was the guest of Knowsley, where otherwise there would have been no house party, members of the family being in South Africa, and when the equipages, so wellknown in the Aintree paddock, made their appearance, it was to the accompaniment of running salvoes of cheers. It is not the custom to always cheer His Royal Highness when he appears on a racecourse, for it is his practice to take this and other amusements after the manner of a private gentleman. But these are no ordinary times, and this was no ordinary occasion. Our **feelings** have been waked by the war to as high a pitch as can be expected from so solid a people, and are only too glad for oppor-**Aunities** for expressing our loyalty to present themselves; and here was the Prince of Wales touching sporting instincts to the buick by coming to Liverpool in the hope of seeing his horse win **The one steeplechase that is** coveted by the whole steeplechasing world. No doubt most of us remembered his Derby of 1896, and our cheers were as much as to say, "We hope you will to-day take up the unique position amongst racehorse own-

ers of having won both the Derby and the Grand National."

and the Grand National." The show made by Ambush II. in the National of 1899 was regarded as being promising to the highest degree. He then ran very prominently to the point where a young horse might be expected to fail, if he failed, and it was confidently anticipated that another year added to his five would make all the difference. He went back to Ireland at once, and there improved to the satisfaction of the most sanguine hopes. When he appeared at Aintree the effect of the added twelve months was plain enough to see. In the meantime, there had fallen out of the clouds, as it were, a new danger in Hidden Mystery, like Ambush II. a six-year-old, and of Irish breeding. As a three-yearold he ran twice unsuccessfully at Leopardstown; at four years of age he won two small regimental and hunt races, and in May of his fifth year he made a first appearance in England at Aldershot, where he won the Spring Handicap Steeplechase. This was the commencement of his successes, for although second at Nottingham to Missionary in October, in November he won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, and in the following month showed further improvement by beating Drogheda at Nottingham for the Great Midland Steeplechase at 13lbs., Missionary this time not being in the hunt with him. At once the cry was raised that a National had been thrown away, and further justification for this was found in the way Hidden Mystery beat Manifesto at even weights at Hurst Park over three miles early in March. The successes at Liverpool and Nottingham of course meant weight; meanwhile, two nice races had been won, and you cannot have

your cake and eat it. As it was, it was clear to no one how Manifesto was to improve in three weeks so as to give 13lbs. to an animal that had beaten him at even weights, although there was a universal feeling to the effect that last year's winner would run a very different horse at Aintree to what he was at Molesey. Manifesto's exhibitions last year previous to winning were by no means inspiriting, though they were over hurdles. By the way, the practice of schooling prominent National candidates in public over hurdles is one that finds high favour with some astute judges who aver that a horse with National credentials should know all he wants to know about fences. and that to keep him racing over them is to work him stale. But, of course, on this matter there will be two opinions.

The sanguine opinions as to what Manifesto would be like on the day were fully justified by what he did, for he came very near winning, with the burden of 12st. 13lb. on his back, the only one in the way being Ambush II. It is a remarkable thing that chasers which throughout the winter create little comment, and are regarded as ordinary "cattle," come out quite different animals at Aintree, and, with the sun to show off their coats, I must say they looked a handsome lot. What with jumping the preliminary hurdle, the parade and the race of twice round the course, one sees twice as much of the Grand National as of any other race in the calendar. Nor does one see a yard too much of it. No wonder it is a popular spectacle with a people who, sporting as they are, still believe in getting as much as possible for their money. Another curious thing in connection with the race is that horses

which tumble all over the place on other courses contrive to do credit to themselves over the severe fences of Aintree. When we think of the insignificant nature of the two jumps on the railway stretch at Kempton which brought about such wholesale catastrophes at the National Hunt Meeting, jumps that were not "made up," but just put up, it is clear enough that, in all cases, horses should be given something substantial to There should be no jump at. temptation to "chance" it; and I think the National Hunt Committee would not be going out of its way were it to impart some general instructions to its inspectors of steeplechase courses in this particular direction. public form, it was impossible to see where Barsac stood a chance, but he made more of the running than anything else, and stayed right on to the end, being third best, the second position falling to his share on sufferance. ter's form is far below that of Barsac, but, at his own pace, he went the course, and might have been with the leaders in another mile—not that I am suggesting that the distance of the Grand National is not sufficient for all purposes, or that special provision should be made for horses that prefer five miles to two.

One that was confidently expected to win by her connections was Breemount's Pride, and, with half a mile to go, she looked as promising as anything. Manifesto was ridden precisely as he would be by a jockey of Williamson's experience, and he did not make a move to the front until they were between the brooks. Then he came great guns, and as, after the canal turn, Ambush II. had taken the lead from Breemount's Pride, the race soon lay between the pair. Over the last two

jumps it looked possible for Manifesto to get up, but those extra six pounds just made the difference. To show how close the race was deemed to be, anxious as people were to cheer the Prince's horse home, when they were at the distance the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop. Soon after the race was seen to be over, and then the enthusiasm burst forth. The Prince led the horse in himself by the short cut through the ring to the weighingroom door.

And what, meanwhile, had become of Hidden Mystery? eleventh-hour sensation that seems to be an established part of the Grand National had been provided in the scratching of Romanoff, necessitated by a filled leg, and the removal from the race of this negligeable quantity almost paralysed the betting, layers being very chary of offering odds the day before the race. On the morning of the day itself it was a race between Hidden Mystery and Ambush II. for first place, Manifesto always coming Granted all sort of improvement, Manifesto people still asked themselves how he was to give Hidden Mystery 13lbs. Col. Gallwey's gelding, by the way, was on sale, and a bargain could have been struck more than once could the purchasing bargainer have had his own choice of jockey; but a condition was that Mr. Nugent should ride. Nugent had ridden Hidden Mystery in his English races, but opinions as to jockeyship are extremely strong, and it was not until after Liverpool that Hidden Mystery was eventually sold. unquestionable that on course does experience in a jockey tell more than at Aintree, where loose horses are the rule rather than the exception. A loose

horse, on the present occasion, made all the difference to Hidden Mystery, and, by the strangest of coincidences, it was the stable companion of Ambush II. that did the mischief. This was Covert Hack, of whom if one thing was certain, it was that he could not fall. What more natural than his coming down at the very first fence; and if he had been specially trained from his birth to hinder Hidden Mystery in this one particular race he could not played his part better. Barsac was quite as much at his service as Hidden Mystery, but to the last-named he stuck like a shadow. I do not think he actually came into contact with Hidden Mystery, but he none the less contributed to his plunging straight into a fence, which he half carried away. The catastrophe took place a bare three miles from the start, so we are no wiser than we were as to the capacity of Hidden Mystery to stay the National course. However, he has half-a-dozen years in which to satisfy us as to this, and to secure for his owner the chief honours of steeplechasing. Looking at the position occupied by Manifesto, Hidden Mystery, bar the fall, could not have been far off at the finish.

Of the flat-racing, it has only to be said that Elopement showed a clean pair of heels to last year's Brocklesby winner, Hulcot, in the Union Jack Stakes, Elopement now being a handsome colt enough. I could not take much interest in any other race, the shorter ones being all spoiled, to my thinking, by the curve upon which they are started. What the work-a-day punters think of this feature may be judged from the way they watch the start from the stand, and, if anything gets well away, tumble down to back it, regardless of what it may be. Osbech probably won the Spring Cup, moved back to the last day, by dint of superior condition.

Northampton.—At Northampton the veterans had their annual innings with stories of Earl Spencer's Plates with over thirty runners, and betting commenced before Christmas. On the course now used for five-furlong races a dozen starters are more than enough. Mr. Musker was thought unlucky not to win this race with Oria, whom Le Blizon beat by a head. But at Northampton one runs the risk of bad luck in starting anything. Having won races at Lincoln and Liverpool, the progeny of Meltana Third by this sire, won the Althorp Park Stakes for Mr. Musker, and on the second day Oria's four-yearold sister, Schoolgirl, won the Northamptonshire Stakes, after a dead heat with Roughside. Little Reiff was Schoolgirl's rider, " Kemmy Cannon being on Roughside, and between the dead heat and the decider he won the Delapre Welter on Argon and the Rothschild Plate on Quick Shot, which was being busy. Though there were but six races on the card, he rode seven times. Poetical justice was scarcely meted out when Mr. L. de Rothschild failed to win a race, seeing what a thoroughgoing supporter of the meeting he is. Flirtilla was the one depended upon, but she had to give way to Mr. Musker's colt in the Althorp Park Stakes.

The starting machine in use did not work at all well, and in one instance one arm went up of its own accord. Jockeys on that side of the course not unnaturally thought the start was taking place, and gave their mounts the "office" to go, the result being entanglements and forcible dis-

mounts, little Weldon being quite knocked out of time. This machine had also been used at Liverpool, where its action was none too satisfactory, and the stewards of the Jockey Club were moved to make reference to it in the next issue of the Calendar. The opponents of the machine were of course jubilant. It ought to be self-evident to all that one type of machine, and one only, should be used.

Derby Spring.—Derby is a meeting where one would expect the effects of the war to be keenly felt in the attendance, and truly there was a marked falling off in the gay county throng that is usually to be seen in the paddock. But it was as pleasant as ever, and the racing was up to the standard of this particular meet-Mr. Musker produced yet another Melton two - year - old, which won the Sudbury Stakes, and Sam Loates and Sloan were in antagonism on more than one occasion. In the very first race they bumped all the way home, Sloan riding the winner, Zanoni, and Loates Suppliant. The hearing of the inevitable objection did not give entire satisfaction on it becoming known that other evidence than that of the jockeys engaged in the race and the judge had been given, and it might be as well to hear whether this meets with the approval of the lockey Three races later Sloan on Lackford beat Loates on Forcett, in the Doveridge Handicap. In the Apprentices' Plate it was amusing to see "Kemmy" Cannon appear. He was strictly within the law, however, for his indentures do not expire until November. On the back King's Messenger he proved too good for the remainder. In the Chaddesden Plate Sloan (on St. Valentine II.) and S.

(on Bewitchment) were bumping again, Bewitchment probably losing the race through this, No Trumps being enabled to get away and win by a neck in consequence. Horses will swerve, when beaten; and American jockeys would not be satisfied with the explanation that their style of riding gives them very little power over their mounts. The experience of last season taught more than one of us that there is far too much foul riding, and when it is cleverly done the offenders steer clear of the letter of the law. But the Jockey Club, which is a law unto itself, need not wait for the letter to be infringed if the spirit is not complied with. The more we insist upon the letter to the detriment of the spirit, in any branch of sport, the further we get away from the true instinct of it. riding is even more reprehensible than pulling, but when it does not happen at the finish of a race and in such a way as to produce a legal objection, it is rarely that one hears anything said.

Alexandra Park.—There was a time when mention of Alexandra Park would have occasioned surprise, but the surprise now would arise were the meetings on Muswell Hill to be ignored. long as the tenancy of the course was an annual one it was not to be expected that much would be done, but directly Messrs. Pratt obtained a lease for fourteen years they put their energetic methods of procedure into play. They very quickly showed that it was only culpable negligence and indifference to the public weal that brought about the abolition of every other really suburban meeting, for distance from town confers no special facility for keeping enclosures clear of bad If these are most characters.

numerous in populated districts, The stink of . so are constables. the trotting meetings that once found a home at Alexandra Park had to be obliterated, and this has been done. No one can pretend that the course is an ideal one for testing the highest speed of the racehorse, as is, for instance, that Across the Flat at Newmarket, but that it is a safe course, compared with some wellknown ones which could be mentioned, can be affirmed. The turn is cramped, but that does not make it dangerous, after the manner of Brighton. As to its being a fair course, we see form, when it is good enough, work out here precisely as anywhere else. In the old days it was gratuitously assumed that racing at the Park was a lottery, but one or two astute owners (the name of Peter Price rises to the mind) soon turned the fallacy of this to their

On Easter Saturday Alexandra Park reached the highest point it has so far attained. The stakes amounted to no less than £3,200, that for the London Cup being raised to £2,000; and in this race it could not be claimed that form was upset, the favourite, Downham (Mr. Musker again!) winning Sloan twice "pipped Martin, the second time on La Uruguaya for the County Handicap, which Martin, on Master Willie, should have won instead of being beaten by a short head. There was a huge crowd, whilst the greatly increased attendance in the members' stand showed that the Middlesex Racing Club is an accepted institution.

National Hunt Affairs.—The pulley-hauley game has come to be a recognised institution in connection with racing under National Hunt rules, and frequent repetition has made jockeys so

indifferent that they have cast aside the one rule of the game which is not to play it so as to be found out. They do not seem to take the trouble to conceal anything, and a common observation was, "Well, I wonder if they will stand that." The answer one can give after what passed is that the National Hunt Stewards will stand anything. One glaring case succeeded another, and when two of the worst were brought up for investigation, the authorities went no further than to stigmatise the circumstances as being very suspicious, and to issue the regulation caution as to future conduct. Thus is the dignity of racing maintained. Retribution overtook one of the jockeys complained of, a charge of foul riding being made against him by the Hooton Park Stewards, and his licence was withdrawn.

The Close of the Hunting Season. — The hunting season died hard this year, the cold, damp weather during early April keeping people at their hunting quarters and making impossible that early polo which has before now drawn away a good many men from the hunting-field a month earlier than usual. sides this, the sport was good all through March, which is generally, in my opinion, the least interesting month of the year. For one or two well-known provincial hunts the closing days had a peculiar and melancholy interest, for it seems likely that they will not reappear on the list of hounds when next winter comes round. The lack of foxes and the prevailing wire which makes it impossible to ride to hounds on the rare occasions when there is a fairly good fox in front of them is the reason as-Many other countries are only holding on, waiting and hoping for better times, but I

am no alarmist when I say what I believe that if these two hunts find themselves unable to go on others will soon follow suit.

Mr. Merthyr Guest's Gift to the Blackmore Vale Hunt.-Although this famous hunt have lost the master who for so many years has hunted the country at his own expense, yet the fine pack he has collected will not be dispersed but will become the property of the country. Since the Blackmore Vale was founded as a separate pack by Mr. Drax in 1833 there have been ten masters, of whom Drax reigned for twenty seasons and Sir Richard Glyn for nineteen. The continuous history of the pack dates from the beginning of Sir Richard Glyn's time when the pack belonging to Mr. Villebois was bought by him. On this foundation, with large infusions of Lord Poltimore's famous blood and of Belvoir, Mr. Merthyr Guest built up his pack with very useful purchases from time to time, getting such hounds as Mr. Mark Rolle's Bajazet, the New Forest Driver, and other well-known hounds. The great purchase of recent years was from Lord Lonsdale of the Brocklesby dog pack. Thus Mr. John Hargreaves, the new master, will have the interesting and responsible task of improving a pack on the foundations laid by his predecessor. It is, however, a great point for sport to have a pack which is not in danger of being New packs never show such sport as those bred, walked, and entered in the country.

The New Forest.—For many years it has been a dream of the writer to spend a month in the New Forest. At last the wish has been fulfilled, and, unlike some other wishes, has dissolved no illusions in its gratification.

Hunting in the Forest stands entirely by itself in the realm of sport. No other country, unless perhaps it be Exmoor, is at all like it, and even from that it differs a great deal in many ways. Of course the unique and wild scenery has a great deal to do with the charm. On the whole, the forest has changed but little in its general characteristics since the early days of the Norman The gravelly soil makes it good going save in the very wettest weather, though there are bogs. A stout, active, temperate horse, a good pilot and eyes fixed on the pack and not on the ground, which is rough and alarming to the novice, will ensure much sport. The old pig-sticking maxim, the harder you gallop the less likely you are to come to grief, holds good here.

The Buckhounds.—With interludes of pursuit of the red deer. the chase of the buck is the standard sport of the forest. Every charm and interest that belong to ancient sport and to clever woodcraft centres round this form of hunting. The tufting is itself a lesson in venery. the laying of the pack a hunting scene unsurpassed. Then, when the buck is once fairly away, the keen interest of the pursuit through the deep woods, over the heatherclad moors, perhaps, as on one day last month, for seventeen miles, and a kill at the finish, is a thing to be seen. And all this after an animal which is supposed by Act of Parliament to be extinct. licence to the master of the buckbounds runs to the effect that he is permitted to hunt the bucks if he can find any. But it would be an ill day for the New Forest people if the deer were extinct; they are a great attraction, and serve to bring visitors and money to the towns and villages during the dead season. The forest is, indeed, farmed for its trees to a certain extent, but its real crop is tourists drawn thither by the Englishman's inextinguishable love of wild life and scenery.

The New Forest Foxhounds.— It is the middle of April, yet what do readers of BAILY think of an hour and a half fast as hounds could go? Yet that was our lot on the second week in April. The fact is, it is a wonderful scenting country, and given a good fox hounds can travel fast. need drive and dash, and the present pack have it, resorting, I was told, chiefly to Grafton and Grove for their outcrosses. wonder people flock to finish the season there, and at a recent meet I saw faces from Belvoir, Blankney, Suffolk, Quorn and Pytchley, all enjoying the sport and full of ride.

Belvoir Finish. — This pack has had a good season, of which the last great run deserves Sherbrooke's was the a word. covert, and Capell and the hounds arrived round the covert just as an old customer broke, so foxhounds and huntsman started altogether. Hounds literally flung themselves on the scent, and in a few moments were clear of the few members of the field who started on anything like fair terms with them. Picture it to your-The best grass in the world, the best pack of hounds, and a Then hounds burning scent. checked the fox half burst, had him down, and gained a little by turning short back. "Q" halloa'd, and Capell coming along, they went at a good pace right back to Sherbrooke's, straight through, and on as hard as ever towards Clauson Thorns. At the first fence the fox is viewed, beaten, crawling along, brush down, back up, and hounds run with him.

The Smite was crossed coming back, and Mr. Cecil Chaplin had it where it is widest and worst. One plucky lady essayed to follow him, and failed. The ducal pack may have a hunt or two more, but they will have nothing more exciting, nothing as good.

Ireland.—In the second week of April the Irish hunting season closed somewhat too abruptly to suit the extra keen pursuers; for after the the cold, harsh weather which preceded Her Majesty's arrival a pleasant dash of rain had fallen, and the country was still as backward as it usually is in the beginning of March. leaf was to be seen, scarce a bud or a primrose; and, though farmers were getting on bravely with their tillage, in the grazing districts there was nothing, save the risk of killing a vixen, to put an end to the chase for another ten days. Although the past season has been a very good one in nearly every part of Ireland, the weather at the end of March and beginning of April prevented a very brilliant finish; for though several very good runs took place, scent did not often enable hounds to properly account for the foxes who were then tough campaigners. The frost which stopped hounds in most parts of Ireland came twice at most unexpected and provoking times: hard weather and deep snow is almost welcomed at Yuletide, and brings rest and relief to horse and hound when most needed; but in late February and March, when so little of our precious hunting season remains to us, the return of winter brings only discontent. It is cheering to relate of hunting prospects in Ireland, for most of the reported vacancies in the ranks of the masters of foxhounds have been already filled. Thus Mr. Loftus Cliffe, who has done the thing so well in County Wexford for the past three seasons (his second term of office), has, at the request of all, consented to reconsider his decision to resign, and will remain on for at least another The vacancy in Westmeath, caused by the resignation of Lord Longford, will be filled by Mr. Charters, who is at present master of the East Galway; but that country will want a master for next season. Mr. Prior-Wandesforde, of the Castlecomer hounds, will next season add to his country that portion of the Queen's County where, in the Kildare, hounds have shown some very good sport for the past two seasons, so that he thus practically commands the old Queen's County hunt country, which is once more united.

Carlow and Island.—Carlow is a county where the chase is, perhaps, more ardently supported by the residents in it than any other in Ireland, and the interest that attaches to the name of Mr. Robert Watson, from his celebrity as a huntsman and breeder of hounds, makes all news of the doings of this pack welcome to sportsmen. Although the whole of Carlow proper has not been hunted this season, and none of the Queen's County district which the hunt possesses, yet the veteran master has found in almost every covert he has drawn, and nothing approaching to a blank day has been seen in his country. some quarters, however, the foxes were by no means good ones, and those on the Kildare border proved by far the best. Mr. Watson had another very good run since the last number of BAILY appeared, and that also was in this Kildare end, for the fox was found in the good old gorse of Graney, and, after a ring to the south, ran to Corbally Hill, Sherrif Hill, through Davidstown, and over Hughestown Hill as if for Tinoran, but, turning down towards Baltinglass, was lost on the road within a mile of that town, after a fine run of one hour and twentyfive minutes.

A few days before the C. and I. had also a very quick thing from Knocklow, finishing on Aghold Hill, where snow still lingered; and on one of their last hunting days—and a very cold scenting day it was-the fine dog pack gave a great display of their prowess, when they hunted a fox from a piece of gorse close to Bagenalstown for nearly two hours, finally putting him to ground beyond Carrickbeg. This was followed by a lively burst from Sliguff in the evening. Their very latest success was a good hunt on April 7th from Yew Tree Gorse, a covert made by Lord Fitzwilliam near Shillelagh; hounds worked their fox, often fast and always sharply, for an bour and thirty minutes, and finally ran him to ground when they were very close to him.

Galway.—The "Blazers," under their new master, Mr. Poyser, did by no means begin the hunting campaign well, luck and scent were both against them, the M.F.H. was new to the country and to the run of the foxes, so runs came seldom at first; but the tide turned, and since Christmas an abundance of good sport has fallen to the lot of the "Blazers," who had a great sequence of fine runs towards the end of January, and again since the frost. Mr. Poyser is fully satisfied with the country, and his efforts to show sport have been most thoroughly appreciated, and as they resulted in the death of twenty-nine brace of foxes, they certainly have been crowned with success. The season closed at Eastwell on March 31st with a good run from Ballinderry of an hour and twenty minutes, when hounds killed their fox; but the day's sport was somewhat marred by a very good bitch succumbing to the effects of poison laid for sheep dogs, which she picked up in the chase.

Kildare Kildare. — In master, Col. Harry de Robeck, was able to come out once or twice in the last days of the season mounted on a pony, and though very weak after his recent illness, he was as cheery as ever, and able to take a keen interest in the sport. His sailor brother, Capt. J. de Robeck, R.N., has been acting master since Major St. Leger Moore became Lieut.-Colonel, donned kahki instead of scarlet, and left for South Africa. Sport in Kildare, as in most other counties, waned towards the close of the season, and here probably the earlier portion of the season was the best; indeed, at that time it could hardly have been better except in the Meath end of the country, where foxes did not run as they were wont to do. Champion, who has given great satisfaction, has been the death of many a fox; for though his when hounds. does cast them he is seldom wrong, and he now knows Kildare at the end of his first season as well as if he had been born in it.

Kilkenny.—The past season is declared by Mr. Langrishe, who has hunted these hounds for ten seasons, to be the best he has ever had; but the closing days of it were not productive of much fun, and the run of sport appears to have ended with a good day at Waterford Bridge, on March 24th. A feature of the season was the number of foxes pulled down in the open after really good runs, few having been chopped, dug

out, bolted, or killed in covert. Mr. Langrishe, who is oppressed by the idea of killing a vixen, did not hunt into April, but finished his season at Bessborough on the last day of March, two days after the annual hunt meeting, which arranged as usual for the present M.F.H. to continue next year; the secretary of the hunt, however, the Hon. Edward Stopford, has resigned, having been called out with the reserves, as he had volunteered for active service.

Castlecomer. — Mr. Wandesford has had a lot of good sport during the season, particularly before the new year, both in Kilkenny and Queen's County; but Uskerty Wood and the gorse brakes on the banks of the Dinan have been positively unfailing, and a gallop has followed whenever hounds have been there. There is an old fox in Uskerty Wood that has had many a good game of romps with these hounds and still remains master of the situation. He generally runs into County Carlow, and has had all the luck on his side, as scent seems to fail at the critical time, when the country folk declare that "he's close afore you and barely able to crawl." When last he was found (in the beginning of April) he ran into the Carlow country again, and is supposed to have disappeared into the bowels of the earth down the shaft of a long disused colliery at Bilboa; this was a fine hunt, and began at a great pace, but scent grew cold as they ran on.

Limerick.—The present acting master, Mr. Heigham, who succeeded Capt. Harrison when that gentleman followed his predecessor, Capt. F. Wise, to the war, will not be able to offer his services as locum tenens again, but it is to be hoped that Capt. Wise will return to peaceful avocations before the commencement of the next hunting campaign. Heigham has shown most praiseworthy zeal and tact in a somewhat undesirable position, and has shown good sport also. He wound up with a very fine day's sport on March 30th, running for forty-five minutes over a fine country and killing handsomely in the open at the end of it. This was from Maine covert, and though scent seemed to fail towards the end, the pack would not be denied; but the first twenty minutes were very straight and fast, while the point was about six miles. A good ringing hunt from Heathfield finished the dav.

Meath. — In Meath, Mr. John Watson's good sport waned very little at the close of the season. which is certainly one of the best that he has had, though scent grew capricious as the end approached, and generally failed as evening drew near. One of the best spring runs was from Brittas, when hounds killed their fox at the Nobber road after covering eleven miles in an hour and ten minutes; and a more recent good gallop was from Faughan Hill forty minutes over a very stiffly fenced line to Churchtown, where the fox had the best of the game, and beat them. In spite of the war, which has thinned the ranks of so many Irish hunting fields, they have had a great many people out in Meath, and the meets in the northern parts of the hunting district have been more extensively patronised than usual, which is not to be wondered at, for the sport there was very good indeed. As usual, perhaps the fastest of the fun has been in the Dublin end, where crowded conditions always prevail, and when the Meath hounds last met at Drumree, a good twenty-two minutes from Culmullen to Waringstown, and a capital gallop of thirty-four minutes from Mulhassey to ground in Pratts sent them all home pleased. It is stated that Fred Ashe, who played up to Mr. John Watson so excellently as first whipper-in, will return to him from the Quorn and resume his old place in the Bective establishment; he was a great favourite in Meath, where his return will be welcomed.

Tipperary.—The last part of the season was probably the best, for hounds seldom went out without having a gallop after the frost. Mr. Burke, who has mastered these hounds for thirteen seasons, appears only to grow keener year by year, and although he had some weary draws, never had anything like a blank day in the season that has passed, yet foxes from one cause or another are proverbially hard to find in Tipperary as the spring advances. Ballylusky, Ballylennon Prouts gorse are coverts that stood well to Mr. Burke all through the season, and Wilford country is such an ideal bunting ground that a gallop there is, from a rider's point of view, worth a good many hunts elsewhere. In the southern country about Rathcormack the sport was also very good.

It is good news to hear that a revival of fox-hunting in county Waterford is contemplated. This does not necessarily mean a revival of the old Curraghmore Hunt, but Lord Waterford has promised his warmest co-operation and assistance, and as his heart is in the sport this means much. It would be pleasant indeed to hear that he was eventually placed at the head of affairs. Should this revival take place, Mr. Burke would no longer draw

the country to the south of the river Suir about Rathgormack, but he has left it full of foxes and has kept the ball rolling in fine style. One of Mr. Burke's latest gallops was also one of his best; indeed, but for wire in the second run the day would have been about as good as any in the This was April 7th, season. when they had a grand gallop from Prouts gorse. They ran by Wilford, through Kyle to Ballylennon gorse, which the fox just skirted, and went on till the village of Mullinahone was close in front. Here hounds swung to the right and ran up the valley of the Annanner to Gurteen, where the fox got to ground after fiftythree minutes, when hounds made a six-mile point and ran nine. They then had a fine run of an hour, a ring back to where he was found, but here they changed on to a vixen and were stopped. Wire sadly bothered everybody at the start, and few saw the beginning of the run.

The United. — The U.H.C. have had their third excellent successive season under Mr. Nicholson's mastership, though from the stoppage of hunting on account of distemper the past cannot quite rival its two predecessors. Yet the season was full of good runs in the very best of their country, and the sport shown has pleased everybody. More even than any other Cork pack the U.H.C. have felt the diminution of the numbers of their followers by the war, for Cork, Fermoy, Ballincollig and Queenstown all furnished staunch supporters of this pack, and many a youthful subaltern has had his first ride to foxhounds with "the United," who are probably showing better sport under the present régime than ever they did

before.

Polo-Wimbledon Park was first in the field of the London polo clubs, and began play with a good game on Saturday, April 7th, the ground having been open for play for a day or two before. Some changes and improvements there have been since last year, notably a new polo ground and a refreshment room. Colonel Bonham has gone to the front, where Mr. E. D. Miller and Captain Egerton Green are already. that the polo managers of the London clubs are pretty well represented in South Africa. The ground was decidedly soft, but it was pleasant to hear the thud of hoofs and the rattle of stick and ball once again. And if the play was rather slow, and the pace not very fast, men and ponies can hardly be in condition yet. The players assembled were: Reds— Mr. H. Cowell, Mr. Gurney Sheppard, Mr. E. Kenyon Stow and Mr. T. B. Drybrough. Whites-Mr. W. H. Jay, Mr. H. Rich. Mr. F. C. Ellison and Mr. G. Withers.

Hurlingham.—The senior club began its season with the trial tournament on April 30th. There is little to write of Hurlingham; there are no changes, because after years of experience and success the polo season needs no special preparations, nor do I expect much falling off in the polo. It is likely enough that while the country clubs may suffer, many players will come to town hoping for chances of play and practice at the London clubs that in ordinary years might not be possible, and will thus fill up the gaps—some sad ones—which the war has made. Every member of Hurlingham will feel a thrill of sympathy with Captain Kenneth Maclaren, the famous army "back," wounded and a prisoner in Pretoria. The same fate of captivity has overtaken another soldier player, Mr. Ansell.

Ranelagh.—This club is still seeking for new worlds to conquer, new improvements to make. Dr. Hastings, though not a polo player himself, certainly looks well after the comfort and convenience of those who are. The new ground purchased by the club has enabled the committee to arrange that the golf players shall no longer interfere with polo nor be interfered with by them, to the great comfort and convenience of the devotees of both games. There is good stabling accommodation for nearly 200 ponies.

Prince Henry's Cup at Singapore. — No foreign player is keener about polo that Prince Henry of Prussia. He thoroughly enjoyed his visit to Singapore, where the King's Own, now on their way to England, have kept the game going. The "mailed fist" was more at home grasping a polo stick than being shaken in the Chinamen's faces. With characteristic generosity the Prince presented a challenge cup to be played for. Four teams entered, two from the regiment, one from the club and one from the civilians. The final was played on February 5th between

King's Own. A. Civilians.

Mr. Woodgate.

Johnson.

Major Gawne.

Capt. Laurie.

King's Own. A. Civilians.

Mr. Lareschi.

Young.

Symes.

y Wise.

The game was played under I.P.A. rules. Australian ponies 14.1 in height were used, and the game was fast and even. The ground was a grass one. The feature of the match was the good combination of the civilians, who had naturally not had the practice together of the regimental team. The No. I players on both sides were very useful, and the backs had no easy time of it. The game was one all at the end of the third

quarter, nor did either side score till the civilian ponies gave way. A tired pony soon makes a tired man, and the regimental team piled up five goals at last quickly enough. A feature of the game was its singular fairness and freedom from fouls. The V.D. hopes that he may see the King's Own team playing in England this season.

The Warwickshire Club opened on March 31st. The ground was in capital condition, and is a nice size, 300×150 yds. This size will probably become the standard one. There were some fresh batches of American ponies imported by Messrs. Mackey and Malcolm Moncrieffe, who with Mr. T. B. Drybrough and Mr. George Miller

The Size of Polo Grounds.—It is always better that the rules of a game and its practice should agree, and therefore the writer ventures to suggest that the official size of polo grounds should be altered. No one now wants to play on a boarded ground 300 ×

were among the players.

200 yards, and now that Eden Park has altered their ground it may be doubted if there is one in the kingdom. On the whole, the general tendency of polo opinion seems to be in the direction of grounds 300 \times 150 yards, and that might well be fixed as the standard size for grounds in this country. It is not indeed a matter of much consequence, but other clubs look into the Hurlingham Rules for guidance, and might be put to useless trouble and expense in trying to make their ground fit in

Polo Practice.—Messrs. Holbrow, of 40, Duke Street, St. James's, are showing a model of a new invention by Mr. Withers for polo practice. It consists of a boarded court, whose sides slope from the floor at an angle for about four feet, the whole being

with the rules.

surrounded with netting firmly stretched to keep the ball in and return it. You take your seat, polo stick in hand, on the dummy horse which stands in the middle of the court, and therefrom practice driving and hitting the ball, which is returned to you at uncertain angles by the net and slanting slides. The "practice court" can easily be erected in an empty coach-house or barn, and will we think serve well to keep the muscles of arm and wrist in working order.

Polo in the United States.—

Our New York correspondent informs us that the regular tournaments held under the ausspices of the U.S. Polo Association will begin much earlier than usual this year. Thanks to their milder climate, play in the Southern States can be continued during the winter without hindrance from frost, and the first Cup contests (for teams without handicap) will be played from 19th to 24th March at Aiken, in South Carolina; following these there will be a tournament at Lakewood, New Jersey, which last from April 21st to May 5th. By the kind permission of Mr. George J. Gould, two sets of Cups will be played for on the Georgian Court grounds. annual meeting of the National Polo Association will be held on April 10th in New York City.

The Spring Field - Trials. — Judging by the entry at the first of the series of trials of sporting dogs held over the Woburn Abbey estate of the Duke of Bedford, the present season will not be so generally interesting as was the case with the series commenced at Orwell Park, Suffolk, twelve months ago.

At the time of writing, however, the Kennel Club meetingthe most important of the series

—has not been held, so that with a good entry in the Derby a more cheery story may be told in the next number of BAILY's. Although the entry at the opening meeting was small the work done, particularly by the puppies, was excellent. Most of them were quite steady to fur; in fact the only serious chasing during the meeting was that indulged in by a brace of old and presumably well - seasoned English setters. Again, the young entry seemed to be speedier than usual, possibly accounted for by the perfect condition of the ground and the beautifully kept land in the neighbourhood of Steppingley and Flitwick, over which we were allowed to range. High farming is apparently believed in by the ducal owner of this fair estate, and as game was plentiful, the weather delightful, and the field arrangements made by Mr. Hatfeild Harter (as representative of the Committee) of the highest order, the meeting will long be remembered as one of the pleasantest in a very long series. Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Gaby, an English setter puppy, was the hero of the gathering, for after winning the stake confined to his species he beat the Scottish representative, entered by Mr. A. E. Butter, in the contest for the championship. trial was one of the most interesting of the series, for, as luck would have it, they were put down on pasture affording every test. Both proved to be good game-finders and were also staunch on their points, but Captain Heywood Lonsdale's puppy was a shade cleverer in ranging the ground, hence he got the award. attendance each day was most gratifying, and it is very evident that these very interesting competitions do not wane in popularity.

Sport at the Universities.— As usual, many surprises marked the issue of the long list of inter-'Varsity contests decided just lately. Cambridge repeated their 1899 victory at chess, but in even easier fashion, winning this time by 5 games to 2. Judging from the play, the prospects of another Oxford and Cambridge victory over the Combined Universities of America this month are uncommonly rosy. Oxford gained a crushing victory over their rivals at golf, finishing up with the remarkable score of 60 holes o-an inter-'Varsity record!

By common consent, the Dark Blue team, which boasts an undefeated record up to date, is the strongest ever yet seen in the field for either University. Oxford also scored another success in the Point - to - Point Steeplechase, Shylock II. (Mr. Nickalls) gaining first place for the third successive year. The race was decided on points, and in the result Oxford won by 33 points to So far, our predictions all turned out trumps, but the athletic sports yielded the first big surprise, Oxford winning unexpectedly by 6 events 4. Doubtless the eleventh-hour illness of Davison and Hind had something to do with this upset of public form, and their absence was still further emphasised by the breakdown of H. A. Jones, the Cambridge crack, in the Long In justice to Oxford, however, we now think that, at their best, the Cantabs would only have made another draw of The best performances were those of President Hollins (Oxford) in the "Hundred" and " Quarter," President Tomlinson (Cambridge) in the Hurdles, H. E. Graham (Cambridge) in the "Half," F. G. Cocksholt (Cambridge) in the Mile, and H. W. Workman (Cambridge) in the Three Miles. In four events, viz., the High Jump, Long Jump, Hammer, and Weight, the Dark Blues finished first and second, while C. R. Thomas (Oxford) created an inter-'Varsity record by a fourth—consecutive—success in the Hundred Yards! An ice-hockey contest, introduced for the first time this year, also ended in the bare victory of Oxford by 7 goals to 6.

Little comment is needed over the result of the Boat Race this Cambridge led from the year. first stroke, increased their advantage over every part of the course, and won—practically unextended — in the grand time (officially given) of 18 min. 47 This equals the previous best of Oxford made in 1893, but in the opinion of most of us on board the accompanying steamers &c., the real time was even less. properly-tested Dent's chronometer, we made it 18 min. The Dark Blues also beat 20 mins., and rowed pluckily under all circumstances, but it is not too much to say they were completely outclassed from end The official verdict was to end. "20 lengths," but had Gibbon and confrères met foemen worthy their steel, it is certain they would have put on an extraordinary performance over every point of the time-honoured course. Next year, all the members of the winning Cantab crew save Payne and Cockerell will be "down," hence the race of 1901 should be peculiarly interesting. alone will prove if the Cantabs retain the superb style and general exposition inculcated by Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher in 1898, after the exodus of so many of his most

Another surprise was to the fore in the racquet matches this

year. Cambridge were warm favourites, but Oxford won both Doubles and Singles in great style. The play of E. B. Noel (Cambridge) was particularly disappointing, after earlier promise. The full list of inter-'Varsity events and results up to date read thus:—

Cross-country Cambridge 15 points 40.*
Rugby Football Cambridge 22 points 0.
Boxing and Fencing Oxford 4 events 3.
Association Football Oxford 2 goals 0.
Hockey Cambridge 3 goals 2.
Billiards (Doubles) Oxford 127 points.
Billiards (Singles) Oxford 129 points.
Billiards (Singles) Oxford 129 points.
Loe Hockey Oxford 7 goals 6 (?).
Golf Oxford 69 holes 0.*
Point to Point
Steeplechase Oxford 33 points 23.
Chess Cambridge 5 games 2.
Athletic Sports Oxford 4 games 1.
Racquets (Doubles) Oxford 4 games 1.
Racquets (Singles) Oxford 3 games 2.
OXFORD, 10 events; CAMBRIDGE, 5 events.
*Records.

Ere these remarks reach our readers Summer Term—the last of the academical year 1899-1900 -will have commenced, and all its concomitant pastimes. cricket prospects are equally rosy either way. R. E. Foster (Malvern and University) will captain the Oxonians, the other "Old Blues" in residence being Messrs. Champion, Bosanquet, Knox, Pilkington, Martyn, Collins, Hollins, and (probably) E. C. Above and beyond these, the available "Seniors" include Messrs. Davenport, Mitchell (of Eton fame), Lord F. Blackburn, Page, Terry, Hum-The most likely phreys, &c. " Freshmen" appear to Messrs. Wordsworth (Loretto), Willett (Westminster), Goldsmid (Bradfield), Beyts (St. Paul's), Joy (Winchester), Cooke (Shrewsbury), Browne (Malvern), &c. Taylor (Uppingham and Trinity), of Yorkshire captains the Cantabs, and other "Old Blues" in residence are Messrs. Wilson, Fay, Winter, Hind and Daniell. Besides this nucleus, such capable "Seniors"

as Messrs. Hornby, Sullivan, Stanning, Blaker, F. French, Noel, Togart, Champion, &c., will also receive steady trial. The new-comers are a particularly promising lot, the best-known names being Messrs. Crawley-Boevey (Clifton), Dowson (Har-Lockett (Wellington), Fowke (Uppingham), Tompson (Charterhouse), Campbell (Fettes), Willis (Brighton), Jamieson (Clifton), Young (Westminster), &c. Capital fixture lists have been arranged by both captains, and of respective prowess and progress we shall chat next month as usual. Other representative contests will take place at cycling, swimming, polo, tennis, lawntennis, &c., and already practice and preparation are going on right down the line—of which anon.

We have frequently been asked to give a complete list of inter-'Varsity contests, results, &c., since their inception, for the readers of BAILY. Taking advantage of a very brief vacation, we have succeeded in drawing out

INTER-'VARSITY CONTESTS.

(From their inception up to 1900.)

| | - | | | - | | - | | | |
|--|-------------------|----|---------------------|----|----------------|----|-------|----|--------|
| Event. | Inaugu- rated. | | No. of Contests. | | Oxford wob. | | Camb. | | Drawn. |
| Cricket Boat Race | 1827 | | 65 | | 20 | | 32 | | 4 |
| Boat Race | 1829 | | 57 | | 32 | ٠. | 24 | | i |
| Athletics | 186∡ | | 37 | | 16 | | 10 | | 2 |
| Rugby Football | 1872 | | 27 | | 10 | | 10 | | 7 |
| Association Football | 1874 | ٠. | 27 | | | | 15 | | 7 |
| Billiards (Double) | 1860 | | 34 | ٠. | 10 | | 15 | | _ |
| Billiards (Single) | 186a | | . 24 | | 22 | | 12 | | |
| Golf Tennis (Double | 1878 | | 21 | ٠. | . 0 | | 11 | | |
| Tennis (Double | 1850 | ٠. | 41 | ٠. | 13 | | 28 | | _ |
| Tennis (Single) | 1859 | ٠. | 41 | | 11 | ٠. | 30 | | _ |
| Chess | 1873 | | 28 | ٠. | Q | | 18 | | 1 |
| Racquets (Double) | 18ec | | 42 | | 90 | | 22 | | _ |
| Racquets (Single) Swimming Team Swimming | 1858 | | 43 | ٠. | 20 | | 22 | | 1 |
| Swimming | 1891 | | . 8 | | 2 | ٠. | 5 | | 1 |
| Team Swimming | 1896 | | . 3 | | 3 | ٠. | ŏ | | _ |
| Water Polo | 1001 | | | | | | 2 | | _ |
| Lawn Tennis (Double) | - | | • | | | | • | | |
| (Double) | 1881 | | . 18 | ٠. | 4 | | 14 | ٠. | _ |
| Lawn Tennis | | | | | | | | | |
| (Single) | 1881 | ٠. | 18 | ٠. | 5 | | 13 | | _ |
| Polo | 1870 | | . 18 | | . 7 | | T 7 | | _ |
| Hockey | 1890 | ٠. | - 11 | | - 4 | ٠. | 4 | | 3 |
| Hare and Hounds | 1880 | | 20 | ٠. | 8 | ٠. | 12 | ٠. | _ |
| Boxing and Fencing | 1896 | ٠. | 4 | | 4 | ٠. | 0 | ٠. | _ |
| Cycling | 1874 | | 24 | | 11 | ٠. | 13 | | _ |
| | | | - | | | | _ | | |
| | Total | 8 | 631 | | 276 | | 224 | | 20. |

such a list, which we now present for a permanent reference. Form at a glance may be obtained, and our readers may rely upon the accuracy of the figures, &c.

Golf. — The prominence Sandwich in the competitions of the present season is very notable. Only a few years have passed since the place was discovered in the golfing sense, and each year has seen its popularity increase. It attained championship honours very early in its career, and has held them without interruption in spite of claims from other quarters put forward with great earnestness and persistence. The Universities used to have their annual match at Wimbledon on the common, but once they had an opportunity of testing the superior merits of Sandwich, they never dreamt of a return to the old venue. This year the match has been played at Sandwich in conditions of conspicuous success. During the present month it will be the scene of the struggle for the Amateur Championship, a struggle made peculiarly open by the lamented death of Lieutenant Tait and the absence in South Africa of Mr. John Ball, junior. On the Saturday of the Amateur Championship week the entrants for the Parliamentary Handicap go to Sandwich to take part in a bogey competition which will decide the sixteen who are to form the Match Tournament, while on the Monday of the same week there is the play for the St. George's Vase, an annual competition for amateurs second only in interest and quality of play to the Amateur Championship. It is satisfactory to know that the links are in splendid condition. The University players were delighted with the rich soft turf through the course, and the lawn-like smoothness of the putting greens. The selection of Sandwich for the Parliamentary competition is something of a disappointment to the Cinque Ports Club, who were given to understand last year that their ground at Deal would be visited this year by the members of the Legislature.

Match playing between representative teams is making rapid strides in popularity. It always had a certain measure of favour in Scotland, but its chief development recently has been in the Midlands and South of England, where many teams have a list of fixtures as long as that of an enterprising cricket or football In the early months of the season the University teams are in great demand, and are usually very willing to meet it in view of the experience to be gained in match play against strangers, and it cannot doubted that these teams deserve much of the credit for the development in this connection. But the match playing goes on throughout the season. Club plays club, one district plays another, one county another, and so on, and there is some prospect, too, of a team of first-class amateurs crossing the Atlantic and testing the amateur golf there.

The Amateur Billiard Championship.—The second contest, under the revised Rules of Billiards, for the title of "Amateur Champion" and the handsome Challenge Cup which accompanies it, took place in March, under the auspices of the Billiard Association of Great Britain and Ireland. The holder of the title, Mr. A. R. Wisdom, who, perhaps somewhat unexpectedly, beat Mr. Sidney H. Fry last year, was challenged by that gentleman in company with Messrs. S. S.

Christey, W. A. Lovejoy, Jordan and F. A. Lindner. the matter of venue, the Committee of the Billiard Association were once again fortunate in having the handsome theatre of the National Sporting Club placed at their disposal, whilst that wellfirm, known Messrs. George Wright & Co., of Westminster Bridge Road, who were manufacturers selected to supply the "Standard" table for this important occasion, had specially erected one of the finest specimens of the maker's art.

The preliminary heats, to decide the question as to who should finally meet the champion, Mr. Wisdom, were 1,000 up, and in the first heat, played on Monday, March 12th, Mr. Fry had to meet Mr. Lovejoy, who had figured to some advantage in a previous On this occasion, however, Mr. Lovejoy was dead out of form both afternoon and evening, and lost by no fewer than 578 points to Mr. Fry, who gave a really fine "show," making his 1,000 points in two hours twentytwo minutes, with best breaks of 80, 76, 106, 60 and 81 (unfinished).

On Tuesday, March 13th, Mr. S. S. Christey, who, when the now defunct spot-stroke was still permissible, won outright the "all-in" Championship Challenge Cup, had for his opponent Mr. Jordan, a representative of the Press, who was making his first appearance in these competitions. Mr. Christey, without ever exhibiting his best form, always outclassed Mr. Jordan, whom he eventually beat by 356 points, the winner's best breaks being 73, 51, 56 and 65.

On the third day Mr. Fry had to try conclusions in the second round with Mr. Lindner, of Birmingham, who had drawn a bye. Mr. Fry, though he failed

to show anything like his best game, was always pulling over the Midlander, whom, in the end, he defeated rather easily by 272

points.

Thursday, March 15th, brought us to the semi-final heat between Messrs. Fry and Christey, and, though the play was not of the high order anticipated, yet a dingdong and exciting struggle was witnessed. At the interval Mr. Christey led by 30 points, the scores standing: - Mr. Christey, 500; Mr. Fry, 470. Most stubbornly was the second half of the game fought out by the rival aspirants for championship honours, the scores being actually level on no less than seven occa-With his score called 848 to his opponent's 832, Mr. Fry clinched matters with a 70 break, and soon afterwards qualified for the final heat with the scores:-Mr. Fry, 1,000; Mr. Christey, 881.

On Friday, March 16th, Mr. Fry and Mr. Wisdom had to meet once more in the last stage (1,500 up) of the Amateur Championship, and a great game was the result. Mr. Wisdom was the first off the mark, and, playing freely and confidently, reached 422 to Mr. Fry's 164. Then the latter, with the luck in his favour, drew up with breaks of 76, 63 and 80 against the champion's best of 71 and 60, and at the adjournment the scores stood:—Mr. Fry, 752; Mr. Wisdom, 724. On the resumption of play the challenger was soon 200 ahead, but Mr. Wisdom, sticking to his work in the most stubborn fashion, caused the game to be called 1,234 to 1,228 in his favour. From this point onward fortune distinctly favoured Mr. Fry, who ultimately regained, by the small margin of 72 points, the title of Amateur Champion, after one of the finest and gamest battles imaginable.

The Amateur Boxing Championships, 1900.—The exhibition at St. James's Hall on April 6th gave little promise of any general return to the form that characterised the earlier meetings. best boxer was Mann, who took the Middle Weights; he is really first class, although by no means champion among champions. He hits hard and he hits straight, and, although he must have been giving away a deal of weight, stopped both his men. theless, G. Sykes, Barker, Gamble or Bacon (who had before made such a fine stand against Diamond) would any of them have beaten him easily, and they were all in the same competition, the Middles of 1889. Of the Light Weights, Humphries, the winner, may develop into a really first-class boxer, when he has learnt the use of his legs; and the same may be said of Jacobs, but Brewer, who took the cup last year, fights in a cat-like, scrambling manner that cannot too strongly be deprecated. It is to be feared that his faults are too deeply ingrained for hope of recovery. Lee, the Feather, will do well, if he learns to be a little more self-contained, and Freeman, the Bantam, is a really good man, but, as he will himself admit no doubt, he has a good deal to learn Of the Heavies, the less vet. said the better. Let us take The very worst heart, however. championship bout ever fought was when W. J. King beat Ruskell, and King afterwards developed into one of the very

There must be a reason for this modern falling off in form, and, perhaps, the following suggestions may help to solve the question. It is a common saying that the A.B.C. is a preliminary canter for professionalism, and there is much

truth in this. Moreover, it is certain that several of the pro.'s who have seconded amateurs of late years have appeared at these competitions before, and that un-Now a man who successfully. does not possess first-class form himself cannot impart it; the charges of the best instructors. who understand and pay attention to it, are beyond the reach of the modern amateur, and class teaching is not much good. Surely, however, a club with any emulation or pride could pay to have a polish put on their best men. is a great pity, too, that Birmingham did not show up. Good men and good form was the feature of that school, and the Brums would have had a rare chance of sweeping the board this time, and Londoners would, perforce, have had to study class to prevent the recurrence of such a humiliation.

"The Man of Forty."—At St. James's Theatre Mr. George Alexander has returned from the romantic kingdom of Ruritania, and assumes the garb and manners of a young old English gentleman whose life in Grosvenor Square is very nearly as exciting as was the life of Rossendyl in Ruritania. Mr. Walter Frith has written a melodrama for the drawing-room, and everyone is very well pleased with it. Mr. George Alexander is a wealthy widower of forty with an only daughter, Miss Fay Davis, aged eighteen. He is in love with Miss Julie Opp, a lady whom he has found in a tea-shop and great distress, and whom he is to marry as soon as any proof can be forthcoming of the death of her rascally husband, Mr. Harry Irving, who has basely deserted her in Africa; this same Irving returning from the Cape on the same ship as Miss Fay Davis and her chaperone, seizes the opportunity of winning the girl's affections; and so we find at Grosvenor Square Mr. Fanshawe determined to marry Mrs. Egerton and Mr. Egerton determined to marry Miss Fanshawe. Egerton sees no difficulty in this, and produces Miss Esmé Beringer, a burlesque actress, to falsely swear to the death of Egerton in Johannesberg; but Mrs. Egerton is terrified by these methods, and when the dénoument arrives in Fanshawe's study Egerton dies suddenly and splendidly.

Six months later Miss Fanshawe is able to accept the overtures of Captain Dennis Garner, her childhood's companion, and the man selected by Fanshawe as a suitable son-in-law. He has, since Miss Fanshawe first refused him, been fighting with great valour in South Africa, and, inspired by a vision of the girl he loves, has saved some guns and gained a V.C. Fanshawe now is able to espouse the widow Egerton. Besides the characters we have mentioned. Mr. Aubrey Smith and Miss Granville as Mr. and Mrs. Portman are a very amusing couple, and are heartily to be congratulated upon their work. Mr. Aubrey Smith's melancholy speech in the third act is excellent, and Mrs. Portman's scene with Fanshawe when she ridicules his chivalrous conduct is admirable. Miss Carlotta Addison as Mrs. Jessop, the chaperone, adds yet another charming old lady to her collection of studies, and Miss Esmé Beringer lends conviction to the part of the actress, Claire Despenser. There is thrown into the play, without any very obvious reason except its own intrinsic merit, a very clever little scene and speech by Mr. J. Hartley Manners, whose study of Raymond Barker, M.P., is distinctly good.

Mr. H. B. Irving scores a great success in his double part of Egerton, the actor, adventurer, and blackguard, and of Roger Demster, brother to Egerton and secretary to Fanshawe, a precise, solemn, and cynical failure in life. Mr. Irving gives a distinct and living personality to each of these characters, and in this play we are delighted to think that he has made another of his long strides towards the highest art. George Alexander has a good part, and renders the best account of it, and the same may be said of Miss Julie Opp; but we could wish that the part of Elsie Lee Fanshawe gave Miss Fay Davis better opportunities; Elsie is rather tiresome and is made to talk about her psychic and spiritualistic powers, which have to be corroborated by Dennis Garner in his story of his V.C., and altogether we sympathise with Miss Fay Davis upon the lack of straw in her Elsie brickyard.

Things are always done well at the St. James's, and "The Man of Forty" does himself excep-

tionally well.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During March-April, 1900.]

On March 17th Frank Scorey, huntsman to the Rufford hounds, had a nasty fall through his horse slipping into a rabbithole. On being removed to the kennels, it was found Scorey had sustained a broken rib, an injury to the left shoulder, and was badly cut and bruised.

The members of the Blackmore Vale hunt desired to make a presentation to Mr. Merthyr Guest on his retirement after sixteen years' mastership. Mr. Guest has declined the proposed testimonial in the following letter, dated March 20th:—"Please convey to your committee that, whilst grateful for the offer of the proposed testimonial, I have no wish to accept it. I am already the proud possessor of a testimonial from the farmers of the Blackmore Vale, which I value most highly, and I do not think that it would be fitting that I should receive any testimonial in the present inauspicious moment, when every man's purse is being called upon to assist the resources of the Empire."

An interesting ceremony took place at Keythorpe on March 21st, when Mr. C. W. B. Fernie was presented with a piece of plate on the occasion of his marriage. Upwards of £1,000 had been subscribed for the purpose by the members of Mr. Fernie's hunt, and the farmers added £120 more.

An unfortunate incident happened with Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds on March 24th. Mr. Darrell had just taken a jump, and was galloping beside Mr. T. P. King, of Newark Park, when his borse fell dead, bringing down Mr. King; Mr. Darrell was none the worse, but Mr. King received a severe shaking and had to be driven home.

The members of Captain F. Johnstone's hunt subscribed for a testimonial to Tom Pedley, the huntsman, who is retiring. The presentation was made by Sir Edward Caley on March 24th, when the meet was at Quainton, and took the form of a gold watch and a purse of sixty guineas. Pedley has held his position since 1887.

While out hunting with the Blankney foxhounds on March 24th, the Viscountess Raincliffe met with an accident and fractured her collar-bone. On the same day Mr. James Tinsley, of Daresbury Hall, had a bad fall while hunting with the North Cheshire, and sustained a fractured collar-bone and a severe shaking.

The Holderness foxhounds met at Wood mansey Bar on March 26th, and, during a run from Beverly Park, while hounds were crossing the railway a train cut into them; one hound, a prize-winner, was killed and several others narrowly escaped.

While out with the Quorn on March 26th Lady Ethel Wickham met with an accident. When in the neighbourhood of Welby, Lady Ethel put her horse at a fence; when it swerved on to some posts and rails and pitched right over, falling upon its rider and rolling over her.

. Mr. James Tomkinson, of Willington Hall, Tarporley, had a narrow escape while hunting with the South Cheshire hounds at Adderley on March 27th. In taking a big feace, with a very wide ditch on the other side, his horse jumped short, and, falling awkwardly, broke its back. Mr. Tomkinson was pinned in between the bank on the fence side and the animal, and it took nearly an hour to dig him out. He was severely shaken but, luckily, uninjured and was able to walk away.

A meeting of members of the Warwickshire hunt was held at Leamington on March 28th, Lord North presiding, when it was decided to make a presentation to Lord Willoughby de Broke on the occasion of his retiring from the mastership of the hunt. The presentation is to take the form of a portrait.

Arklow, sire of Browhead and other winners, died on March 29th from inflammation, aged 11 years. Owing to an accident as a yearling, Arklow never ran. He was owned by Mr. B. B. Trench, Loughton, King's Co., Ireland.

The time occupied by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Ambush II. in covering the Grand National Course, on March 30th, was 10 min. I sec.

Five hounds belonging to the Newry harriers were poisoned during the week rending March 31st, while hunting in County Down. Some pieces of herring treated with strychnine were found in the vicinity.

The death is announced, on April 1st, of Mr. T. W. Hornby, for many years clerk of the course at Stockton-on-Tees, aged 59 years. As a young man, Mr. Hornby was a great cricketer; he also went in for breeding thoroughbreds, the best horse he ever bred being Noble Chieftain.

During the third week of April, anglers a Scottish waters have enjoyed improved port. Mr. H. McLellan killed a 26 lb. salmon in the Lyon on April 7th. Mr. Berger got a 20 lb. fish out of Loch Tay in the 18th, and his daughter one of 19 bs., and Mr. Birkin secured a fish weighing 24 lb. in the Tay.

The death is announced of Mr. R. H. Coombe, at Cairo on April 8th. Mr. Coombe was a member of the Jockey Club, and for some years before he registered his bolomrs was well known as a breeder; so ar back as 1876 one of his colts, Maximilian, y Macaroni, dam Duchess, brought what has in those days the very high price of 100 gs., Mr. Robert Peck being the purchaser.

The University racket matches were played at Queen's Club, West Kensington, on April 9th and 10th. On the first day Oxford won the doubles, Messrs. L. F. Andrewes and S. J. G. Hoare beating the Cambridge representatives, Messrs. W. K. French and E. B. Noel, by four games to one. Oxford also secured the singles match, Mr. Andrewes scoring three games to two by Mr. Noel.

The Amateur Doubles Racket Championship was decided at Queen's Club, West Kensington, on April 9th, when Mr. H. K. Forster and Mr. P. Ashworth retained the Championship, beating Mr. A. Darnes-Longworth and Mr. W. G. H. Price by four games to one.

An interesting function was combined with the closing meet for the season of the Royal Buckhounds on April 10th, when the Earl of Coventry, master of the buckhounds, presented to Mr. Henry Cantrell, of Baylis Court, Stoke Poges, a silver teaurn, an illuminated address, and a purse of sovereigns, in token of the appreciation of members of the hunt of the encouragement given by Mr. Cantrell and his predecessors at Baylis Court for sixty years to packs of hounds in whose country his farm lies. The address was signed by the Earl of Coventry, Lord Ribblesdale, the Earl of Cork, Lord Suffield, and the masters of the Old Berkeley (West), the Berks and Bucks harriers, and other packs.

A very unusual accident, causing the death of three horses, occurred with the Worcestershire Hounds on April 16th, owing, it is stated in Horse and Hound, to an insufficiently covered drain. One, the property of the "Squire" M.H. (Mrs. Cheape), had its back sinews cut clean to the bone, and also the fetlock joint severed, the other two horses being injured in a similar manner. The poor animals were mercifully despatched on the spot.

At the Suffolk hunt Point-to-Point races, held on April 17th, opportunity was found to present a testimonial to Mr. E. Walter Greene, who is giving up his staghounds. The presentation took the form of a hand-some silver figure of a huntsman blowing his hounds out of cover, together with a silver plate inscribed with the names of 130 subscribers, in recognition of Mr. Greene's liberality in hunting a pack of staghounds for the past nine years.

The Earl of Londesborough died at his London residence, 29, Grosvenor Square, on April 19th, at the age of sixty-six years.

Bay Archer, a stallion purchased by the French Government as far back as 1880, has died at the Haras de Tarbes. Bay

Archer, who was a son of Toxophilite, won the Northamptonshire Stakes in 1873, carrying the colours of Mr. George Payne. In 1879 he won the Goodwood Stakes and the Newmarket St. Leger for Mr. Stirling Crawfurd.

During the hunting season just closed the Meynell foxhounds have been out 106 days, have killed 39% brace of foxes and run 23 brace to ground.

In ninety-five hunting days the Bicester foxhounds killed 542 brace of foxes and ran 12 brace to ground.

The Marquis of Zetland's hounds were out 109 times and killed twenty-five brace of foxes, twenty-two brace being run to

A fine salmon of 25 lbs. has been taken in the Hampshire Avon by Mr. Pike.

At the opening of the cricket season it will be of interest to put on record the names of some prominent amateur cricketers who are serving at the front in the South African War. Mr. J. S. Jackson and Mr. Frank Mitchell represent Yorkshire, and Lieutenant F. W. Milligan of the same county is reported killed. Hampshire is, perhaps, the greatest sufferer, as Major Poore, Colonel Spens, Captain A. H. Luard, Mr. E. T. Bennett and Mr. C.

Heseltine are away. Somerset loses Cap-tain Hedley, Mr. H. T. Stanley and Mr. F. O. Phillips. Mr. W. Foster, of Worcestershire, and Mr. A. J. Turner, of Essex, are also at the front.

The followers of the Burstow hours met in large numbers at Oakleigh, Ess Grinstead, when a presentation was made to the retiring master, Mr. E. B. Forbes. The gift was a service of plate, accompanied by an album with the names of subscribers and the following address:-"The members and subscribers of the Barstow hunt avail themselves of the opportunity given by your retirement from the mastership of the hounds to make you the accompanying presentation as a mark of their appreciation of your management of the hunt. They recognise with gratified your liberality and the great sacrifice of time which you have devoted to the is terests of sport, not only during your ten of mastership, but for many years pre viously as honorary secretary. You m failing courtesy in the field has not only won for you the esteem of all, but the lasting friendship of many. We also re cognise your munificence in leaving the kennel equipment in such a condition materially to lessen the labour of you successor."

TURF.

LINCOLN .- SPRING MEETING.

March 26th.—The Batthyany Plate (Handicap) of 460 sovs.; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. J. Hare's ch. c. Le Blizon, by Xaintrailles-Sunny Queen, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb.J. Hare, jun. Lord Howe's ch. h. The Convict, 5 yrs., 7st. 7lb. F. Wood Mr. D. Seymour's b. or br. h. Suppliant, aged, 9st. Woodburn

20 to I agst. Le Blizon. The Chaplin Stakes of 265 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile and three

furlongs. Sir J. Miller's ch. c. Marconi, by Sainfoin — Countess Macaroni, 8st. 5lb.O. Madden Sir J. Blundell Maple's bl. or br.

c. Aquascutum, 9st. 3lb. S. Loates Lord Ellesmere's br. g. Headpiece, 8st. 11lb.L. Reiff

4 to 1 aget. Marconi. March 27th.—The Lincolnshire Handicap of 1,415 sovs.; the Straight Mile. r. H. Barnato's b. c. Sir Geoffrey, by St. Angelo—La

March 28th.—The Welbeck Plate of 185 sovs.; six furlongs, straight Mr. W. E. Oakeley's ch. c. Dod-

Mr. W. Brodrick Cleote's b. f. Strike-a-Light, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. O. Madden

Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. h. Forcett, 6 yrs., 8st. 2lb. S. Louies

100 to 12 agst. Sir Geoffrey.

The Lincoln Plate of 185 sovs., for two - year - olds; five furlongs straight.

Mr. J. C. Dyer's b. f. Irish Idyll, by Kilwarlin-Flitters, 8st. 9lb. O. Maddea

Mr. J. A. Miller's b. f. Nono, 8st. 9lb.Ilalsey

Mr. R. Croker's bl. c. Manhattan Boy, 8st. 12lb.L. Reiff 6 to I agst. Irish ldyll.

The Hainton Plate (Handicap) of 305 sovs.; about a mile and a half. Mr. J. Daly's ch. c. Succoth, by

wheel, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb. ... Dalton

5 to 2 aget. Succoth.

dington, by St. Angelo-Flint, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb......M. Cannon Mr. R. H. Combe's b. Filly by Orvieto-Pyramid, 3 yrs., 7st.Dalton Lord Carnarvon's bl. or br. c. Dark David, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb. 6 to I agst. Doddington. The Brocklesby Stakes of 773 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs, straight. dr. John Musker's b. Filly by Melton-Britta, 8st. 9lb. J. H. Martin Mr. J. C. Dyer's b. c. Hector Macdonald, 8st. 12lb. F. Rickaby fr. H. Frederick's b. Colt by Martagon—Phantassie, 8st. 12lb. Warne 6 to 1 agst. Britta filly. The Doddington Plate (a Welter Handicap) of 235 sovs.; one mile and a quarter. Bir J. Thursby's br. h. Trevor, 6 yrs., 9st. 6lb. ... Mr. G. Thursby Mr. John Dawson's ch. f. Sea Voyage, 3 yrs., 7st. ... Wetherell 7 to 2 agst. Sea Fog. IVERPOOL -Spring Meeting. ch 29th.—The Prince of Wales' Plate of 3 14 sovs.; Canal Point in, about six furlongs. Mr. J. A. Miller's ch. c. Bridge, by Deuce of Clubs-Ionia, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.Sloan Duke of Devonshire's b. f. Vara, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.O. Madden Mr. E. Melly's br. m. Bewitchment, 6 yrs., 7st. 8lb. (car. 7st.S. Loates 9lb.).... 3 to I agst. Bridge. The Union Jack Stakes of 824 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile. Mr. W. Low's br. c. Elopement, by Rightaway—Maid of Lorne, Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Hulcot, 9st. 2lb. K. Cannon Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. c. Strongbow, 8st. 7lb.....O. Madden 4 to I on Elopement. The Molyneux Stakes of 439 sovs.; five furlongs. Mr. Wilson's b. Colt by Trenton-Polly Eccles, 8st. 12lb.

K. Cannon

Mr. J. C. Dyer's b. c. Sandbag,

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8st. 12lb.....F. Rickaby

Mr. Doggett's ch. c. Galloping Boy, 8st. 12lb. (car. 8st. 13lb.) L. Reiff Duke of Devonshire's br. f. Psalm, by St. Simon-Poem, 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 5 to 2 agst. Polly Eccles colt. March 30th.—The Hylton Handicap of 415 sovs.; five furlongs. Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. h. Vatel, by Suspender-Velleda, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb.K. Cannon Mr. P. Aldworth's ch. h. Mont de Piété, 5 yrs., 7st. 5lb. (car. 7st. Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Zanetto, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.....S. Loates 3 to I agst. Vatel. The Grand National Steeplechase of 1,975 sovs.; Grand National Course (about four miles and 856 yards). H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's br. g. Ambush II., by Ben Battle— Miss Plant, 5 yrs., 11st. 3lb. Anthony Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Barsac, aged, 9st. 12lb.W. Halsey Mr. J. G. Bulteel's b. g. Manifesto, aged, 12st. 13lb. G. Williamson 4 to 1 agst. Ambush II. The Bickerstaffe Stakes of 600 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile. Lord Stanley's ch. c. Pellisson, by Prisoner-Red Spider, 8st. 7lb. F. Rickaby Mr. Fairie's b. c. Parquetry, 8st. 7lb......Allsopp Lord Ellesmere's br. g. Head-piece, 9st.L. Reiff 13 to 1 on Pellisson. The Sefton Park Plate of 200 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs. Mr. J. Musker's b. Filly by Melton -School Book, 8st. 8lb. J. H. Martin Mr. James Joicey's b. Filly by Grand Duke-Queen of the Mist, 8st. 9lb.O . Madden Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. Colt by Llanthony-Polly Marden, 9st. 12lb. K. Cannon 3 to 1 on Schoolbook Filly. March 31st .- The Liverpool Hurdle Handicap of 338 sovs.; two miles. Mr. C. A. Brown's b. h. Roughside, by Hagioscope-Disruption, aged, 11st. 1lb. Mr. G. S. Davies Lord C. Montagu's br. h. Kilkerran, 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. Halsey

Mr. Humby's b. g. Little Hercules, 4 yrs., 11st. Mr. H. Nugent 5 to 1 agst. Roughside. The (Fifty-Third) Liverpool Spring Cup of 925 sovs.; one mile and three furlongs. Lord Durham's b. g. Osbech, by Common-Alibech, 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb.Allsopp Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. h. Lackford, Mr. D. Seymour's b. h. Squire Jack, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb. J. Woodburn 9 to 4 agst. Osbech. The (Twentieth) Champion Steeplechase of 345 sovs.; about three Mr. R. Bourke's ch. g. Bloomer, by Blue Grass-Lady Skeffing-ton II., aged, 11st. 2lb. Mr. J. Widger Mr. Alex. Browne's br. h. Skirlnaked, 5 yrs., 10st. 10lb. Phelan 5 to 2 agst. Bloomer. NORTHAMPTON AND PYTCHLEY HUNT .- Spring MEETING. April 2nd.—Earl Spencer's Plate of 437 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards; five furlongs. Mr. J. Hare's ch. c. Le Blizon, by Xaintrailles—Sunny Queen, yrs., 8st. 13lb. (inc. 10lb. ex.) '. Hare, junr. Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Oria, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. (car. 7st. 7lb.) J. H. Martin Mr. H. J. King's b. g. Zanoni, 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb.K. Cannon 100 to 15 agst. Le Blison. The Althorp Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 200 sovs. added; for two-year-olds; five furlongs. Mr. J. Musker's b. colt by Melton-Stole, 8st. 12lb. J. H. Martin Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Flirtilla, 8st. 9lb.K. Cannon 2 Mr. H. J. King's b. f. Florida II., 8st. 9lb. (car. 8st. 10lb.)
M. Cannon 3 5 to 2 agst. Stole colt. April 3rd.—The Northamptonshire Stakes of 730 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards; one mile and a half and 200 yards.

Mr. H. J. King's b. f. Schoolgirl,
by Orion—Schoolbook, 4 yrs.,

7st. 2lb. +

Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Roughside, aged, 8st. 6lb. K. Cannon Mr. E. Carlton's ch. c. Flavus, by 8 to 1 agst. Schoolgirl. WARWICK CLUB.—Spring Meeting. April 5th.—The Warwickshire Spring Handicap Plate of 240 sovs.; one mile and a half. Mr. J. A. Miller's b. g. Moonlit, by Melanion-Moonlight, 4 yrs.. 7st. 2lb.B. Lynham Mr. A. Walton's b. or br. f. Claudia, 5 yrs., 6st. 10lb. J. Reiff 2 Mr. W. M. Brutton's b. c. Morning Dew, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 3 7 to 4 agst. Moonlit. DERBY .- Spring MEETING. April 6th.—The Sudbury Stakes of 200 sovs.; for two-year-olds; second to receive 25 sovs.; five furlongs, straight Mr. J. Musker's br. Colt by Melton -La Rosiere, 8st. 101b. J. H. Martin Mr. T. Jennings, junr.'s br. f. Mirzala, 8st. 7lb.S. Loates Major E. W. Baird's br. c. Barhill, 8st. 7lb.F. Rickaby 7 to 4 on La Rosiere colt. The Doveridge Handicap Plate 600 sovs.; the straight mile. Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. h. Lackford, by Jaggler—Cailleach, 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb.Sloan Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. h. Forcett, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb. S. Loates Mr. H. Oxenham's Syerla, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb......Hickin 7 to 2 agst. Lackford. April 7th.—The Chaddesden Plate of 225 sovs.; about six furlongs, straight. Mr. R. H. Combe's b. f. No Trumps, by Orvieto-Electric Mr. E. Melly's br. m. Bewitchment, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb. S. Loates Mr. Ross's ch. h. Guppy, 5 yrs., 7st. 7lb.S. Chandley 8 to 1 agst. No Trumps. The Derbyshire Plate (a High-weight Handicap) of 219 sovs.; about a mile and a half. Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Creuzot, by Carbine—Normania.

3 yrs., 7st.Wetherell

Mr. P. Buchanan's br. h. Eas-

NOTTINGHAM .- Spring MEETING.

April 9th.—The Nottingham Spring Handicap of 462 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards; one mile and a quarter.
 Mr. E. Clark's b. h. The Shaugh-

raun, by Shillelagh—Valeswood, aged, 8st. 1lb......G. Sanderson Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Royal Whistle, 4 yrs., 8st. 1lb.

KEMPTON PARK.—Easter Meeting.

NEWCASTLE AND GOSFORTH PARK.—Spring Meeting.

April 16th.—The Gosforth Park Juvenile Stakes of 200 sovs.; five furlongs. Mr. M. D. Peacock's br. f. Queen's Manor, by Queen's Birthday— Lady of the Manor, 8st. 4lb.

Heppell Mr. Vyner's b. c. Alboin, 8st. 7lb.

Mr. Whitehall's filly by Raeburn

—Kirtella, 8st. 4lb. Bloodworth

10 to 1 agst. Queen's Manor.

MANCHESTER.—Easter Steeple-Chases.

April 17th.—The Jubilee Handicap Hardle
Race of 862 sovs.; two miles.
Mr. F. E. Coulthwaite's ch. c.
The Khedive, by Gervas—The
Old Lady, 5 yrs., 10st. 4lb.
Hassall I
Mr. Leybuck's b. c. Spring
Flower, 4 yrs., 10st. 9lb.
Gourley 2
Mr. Reginald Ward's ch. b. The
Baker, 5 yrs., 10st. 13lb.
Mr. G. S. Davies 3
7 to 1 agst. The Khedive.

NEWMARKET.—Craven Meeting.

April 18th.—The Craven Trial Stakes of 255 sovs.; R. M.
Mr. A. Stedall's b. c. First Principal, by Freemason—Glenara, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb...........Clemson 1 Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. or br. c. Aquascutum, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb.

J. Dalton Mr. G. Blackwell's b. f. Ardmore, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. (car. 6st. 10lb.) Wetherell

To to I agst. First Principal.

The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 15 sovs.
each 10ft.; no entrance with 200
added; for two-year-olds; Rous
Course; five furlongs.

M. Ephrussi's ch. f. Mirande, by Ayrshire—Miranda, 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon

9 to 4 agst. Mirande.
The Crawfurd Stakes (Handicap) of
15 sovs. each, with 300 sovs.
added; Bretby Stakes Course (six
furlongs).

Prince Soltykoff's b. h. Leisure Hour, by St. Simon—Love in Idleness, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb. (car. 7st. 7lb.).......O. Madden Mr. J. Hare's b. h. Northern

Farmer, 6 yrs., 8st. 4lb.

J. Hare, jun.
Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. g.
Fosco, aged, 9st. ...M. Cannon

100 to 12 agst. Leisure Hour.

April 19th.—The Column Produce Stakes
of 20 sovs. each, with 400 sovs.
added; for three-year-olds; R.M.
(one mile 11 yards).

Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. c. Victor Hugo, by Sir Hugo—Gill Beck, 8st. 6lb. L. Reiff Lord Durham's ch. c. Mahdi, 8st. 9lb. F. Rickaby Lord Harewood's ch. c. Free

Companion, 9st.Sloan
10 to 1 agst. Victor Hugo.

20 to 1 agst. Semper Vigilans.

The Babraham Plate (Welter Handicap) of 480 sovs.; for three year-olds and upwards; last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch Course.

this, 6 yrs., 8st. 8lb. O. Madden Lord Carnarvon's b. c. Baldur, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb.Allsopp 9 to 4 agst. Loreto.

April 20th.—Second year of the Fortyfirst Newmarket Biennial Stakes of £472 10s.; for four-year-olds; last mile and half of T.M.M.

Lord Rosebery's b. c. Flambard, by Oriflamb—Armorica, 9st. 4lb.

The Flying Handicap of 317 sovs.; Rous Course. Lord W. Beresford's ch. f. Myakka, by Sensation—Mag-

Deciding heat, 11 to 4 on Edmee.

The Craven Stakes of 505 sovs.; three-year-olds; A.M. (one 22 yards). Lord Ellesmere's br. g. Headpiece

Ar. Russel's b. c. Bright Key, 8st 7lb.....T. Loate 5 to 1 agst. Headpiece.

CRICKET.

April 18th.—At Kennington Oval, Se v. Kennington Oval, former wor an innings and 34 runs.

FOOTBALL.

March 26th.—At Cardiff, England Wales, drawn, 1 goal each.

April 7th.—At Exeter, Devon v. Duri latter won by 11 points to 1, secured the Rugby County Champ ship.*

Under Rugby Rules.
 Under Association Rules.

BILLIARDS.

March 16th.—At the National Spot Club, Sydney H. Fry v. Al Wisdom (holder), former won by points (scores, 1,500 and 1,428), became the Billiard Association A teur Champion.

ROWING.

March 31st.—Putney to Mortlake, Ox v. Cambridge, latter won by lengths.

RACKETS.

April 20th.—At Queen's Club, Mal (B. S. Foster and W. H. B. Ev v. Rugby (H. C. Blackwood O. S. Fleischmann), former wor 4 games to love, and became hol of the Public Schools Challenge C

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By the Hon, T. F. FREMANTLE

Tember upon the more interesting points in the history and development of the line. The making practical experience has much left him to deal with those points which most concern the making practical experience has much left him to deal with those points which most concern the making that on the range or in the field.

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Builtets in right, and sundry diagrams are given,

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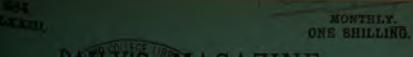


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JUNE, 1900.

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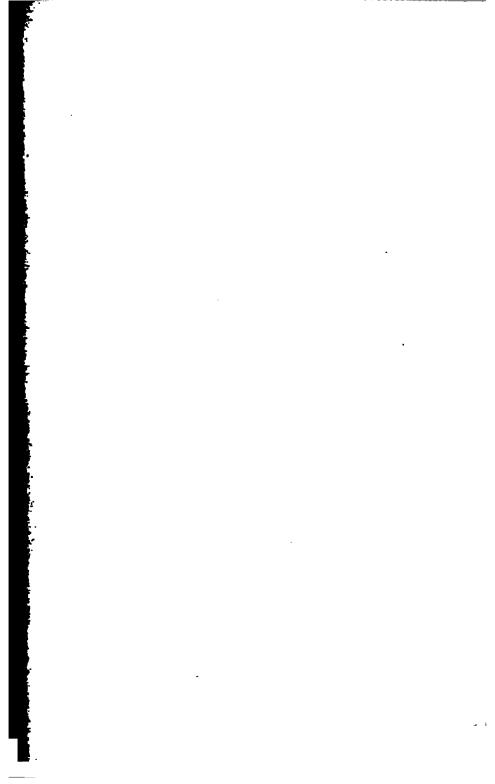
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SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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Portrait of Mr. E. LYCETT GREEN. Portrait of H. O. MADDEN. Sketches of COACHES, &c.

Mr. E. Lycett Green, M.F.H.

MR. E. LYCETT GREEN, who has so long presided over the destinies of the York and Ainsty, was born in Manchester, on May 25th, 1860, and is the eldest son of Sir Edward Green, Bart. Harrow was the public school to which he went, so he never had much chance of distinguishing himself on the river, whilst for cricket he had not more than the usual boyish liking. He had been entered to a more exciting game than that, for long before his school days were

over he had been "blooded" by Lord Hawke, who was then the master of the Badsworth. With Lord Hawke and his successor, Mr. J. Hope Barton, Mr. Lycett Green hunted on every opportunity when at home for the holidays, and he soon gave promise of becoming a fine horseman—promise which, it is needless to say, has been well fulfilled. From Harrow he went to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was a contemporary with Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, the master of the Cleve-

land. Mr. Alfred Pease had got the Cambridge drag in good going order by this time, and it is needless to say that they found a regular follower in Mr. Lycett Green, who also took as many days with the Fitzwilliam as he conveniently could, and perhaps more than the college authorities, who look upon the taking of degrees as the most important matter in life, quite cared for.

But Mr. Lycett Green was laying in a store of knowledge which stood him in better stead when he came to have hounds of his own, than any amount of studying the intricacies of the Greek particle would have done. From Cambridge he went to a private tutor's, and here there was a pack of beagles which was hunted, when he went, by Mr. John Mr. Lycett McKie. whipped in to him, and when he left, hunted them. But he did not confine his hunting to hunting on foot with the beagles. The Tedworth, the Blackmore Vale, and the South and West Wilts also knew him, and he always managed to get a day a week with foxhounds, and so to increase his knowledge of the sport.

After completing his education, he travelled a good deal in the United States and Canada, where of course he had some big game But hunting is the shooting. sport with which he is most closely identified, and he had some good mentors in Mr. C. B. E. Wright and Mr. Arthur Neilson. He made good use of the lessons he had received, and he was one of the very few who saw the end of the great Poolfields Osiers run with the Warwickshire in 1884. This was one of the runs of the century, and within a very few vears Mr. Lycett Green was to have even a better run with his own hounds, of which more later on.

In 1885 he married Ethel, the second daughter of Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, and a year later he fulfilled the dream of every young sportsman; he became a master of hounds. In July, 1885, he was unanimously elected the master of the York and Ainsty Hunt. Though young in years for such an important post, Mr. Lycett Green soon showed that he was the right man in the right place, and no man could be keener than he was to show sport, whilst his conciliatory policy made him a general favourite with the farmers. During the first year of his mastership, Gillson, who had carried the horn under Captain Slingsby, Captain Brocklehurst and Colonel York, hunted the hounds. Arthur Wilson came from the Belvoir, and hunted four days a week during his first season. the season 1887-8 Mr. Lycett Green began to hunt the bitches two days a week, he being the first master of the York and Ainsty to hunt hounds since the retirement of Colonel Fairfax. His hunting, however, for that season was soon cut short; for on the last day of cub-hunting he got a very nasty fall, and was unable to hunt for some time, and was not able to carry hunt hounds again till long after Christmas. For three more seasons the master continued to hunt the bitches. and then he hunted both packs. and has hunted both packs ever since.

On December 23rd, 1893, the Melbourne Hall run took place, a run which those who saw it are never tired of talking about, and one which takes rank with the best that are recorded in history. Gray, the kennel huntsman and first whipper-in, saw the fox, a traveller, leisurely crossing a field, and immediately informed the

master. Hounds raced from the first, and at the end of an hour they had covered twelve miles—a ten-mile point, and with only a check of a minute. Then they ran another point of five miles, but did not go quite so straight as at first, and finally they killed in the open after a run of an hour and forty-five minutes, after having covered nineteen miles. That only one hound was missing at the finish reflects great credit on the kennel management.

Though Mr. Lycett Green spends so much of his energies in hunting, it must not be supposed that he is a man with only one sport. He is a good shot, and is very fond of shooting; so thoroughly understands what the shooting man who does not hunt would like to have done when his coverts are drawn. That he is always ready to meet the shooting man's wishes is not his least qualification for

the position of master of hounds in a country where there is a good deal of game preserving.

Mr. Lycett Green does not keep racehorses, but when at Cambridge he used occasionally to figure in silk at Cottenham, and a few years ago he had a useful horse in Riston, who won for him twenty-seven races under National Hunt rules, and who gave Mr. J. C. Wilmot Smith many a pleasant ride.

Almost every game finds in Mr. Lycett Green a supporter, and he is very keen about golf, tennis, and hockey on the ice when hunting is impossible; at the latter

game he is bad to beat.

It will be noticed that Mr. Lycett Green has been master of the York and Ainsty fifteen years, his period of office having only been exceeded by Mr. George Lloyd and Sir Charles Slingsby, each of whom held office for sixteen years.

The Meridian of Racing, 1900.

PERHAPS it may seem unkind to express satisfaction at the exit of the N.H. season and the entrance of the Jockey Club rules in racing, but to be candid it is impossible not to become nauseated with the umping business as it is now carried on, and its only relieving genuine contest is the bit of National at Liverpool, Grand where Greek meets Greek, and a tountry has to be crossed where nunter and racehorse compete on omething like equal terms. Such relief is this from the weekly loses of obstacle courses, with heir 40 sovs. plates, their selling urdle races, and their obviously rooked running, which have lasted the winter through. It is, I suppose, hopeless to urge a remodelling of the N.H. Committee and their rules, since that august body has turned a deaf ear to the well-nigh unanimous complaints and grumblings of the sporting press—to say nothing of the almost complete cold shoulder which genuine hunting men and women have given to the sport, such as it is at present.

There is, however, time to ponder over these matters during the next few months, and despite the fact that wisdom is slow of growth, it comes at last, and perhaps with the return of our South African heroes, as we all devoutly hope and pray for, in the autumn, a fresh impetus will be given to this branch of our national sport, as well as to our hunting prospects. Our racing season of 1900 has certainly opened somewhat tamely, not uneventfully, for the test has been made of a starting machine for two-year-olds, and we cannot conscientiously say that it has been an unqualified success, strongly as we have advocated its use. And we do so still, seeing that with raw youngsters its difficulties must always be greater than with more practised horses, especially as most trainers as yet have not taken it in hand soon enough, and some youngsters will always learn the art of jumping off from a stand quicker than others. As for our jockeys, it must be their faults if they also do not learn to do their part at the starting gate cleverly, and this some of them certainly have not done. If, however, this mode of starting is adopted next season for all races of less than a mile, we shall at least have taught all our youngsters the practice, and the older horses will soon get into the way of it. That horses' legs and tempers will improve under the new régime I feel sure, and the jockeys will have had their lessons in handling their horses at the net.

Ere this article sees the light, the Derby will be a thing of the past, and to write about it will almost be a waste of powder. His Royal Highness, our beloved Prince, has begun the season so auspiciously with Ambush II. in the Grand National, and Diamond Jubilee in the Two Thousand Guineas, that it looks very much as if his victorious season would not be cut short at the Derby. But we must not forget that the ordeal which Diamond Iubilee will have to undergo on the Derby

day will be widely different from what he did last week at Newmarket. There he was on the same ground where he exercises every day, with a straight course and no hustling; at Epsom he will have to undergo the most exciting scene on English racecourses, and he will be hustled from start to finish. At Newmarket he beat a lot of inferior horses, if their previous performances are looked up, except Elopement, and this horse seems never to have shown any form in the race. The third horse, Sidus, was sent over from Ireland with 100 to 1 laid against his chance. It would appear at the time of writing this as if the Derby would turn out a larger field numerically than of late, made up from the majority of the following: -Alvescot, Bonarosa, Brissac, Captain Chevening, Democrat, Diamond Jubilee, Disguise II., Forfarshire, Governor II., Kersey. mere, Most Excellent, Sailor Lad, St. Nydia, Sidus, Simondale, and Winifreda, and perhaps a few others.

The owner of Forfarshire, to whom I was introduced early in March, was brimful of confidence his horse being hailed the winner, and mentioned an enormous price that he had refused for him. Alas! how prone people are to forget that few, very few, horses are of the Flying Fox type! Still, should we not estimate Forfarshire on his public form to be not less than a stone in front of Bonarosa, and therefore as having some claim to trouble great Diamond Jubilee? Democrat has evidently not done well through the winter and spring, and is no longer a favourite. It is wicked, I know, to say so, but personally I rejoice that a gelding is not so likely to put his head in first for our

greatest classic race as his autumn running prognosticated, because under the correct rules of racing his nomination was a wrong one when made, in my humble judgment. He was not "a colt" when entered, but a gelding, to whom no weight is assigned in the conditions of the race. I hear that Mr. Musker fancies the chance of Chevening very much, and Disguise II. cannot be wholly ignored, nor Sailor Lad when quite fit. Of course we all hope to see the Royal colours in the van, when some important doubleevent ventures will be realised of the Grand National and Derby, but it cannot be expected that the race will be such a bloodless affair as that at Newmarket.

The Oaks looks like being a very interesting race, and St. Simon, as usual, is superabundant with his beautiful daughters. Perhaps Winifreda will cut a leading part in the Derby, if she starts, and it is quite on the cards for her to achieve the double event. She is an unbeaten animal, and has not been run off her

egs.

Curiously enough, St. Simon's progeny had not won a race this season up to last week, when they atoned for it by making a clean sweep of both the Guineas. sensational sire, however, of the year thus far is undoubtedly Melton, whose succession of winning two-year-olds, all from one stud, has been without parallel, as far as my memory serves me. beauty of form and breeding of Melton has never ceased to be a avourite theme of "Borderer's," and a research into bygone pages of your magazine will show how deeply his expatriation from Hampton Court to Italy was lamented, and how warmly his return welcomed. Here, indeed, is a back cross for St. Simon blood that is sure to succeed, with the Stockwell blood on the sire's side, quite in keeping with the eminent Eaton successes—all the better, too, for a little Ormonde or Orme blood, with its infusion of Macaroni thrown in. I can think of nothing in stud-book lore to compete with it, and Mr. Musker has done his country a lasting service in his plucky rescue of Melton from oblivion.

The new rule as to two-yearold racing has thrown us much into darkness as to the coming K's of the season, and we shall not have our eyes opened until Ascot and Goodwood, and then we shall hope for great things. It seems a little unfair to owners to publish praiseworthy accounts of their dark youngsters, suffice it to say that the entries for the Coventry Stakes alone appear to contain a galaxy of aspirants for racing fame, which will far outdo in interest the three-vear-old con-The Ascot Cup, notwithstanding the withdrawal of Flying Fox, is likely to be most interesting, with Perth, Irish Ivy, The Grafter, Calveley, Oppressor, Proclamation, Dominie II., Codoman, Disguise II., Scintillant, Choson, Manners, and probably the best of Lord Rosebery's in the field. I opine that the prize will go across the Channel with Perth, and that Calveley will have to content himself with the Alexandra Plate.

It would seem that Diamond Jubilee is likely to have things pretty much his own way in the Hardwicke Stakes, notwithstanding his penalty, so weak is the opposition.

Let us hope that we shall this year find Royal Ascot in a better state as regards its course than heretofore—nicer herbage, well eaten down, and manured with sheep, and not trampled into

adamant by thousands of heavy feet. It will never be properly managed unless there are a couple of subways made across the course, and the public, as at Doncaster, kept off the course itself.

The Princess of Wales' Stakes, at the first July meeting at Newmarket, promises to be interesting, with Caiman (allowed 6lb.), Democrat, and Forfarshire, as well as Vain Duchess, to oppose His Royal Highness's best. Prince, however, is likely to hold his own with Diamond Jubilee in the Eclipse Stakes, where, even if he wins the Derby, he will only have 10lb. extra, and there are no maiden allowances as at Newmarket. Previous exertions, however, will have to be taken into account, in which case Chevening and Jeunesse Dorée seem dangerous. Goodwood, with its Cup of £2,000, under new conditions, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, will be a great attraction, yet the acceptors are an exceedingly moderate lot, and the best stayers, probably King's Messenger, Choson, Oppressor, or Simondale, will be found favourites, if on their legs at the time. As usual, Goodwood will be most interesting with its two-year-olds that are just then beginning to show their best form, and perhaps additional glory will be thrown on the meeting by the presence of some returned heroes from the front.

The St. Leger promises to be a particularly interesting race this year, as with the exception of Forfarshire, nearly all our highly thought - of three-year-olds are

engaged, and most of the best fillies. Yet between now and then there will no doubt be many fallers-out of the ranks, and many idols of to-day will have been smashed. The St. Leger, however, is never likely to lose its prestige; nor Doncaster its characteristic features, which to our thinking have no superior in English racing.

With the cost of this great war hanging over us, so many active patrons of sport otherwise engaged, and the yield of South African riches in abeyance, and the Yankees busy with politics, I do not think that we are going to see the yearling market very flourishing, although the cloud may only be temporary, and the best animals will, as usual, find a reasonable market.

Of our imported sires, Trenton seems to hold out the most promise of success, but Carbine and Carnage have not been without winners, and breeders have now plenty of choice of stout blood from the Colonies and America with which to make judicious crosses. And indeed, it is high time that a check was put upon the in-breeding of the Galopin strain—such excitable short runners do so many prove themselves to be.

If a choice of first-rate stallions of proved worth had to be made mine would be Melton, Isinglass, St. Simon, Orme, Ayrshire, Trenton, and Gallinule, with Persimmon and Love Wisely in the foreground of the beginners; and no doubt with this choice there will be many gainsayers.

BORDERER.





"Keep in the Middle of the Road."

I FEEL it almost presumptuous to write on coaching for a magazine to which "Nimrod" was once the chief contributor both on hunting and "the Road;" for BAILY's, though the modern reader may not be aware of it, was the outcome of the New Sporting Magazine which was first a rival of, and was eventually absorbed by, the old Sporting Magazine founded in Many an article by "Nimrod" have I read in the lastnamed, for have I not been a collector of old Sporting Magazines all my life unto this day without having yet put together a complete series?

But to our subject. I fear I know very little about coaching at the present day, and as for the past-well, I wasn't there. However, one can learn something about the business by occasionally taking a seat on the gammon board, or a place alongside the bench on the various coaches which run out of London during the summer months. The coaching of the past is a very different affair, and one can only go by what one reads and has been told by old coachmen, of whom how few, alas! are now left.

It is impossible to say when English coaching, as we understand it, really commenced, but I think we shall err on the right side if we say 200 years ago.* That takes us back to the days of deep ruts, mashy tracks and steep hills. That a coach often completed its journey without being upset, perhaps more than once, is no doubt true, but that accidents were exceedingly com-

mon is suggested by the old advertisements which always wound up with the statement that the coach would arrive on such and such a day "God permitting." In my youth I was inclined to regard the dangers of early coaching as romance, but having heard that coaching in South Africa nowadays must very much resemble coaching as it was in this country two centuries ago, I went out to the Colony a few years back for the express purpose of trying a long road journey. I accomplished my purpose, and can truthfully say that you were very lucky indeed if you arrived at your journey's end without being capsized more than once. In default of a fair upset, some breakdown or another was sure to The box of the wheel broke, the leather springs came to grief letting the body of the vehicle bump riotously on the bed, or—an accident which occurs less often than might be imagined -a wheel came off: but the commonest mishap is for the coach to turn right over. When I left Vryberg at one in the morning the waiter of the inn said. "When she does go over, she goes over so nice and quietly." He meant to reassure me, but I cannot say he quite succeeded, for a great many men are injured in these accidents, and coachmen have been killed by the coach rolling over on them.

The causes of accident on South African roads are generally a tree stump on the track, road cut up by heavy rains, or ant-heaps on the veldt where the track is indefinite. These, of course, are accidents peculiar to night travelling, but there are

^{*} The word "Coach" (though pronounced the same in all European languages) is derived from the name of the Hungarian town Kotze, where the first coaches were built about the year 1400.

some which occur in daylight, such as upsets while crossing rivers. I remember that the first stage out from Vryberg we met the down coach with only one passenger, who said he had been seven days and seven nights on that coach, and had been upset in a river somewhere up-country.

Now this is the state of affairs that must have prevailed in England in the old days before our roads were taken properly in When Telford, the engineer, and Macadam, the roadmaker, came on the scene, they gradually revolutionised the condition of things, and made the roads what they are at the present day. This was during the first decades of the century. Telford cut through the hill-tops and filled up the valleys, while Macadam paved the roads thus made more level with hard stone broken into pieces which had to pass through a one-inch ring. Between 1700 and 1800 the safe arrival of the coach at its destination might well depend on Providence.

It was not until the latter end of the eighteenth century that carriage and body steelwere first used springs building coaches. On the old vehicle the coachman's box rested on the "bed." How he must have been shaken up! body of the coach was suspended on leather bands attached to a kind of upright spring, so that the passengers travelled in comparative comfort. The smart Manchester Telegraph was the first coach modernised, the body, box and all being hung on carriage springs as at present. When the alteration was made it inspired articles in the newspapers and magazines demanding an Act of Parliament to put down such luxury. It was urged that the

people would degenerate, and that coachmen, being made so comfortable, would fall asleep while driving. This is really very curious, when we consider the perfection to which coaching was brought about the year 1835. That alarm cry "Degeneration" has often been raised in connection with improved locomotion, but notwithstanding the luxury of corridor saloons and restaurant cars, warmed with hot air, which we enjoy now, it does not seem as though Britons were degenerating, as witness the achievements of our officers and men in South Africa. What a great country this It owns the best soldiers and sailors in the world, and also the best coachmen and horsemen.

Before the fast coaches were put on the road, it was nothing unusual for a coach to go a mile or two out of its way to pick up or set down a passenger. coachman was not particular to an hour or two, I might even say to a day. Those coaches did not travel at a greater pace than six or seven miles an hour. Most of them, I fancy, had bad cattle, and with bad roads and heavy loads, the horses often had more than they could do, whence it may be supposed a good deal of cruelty was practised. Constant use of the whip made experts of the old coachmen. In view of this perhaps we should not deplore the paucity of artists in the use of the whip at the present time.

The old-time coachman was not remarkable for refinement. He was generally coarse, bloated and unwieldy. The buttons on his Benjamin were worn so far apart that it used to be said no man could see both of them at once. What a contrast between the old coachman and him who sat on the box during the "golden age" of the Road, polished from head

to foot, civil and courteous to all, and as clever in handling his team.

It may be said that the new coaching era began in the year 1784, when John Palmer ran the first Royal Mail with four horses. Before that date the mails had been carried on horseback, and were often the prey of highwaymen. In fact, I believe this to be the real reason why the practice of sending the mails by coach was adopted. They were carried with greater security, there being more people to defend them, while the guard was never without one or two loaded blunderbusses which were carried on the back of the coach in front of the dickey.

The advantages of mail coaches were so quickly and widely appreciated by the public that soon after their introduction a copper medal was struck to commemorate the circumstance. One side bore a coach and team at the gallop, with the words, "To Trade Expedition and to Property Protection" underneath. On other was the inscription, "To John Palmer, Esq. This is inscribed as a token of gratitude for Benefits received from the Establishment of Mail Coaches." These tokens were called "Mail Coach Halfpennies." A gentleman I know came into possession of one, it having been put into a church plate. He asked me for information about it, which I was able to furnish, having one of the tokens myself.

The Glasgow Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures presented Mr. Palmer with a magnificent silver cup in recognition of his exertions. It is now, I believe, in the keeping of the Corporation of Bath, which town Mr. Palmer represented in Parliament for

many years. Though the mail coach carried the mails safely in England, it failed to provide them with secure conveyance in Ireland, where the coaches, though often accompanied by as many as four armed guards, were frequently "held" up and robbed by bands of highwaymen. The illustration shows one of the Royal Mail coaches which ran between London and Liverpool. I have enjoyed many a drive on the old Edinburgh mail. Old Mr. Chandos Pole took it to Ascot one year, I believe, and brought back two small drummer boys belonging to the Guards quartered at Windsor. The boys were stowed in the hind boot, and only the tops of their bearskins were visible. The boot opened from the top, not behind.

During the past year has disappeared a memento of coaching days in the famous Highgate Tunnel. It had become necessary to widen the road top and bottom, and the old stone structure has gone, to be replaced by an iron bridge. gate Tunnel stood on the Great North Road. One can imagine the feelings of passengers passing out of it on the journey north into a cold winter's night, leaving the warmth and life of London behind: also the sensations of the inward bound as they came through the Tunnel in the early morning and looked forward to the hot eggs and bacon awaiting them at their destination. people know the print of Pollard's famous picture of the mail coach (probably the Edinburgh mail) coming through Highgate Tunnel with the stone-breaker at work with his hammer on the far side, making the Tunnel echo with its measured ring. That this would surely be enough to make the best of teams shy, has always been my thought when looking at

this picture, but the horses are

going as steady as rocks.

The most striking ceremonial of those days must have been the annual procession of mail coaches on the King's birthday. order of the procession was drawn up by the Postmaster-General, and the coaches assembled in Lincoln's Inn Fields to drive through the main thoroughfares of the West End and finish up at the General Post Office in St. Martin's Le Grand. It must have been a glorious sight. The coaches newly painted and varnished, new harness on every team, and the coachmen and guards wearing their new red coats. Nobody except the coachman and guard was allowed on any coach. It was the fashion for gentlemen to lend their best teams for this function, no doubt to be driven by coachmen with whom the lenders had often travelled and knew well. The procession usually consisted of about twenty-five coaches, and an odd feature was the presence of a horseman between every two. It would certainly make the spectacle more impressive. these occasions Messrs. Vidler and Parratt, the contractors for the mail coaches, used to give a huge luncheon to the many friends they invited to witness the procession. The invitation described it as a "cold collation."

How glad I am to see that something of the same kind has been inaugurated by that charming go-ahead club, the Ranelagh. Last summer the procession of coaches was a beautiful sight, and I am sure no coaches in the olden days were better turned out. The club, with its usual munificence, presented a cup for the best, and so difficult did the judges, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Ancaster and Lord Hothfield find

their task of selecting the winner, that it took them the whole afternoon before they decided to award the Cup to Captain Spicer for his team of skewbalds.

Looking back at the old fast coaching days, what strikes one most is that these fast coaches timed at something like eleven miles an hour, did most of their journey in the dark. How they kept their time, and why there were not more accidents is a marvel. Punctuality was insisted on, for if reported by the General Post Office for failure to keep to time the coach proprietors were liable to a heavy fine. The guard, on leaving the Post Office, was given a watch, set by an official there. It was securely locked in a case so that it could not be tampered with, and so enable the guard to provide himself with an excuse for being late. These watches were of the very best make: a man named George Littleworth had the contract for them.

A coach journey in winter was not to be lightly undertaken, for there was always the risk of being snowed up. Christmas Day of 1836 saw what I believe was the greatest snowstorm ever known in England. All the mails to and from London were snowed up on the roads, and in most cases the mail bags had to be horseback, the forwarded on guard riding one of the coach team and leading another horse laden with the bags. I believe the number of coaches snowed up in and about St. Albans during those two or three days was something extraordinary; probably they numbered between 50 and 70.

In recent years the same thing has happened to the Brighton night parcels mail. I think it was about the year 1890, when



The above picture represents the last approved model, adopted in 1836 and continued in use until the cessation of the coaches in 1844. The drawing was specially made by Mr. P. Palfrey, from the only mail coach known to be in existence, now in the possession of Mr. R. Chandos Pole, Radburne Hall, Derbyshire.



there was a heavy snowstorm, particularly at the Brighton end of the road. The mail from London arrived at Horley about the appointed time, and after waiting half an hour for the up mail, the coachman has orders to proceed till he meets the other coach. He obeyed, hoping to meet the up-coach every moment, but he passed through Crawley and Handcross without seeing any sign of it. The snow, already very deep, was still falling, and going over Staplefield Common, the coach left the road and fell into the ditch, where it had to remain till daylight. Curiously enough, when morning dawned, the up-coach was seen lying within a few hundred yards, having sustained the same mishap.

Though the guard of modern mail coach does carry a blunderbuss, he is armed with two revolvers, and I believe does an annual day's practice

with his weapons.

To drive "about" a country is a very different thing from driving through a country. In the former you can take your own time, and choose your team, probably the best that can be procured, and travel at your leisure. In driving through a country, you have the weight of the load, the state of the roads and weather, and the necessity for keeping time to contend against. Few gentlemen of the present day will give up the time necessary to acquire proficiency in It is an art driving a team. that requires much practice and patience to master, and the few who do persevere always find that however much they know there is always more to There are some few professionals who are no doubt quite as good as any of the old coachmen ever were.

Many of the coachmen of the old school have died in late years. Tom Carter and Harry Ward, of the Exeter "Telegraph' (owned by Anne Nelson), old Mr. Clemence, of Canterbury, who drove the Dover "Tally-ho," Mr. Waller, of the "Bristol Mail," and last, but not least, dear old Charley Ward, who drove the "Quicksilver," the Devonport mail, out of London for so many years, and who died only the other day at the age of 90, also Mr. Fownes, senior, generally known as Father Fownes, who was a coachman of the olden days in their decadence; but he is more known in modern coaching, and was one of the first men to be employed on the revival of coaching. He commenced on the Dorking coach under Captain Cooper, about the time Alfred Tedder was on the Brighton road under the late Mr. Chandos-Pole. These two were wonderful coachmen.

One of the most popular and best known men of our day was lim Selby, who died about 1889, a comparatively young man. He will always be remembered for having driven his coach from London to Brighton and back, 108 miles, in 7 hours 50 minutes, in the summer of 1888. summer I was a good deal connected with the Brighton "Comet," and Jim Selby ran opposition with the Times" (nothing like opposition to smarten a road up!). I believe this fast journey was really undertaken more as an advertisement to the "Old Times" than anything else, since the "Comet" was taking most of the passengers.

No man had more admirers than Jim Selby, and among them myself. He was the modern King of the Road. I attended

his funeral at Highgate, and I believe I am correct in saying that twenty-two coaches followed his remains to the cemetery, including all the road coaches. Such a sight had never been seen before. A year or two afterwards, happening to be at the cemetery, I remarked to the gate-keeper that no doubt he had seen some big funerals. He replied, "I have seen some very big ones in my time, one of the largest was the funeral of Tom Sayers, and the other was Jim Selby's." But Jim Selby's was very aristocratic. The gatekeeper said, "After Tom Sayers' funeral, I myself picked up eighteen empty purses. I don't know how many more the grave-diggers found."

If history is true, Tom Sayers was born on the Brighton road between Crawley and Handcross, in a cottage which has now unfortunately disappeared.

Another modern coachman whom we shall miss from the Avenue this summer is Bill Wragg, whose father drove the old Brighton "Vivid," and himself the Brighton "Comet."

COMET.

Horses and the War: Historic Parallels.

Unpreparedness in the matter of horseflesh at times of emergency is not a shortcoming of modern military authorities. Indeed, it needs hardly more than a superficial dip into the pages of history to reveal precedents for our inability to horse the mounted arms with the promptitude national interests demand. To go no farther back than the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII. was on the throne, we find a passage in a letter addressed by the Hungarian ambassador to his sovereign which for all practical purposes might have been penned in October of last year. The English king was at the time, 1543, contemplating an invasion of France, and, as usual, the horse question was disturbing the minds of the advisers. Thus Ernest Chapuys, the ambassador State aforesaid (Calendar of Papers: England and Spain, vol. vi., part 2):—"Regarding waggons and transports for the carriage of victuals . . . the king

has given special orders to his ambassadors near your Majesty to ascertain what assistance he can get from that country. But when I told them (the Privy Councillors) that the horses wanted for the waggons, and so forth, ought to have been applied for long ago, as much time would be required to collect them, they became perplexed, and did not know what to answer. when I had told them that in any case they must look for them elsewhere, for your Majesty had none to spare, the Emperor wanting them to remount his men-atarms and light cavalry. Councillors ended by telling me that it did not matter, for after all, if they were in want of horses, they would always have the means of procuring them."

Other nations appear to have been in much the same case as ourselves when warlike preparations were to be made. In 1538 the Emperor Charles I. of Spain, in his "Declaration of the League against the Turk" (the League comprising Germany, Italy and Spain) was pleased to direct "the horses to be procured from Germany, where they are better and more abundant." In this connection it must be observed that in the following reign, that of Philip II. (1556-1598) the scarcity and declining merit of the once famous Spanish horses attracted so much notice that a law was passed forbidding a coach to be drawn by fewer than four.

Italy, like France and Spain in the Middle Ages, a source of horse supply to England, was unable to supply her own needs in time of emergency. In 1528 we find Alonzo Sanchez writing from Venice to Charles I. of Spain announcing that "this signory is making all manner of warlike preparations, especially of light cavalry; they have sent for 500 men and horses from Turkey."

To return to our own defects. Sir Walter Gilbey, in his book on "The Great Horse" edition) mentions the petition presented by Sir Edward Harwood to Charles I., praying the king to encourage his nobility to keep stronger horses and engage in military exercises, instead of "making races for Bells." Edward declares his whether the whole kingdom could furnish 2,000 "good and stout horses " to carry men-at-arms that should be equal to the same number of French chargers. The petitioner may have overstated his case, but it is certain that the racehorse or hunter of Charles I.'s time was not a suitable mount for armour-clad knighthood.

A hundred years later the same old difficulty confronted General Hawley, commanding the English troops in the campaign against Charles Edward. Thus he writes from Falkirk (Gentleman's Magazine,

1746):—"It was a misfortune that we could not get our artillery to us, for as it rained heavily in the night and on the 17th (June) in the morning, and having a steep hill to ascend, they could not get forward; and when we returned to our camp we found the captain of the train (of artillery) had abandoned it, and the drivers had run off with the horses, which obliged us to leave some pieces of cannon behind us. The grenadiers of Barrett's regiment drew one to camp, and we found horses at Falkirk to bring away three of them. It is surprising that, as this is not the first loss of artillery by bad horses and by country people going off with the horses, that one out of several remedies that might be thought of is not provided yet. It is certainly difficult, if not impossible, to get horses of strength and in heart to labour in the North or in counties at great distance from London; but as this is an affair well known, horses of strength ought to be as much bought up and appropriated to draw a train of artillery (if one must be drawn, though of late not much used) as for carrying our troopers or dragoons, and the drivers to be enlisted under milioath. For the country tary farmers are not punishable for preserving themselves and horses. A certain number of the grenadiers' horses might carry a light chaise harness: two or three of these, first exercised in drawing, would sooner carry off a gun than twice as many weak or poorly fed horses where they (the country people) are very unwilling to furnish any on these dangerous occasions, and therefore not their best."

At this period the "Commissioners of Supply" were entrusted with the duty of obtaining horses

locally when wanted for the use of the King's troops. To supply General Hawley's needs in the case referred to, the shire of Linlithgow had been required to furnish twenty-five horses worth £10 each, or to pay the equivalent, £250. The stamp of animal thus requisitioned was not, as the value indicates, very superior, and the farmers upon whom the task of finding horseflesh was imposed were not likely to provide the best they had.

A flattering but embarrassing faith in the ability of generals to make bricks without straw distinguished the preparations for the Peninsular campaign. September 26th. 1808. Castlereagh writes to General Sir John Moore at Lisbon telling him it will be necessary to concert with the Commissary General who is to he attached to his staff. the "best means of assembling an adequate supply of horses and mules for rendering your army movable." He proceeds to point out that, inasmuch as the province of Galicia has been considerably drained of its supplies "by the equipment of General Blake's army," it may be advisable for Sir John to draw his supplies from different parts of Spain. The army for which transport animals had thus to be collected fell a little short of Cavalry, artillery 40,000 men. and waggon horses were to be sent out from England, but "the stores, baggage, commissariat, &c., must be equipped in Spain." Sir John Moore managed it some-That his difficulties were how. great it is easy to discover through the restrained official utterances that remain for our enlightenment. He had written Lord Castlereagh that he hoped his force would be in motion by October 22nd, but on the 18th of

that month the necessary number of horses and mules was evidently far from complete, as he writes explaining that though it is impossible for him to be more anxious to get forward, he could not move his troops without the necessary transport. "And however light the equipment I have fixed, yet the difficulty of procuring is very considerable."

Sir David Baird was in a position rather worse than his chief. "The horses," he writes on October 29th, 1808, "are suffering very severely both for want of proper accommodation and food. From Lord Castlereagh's letter I was led to expect that every preparation for our equipment would have been made previous to our leaving England. I need hardly say how different the case was and how I have been disappointed."

Apparently the conviction that our generals could rise superior above every embarrassment of official incompetence and neglect had crystallised into an article of faith in the 'fifties, when the Crimean War was undertaken, and the horse difficulty was only one among the number against which Lord Raglan had to contend. This being the case, it is hardly worth while enlarging upon it. Want of proper shelter, food and medicines, and that terrible six miles of knee-deep mud from the shore to the camp before Sebastopol, did for the horses what mismanagement did for the men. When General Scarlett left the seat of war, 1300 cavalrymen had 400 horses among them: the troop horses had been worn out by the work of carrying stores and ammunition and dragging heavy guns to the front which absence of a proper transport train had imposed upon them. Sir de Lacy Evans, speaking on July 19th, 1855, in the House of Commons on the Report of the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol, said that General Beatson's corps of irregular cavalry, which had been organised eight or nine months previously, was still without horses, and nobody contradicted the statement. This force was eventually moun-

ted on horses procured locally. We may therefore regard the "system," which results in our troops sitting still when they ought to be moving, from one of two points of view. Either as an inheritance that respect for ancient usage forbids officialdom to set aside, or as proof that we cannot profit by experience.

C.

A Marylebone Muddle.

At Lord's, in the early days of the cricket season, the netting round the ground and the regulations attaching to it proved the chief topic of conversation. The original system of scoring, which allowed but three runs for a hit over the net, was speedily recognised as unjust and ridiculous, and the committee of the Marylebone Club, after the first two matches under the new system, readjusted matters by allowing five runs for a hit clean over the net and four runs for any hit bounding over or under or through the net; and this arrangement seems satisfactory enough to the batsman, and likely to make scores higher than ever and the duration of matches longer than ever, whilst the time wasted in the course of an ordinary three days' match, played under these fantastic conditions, would certainly be more than is the case

Those of the governing body at Lord's who are responsible for this so-called experiment—we say "those" advisedly, for we feel confident that the cricketers who form a portion of that body could never have agreed to such a proposal; but whoever be the fathers of this scheme, they have

done a very amusing thing. Their minds would appear to have worked somewhat in the following train of reasoning:-" Batsmen get a great many runs nowadays, in fact, too many, for scores are frequently made nowadays which were unheard of when we were in our zenith, and there must be something radically wrong in cricket of to-day if batsmen are more successful now than we ever were." This, of course, is admirable reasoning on the part of an old cricketer, and, up to this point, we are willing to agree with him that his cricket was better than any that has been seen since, and our reason for agreeing with him is that it pleases him and does no. one any harm.

Now having detected the trouble and put his finger upon the weak spot of modern cricket, namely, the increased success of batsmen, our ancient sets to work to seek a remedy, and it is now that he begins to prove amusing and make us glad that he has been spared to us. Here is the next sample of his reasoning:—"These batsmen, who are no better batsmen than we were, keep on making more runs than we ever did, which must be wrong. Let us compare the conditions under which we

used to play and under which batsmen play to-day, and let us see if any of these would account for the improper appearance of merit in the batting of to-day."

And so the conditions of cricket of to-day are compared with the conditions of cricket of yesterday, and presently there is a cry from one of the wiseacres, "Eureka, I have found it! Why, of course, when we played cricket nobody came to watch our matches, and we used to run out all our hits, and that's why these batsmen of to-day appear to such advantage, because they are surrounded by a crowd of spectators and play with a boundary; and so they stand at the wicket all day, hitting fours without turning a hair. when I used to make a hit, I ran so greedily for my runs that I was soon so pumped and blown that I got out from sheer physical distress, and, of course, if we had played with a boundary, as do the people of to-day, we should have made as many runs as they do, and if the people of to-day had to run out their hits as we had to. they would make as few runs as we used to. Therefore, let us make the people of to-day run out their hits.

Alas for the shattered hopes of the senile senator of cricket! Had this idea but been permitted to simmer in his brain and never get beyond it, always might he have heard of modern high scoring with pitying scorn and of centuries with supreme contempt, but, unluckily for the ancients, it was somehow possible for this fantastic scheme to be adopted by the committee of the Marylebone Club, as an experiment, at Lord's ground. Great, no doubt, was the delight, and high ran the hopes of our grandparents when they braved the elements in the first week of May to go up to Lord's "to see the batsmen run out their hits as we used to do, and get out quick as we used to do."

Poor Grandpapa, I expect that whenever on the cricket-ground or in his sheltered nook in the Pavilion—he discussed his cunning device of the net with anybody, he was told it was "all rot," and I do not think that he would have minded that very much, for when Grandpapa talks about cricket he often hears the word "rot" used.

I think, however, that what set him thinking seriously was a splendid partnership between Messrs. A. P. Lucas and K. J. Key, playing for M.C.C. and Ground against Leicestershire. With all respect to these great cricketers, neither of them is in his first youth, and they were the sort that Grandpapa thought he might ensnare in his net and deleat by a process of physical exhaustion. However, Mr. Lucas made 95 runs in as quick time as ever he has scored, his figures including four fives and only two fours, and Mr. Key made 101, which included three fives. Here was an upset of the theory of the net, because apart from a hit over the net only counting three—and as there were no hits over the net this made no difference-apart from this, the net actually assisted the batsmen and promoted rungetting, and all the while the batsman was trotting some one or more of the fieldsmen had to be running at top speed to fetch the ball, and then to throw his arm out, hurling it in.

It was after the M.C.C. v. Leicestershire match that the authorities met and readjusted the scheme of scoring with the net, so that hits over should count five runs each, and hits bounding over or through the net should count four runs. This has had

the effect of giving a very great advantage to the batsman over the bowlers and field, and rungetting is now at Lord's under this system a far more easy matter than ever before in the history of the game; hits along the ground frequently realise five, six, and seven runs, whilst, with an overthrow included, a hit for ten would easily occur. The ball is never dead until finally settled in the hands of the bowler or wicket-keeper, and the batsman can keep gently jogging between the wickets whilst the fieldsman is wildly dashing after the ball.

From a batsman's point of view the change is admirable; it is the bowler and the fieldsman who are loudly crying out against the notion, and here lies the humour of it all, that Grandpapa has formulated an elaborate scheme and woven a net to entrap the batsmen of to-day, and when he looks into its meshes for his prey he finds nothing but struggling bowlers and fieldsmen gasping out their lives.

The Scotch Fishery Board's Marine Hatchery.

Two years ago it was decided to remove the headquarters of the Scientific Investigation Department of the Fishery Board for Scotland from Dunbar, in Hadington, near North Berwick, to Aberdeen, and the removal has only now been completed. For the past year, at least, Dr. Fulton has been evolving order out of chaos. His work is not yet complete in detail, but progress has been so far made, and the arrangements so far advanced, that the new hatchery may be said to be for all practical purposes in "shipshape ' order. That the change of site has been all in favour of the hatchery, and the further development of this side of the Fishery Board's work, goes without saying; and already the most sanguine anticipations of those who urged on the change are being more than fully realised. The importance of being within easy reach of the most prolific fisheries around the north-east coast of Scotland, within easy touch of all the great fishing centres of Aberdeen, the Moray

Firth, Wick and the North, make the site chosen one of the most desirable that could well have been obtained.

The Bay of Nigg, where the hatchery is situated, lies to the south of the mouth of the Dee and the entrance to the harbour. It (the hatchery) is within stone's throw of the Girdle-Ness lighthouse, and nestles on the north-east margin of the wellsheltered bay, well protected from the northern blasts and the east winds generally. The only drawback is the south-eastern exposure, which, in a storm, drives the waters from the bay at high tide into the pond. Dr. Fulton, however, is now building a protecting wall of boulders and concrete blocks, so as to break the force of the waves; is also to drive in a line of piles, after the "Casse" principle, further out to sea, and has in the meantime added to the concrete wall surrounding the pond, so that from all these measures he hopes to be more than amply protected.

The offices of the Department

are the most conspicuous figure in the marine landscape at Bay of Nigg at first sight. They are built of red brick, after the pavilion order, and divided into two compartments, the "doctor's room," where the curios are, including an electric ray caught off the shores of the Moray Firth, and just to hand; numerous specimens of various ova, including some rich deposits of herring eggs upon sea-weed, and reckoned at the rate of about 400 to the square inch—in fact, we proved it on the spot, and counted several specimens under a piece of thick paper with the square inch cut Think of a square mile covered after such a manner! What a teeming life when the hatching out begins! The doctor is busy just now on the study of the sand-eel, and hopes, when funds are available, to carry out an experiment on the much-discussed question of how and where cels spawn; but meantime the poor pittance of £1,300, which is all the Treasury grant allows to cover all expenses in connection with the Scientific Investigation Department of the Fishery Board for Scotland, won't stand the strain. The wonder is that Dr. Fulton manages to do all that he does and make ends meet. He is a genius as a manager, but often his ingenuity is sorely taxed. the laboratory department the naturalist attached to the establishment is busy on the life history of the crab, and has secured hundreds of specimens, from the tiny crustacean no larger than the nail of one's thumb, casting its shell and internal organs prior to occupying more space in the crab world, to the more edible specimens so familiar on the breakfast table.

But the most interesting feature of the establishment at Bay of

Nigg is the spacious concrete tank or breeding pond. 90 feet long by 31 feet broad, and from 10 feet to 7 feet deep at the respective ends. It is so arranged that at low neap-tides there is always as much as 6 feet of pure sea-water. When the tide rises the valve opens and the water first flows into the well, where it is filtered before passing into the pond. The valve regulates the supply of water and the height in the pond as desired, and there is always a fresh supply circulating in the tank, while the overflow can also be adjusted to have the tank full or otherwise, as the case may be.

Just now there are 1,000 live plaice in the breeding tank busily at their domestic duties of hatching, and yielding one million eggs per day, which are collected for the hatchery. The plaice were obtained early in the year, by special permit of the Fishery Board. The Maggie Walker, a first - class steam - trawler, was specially chartered for the purpose, and in the prohibited waters to British enterprise, although not so to Germans, Danes and French, of the Moray Firth there was no difficulty in finding plenty of plaice and other flat fish. The weather turned out somewhat stormy, and the first consignment did not arrive in very good condition. They were too long in the wells of the trawler, and the deathrate was so high that a second trawling trip was found absolutely necessary before sufficient stock was obtained. In all some 1,400 specimens were selected in the proportion of five females to two males; but from bruises, accidents and death-rate in acclimatising, that number was ultimately reduced to the stock now in the pond as already stated.

When first turned in from the

wells of the trawler the plaice were sluggish, kept to the bottom, refused to eat and behaved in a manner to cause some uneasiness in the minds of the staff. In a day or two, however, they began to move about and to mate, their appetites returned, and soon they became quite accustomed to their new environment, and rapidly regained their normal condition. At first they were fed on lugworm, but as this tit-bit had to be brought from the shores of the Moray Firth and was an expensive morsel to feed them on, their diet was changed to one of shelled mussel; and the change was evidently relished, for they have thriven beautifully on this mollusc ever since. There is an abundant supply to be had in the immediate neighbourhood, and a fisherman brings a fresh supply daily. plaice soon learned to know feeding time, and when the attendant scatters the first handful on the water, they come swimming towards him in all directions, some even skimming the surface of the pond in their hurry to share the shelled bi-valve, and they will follow him from one end of the pond to the other. Of course this is not an uncommon education with fish bred in confinement, but with fish only a few short weeks from the "wilds" of the Moray Firth, it shows a wonderful development of instinct.

The female plaice emits about 30,000 eggs annually—the same quantity as the herring,—and spawning operations continue over a period of from three weeks to a month, the eggs being emitted as they ripen in quantities at a time. The eggs float on the surface, are transparent at first, and are about the size of very small sago. They are collected in silk float-nets, and carefully conveyed to the boxes in the hatchery.

The hatchery is situated in close proximity to the breedingpond. It was transferred from Dunbar, along with other plant, in a schooner specially chartered for the purpose. The hatchery, along with the engine-house and pump-room, complete the buildings in connection with the modest yet complete establishment. hatchery when fully fitted up will have one hundred and twenty boxes along each side; meantime only one side is in working order. The boxes are cubical in shape with silk gauze filters over the bottom, which prevent the eggs from escaping, and through which the supply of fresh sea-water comes every few seconds. arrangement for keeping a constant circulation of water in every part of every box is most ingenious and complete. The water from the filter flows by siphon into a trough, which is so shaped that, when full or half full, it empties itself automatically, thus saving the labour of pumping the water which had to be done at Dunbar, and the water-bucketwheel which did not work at all The great object is to get a constant current in every part of the hatching boxes, and this arrangement of Dr. Fulton's, which was only on trial at first, but is to be made permanent, seems to meet the want to perfection.

One of the Investigator's greatest difficulties was with the filtertanks. Pure sea-water is an absolute necessity, and although the Bay of Nigg affords as pure water as most places, as far as purity goes, yet there is always an admixture of fine clay or mud which tells of its baneful presence in the hatchery boxes. To get rid of this has called out the inventive genius of the mastermind of the eminent biologist, and

called into play his ripe experience

in practical work.

The sea water is at first pumped into a concrete tank, which holds 120,000 gallons. The tank is erected on a mound, and by gravitation the water passes from the tank into the main filter at the bottom, is forced through layers of bath-towels and blankets, and thence drawn off by siphon to feed the boxes in the hatchery. The filter frames are removed every day, and washed-rinsed in cold water, and are ready to be used again. By an arrangement of steel-wire netting over the filter frames, the pressure of the water from below is distributed equally over the filter blanket, and by admitting the water from below, the deposits of clay and mud fall to the bottom of the tank, and thus the filter is free from being choked up with such débris.

The plaice eggs hatch out in about twenty-one days. For a day or so the sac adheres to them, but they soon drop the shell, and with fins and tail behind a tiny head, like a speck of diamond dust, they may be seen full of life and animation swimming about in the currents of the boxes with all their baby strength. In about a week they are ready for transportation, are carefully transferred to large glass carboys, and sent by rail right on to the shores of Loch Fyne, where in the meantime the experiment of stocking Scotch waters with artificially hatched fish is being carried out. By-and-by, when the hatchery is in full working order, the Moray Firth, Loch Long, and kindred spots will receive their meed of attention in the way of stocking.

Many and numerous are the enemies of the plaice eggs, and the young plaice, the cod, haddock and such like fish are said to frequent their haunts chiefly for

the purpose of feeding on their offspring; and of the large number of eggs emitted from a single plaice only two per cent. ever reach the adult stage. It is quite evident, too, that trawling and over-fishing is also working much havoc with such fish, so that whatever means are taken to restore the natural balance of this most edible fish should be most heartily encouraged. The same may be said in regard to other species, which in time may also have their stock increased by artificial means. When we think of the vast importance of such work in connection with our national food supply, when we think of the vast ignorance of even the most expert fishermen who make it their professional business to catch them, and the vaster ignorance of the mass who eat them of the most elementary knowledge of fish and fishing, we will not grudge Dr. Fulton and the department over which he presides the modest grant £1,300 a year. The wonder is that he is able to do so much on so little; and we think, honestly and conscientiously, that were thrice that sum voted it would not be too much in view of the wealth of the Scotch fisheries alone.

Moreover, it is no hidden secret that our sea fisheries are not increasing. Our trawlers steadily on the increase; our fishing populations are "trekking" to the great centres; but the harvest of the sea is not greater than it formerly was. In some respects, if the naked truth were to be revealed, it is the opposite: and if we are to maintain these fisheries at their full complement, if we are to make barren waters teem with life, if we are to maintain the national food supply at its present vast dimensions, it is only by such work as Dr. Fulton

is engaged in that it can be done. Other countries, that have even less need, are ahead of us in this respect, and it is only in keeping with the educational progression of the times that we should be up and doing in this matter.

G. M. M.

Sporting Pictures at the Royal Academy.

THE world of sport is only fairly represented at Burlington House this year, but on the whole the standard of merit is high. Alfred W. Strutt in "Thanks Awfully" (No. 21) shows an unlucky sportsman who has been dropped waist deep in a brook and whose mount, having apparently cleared the water himself, has been caught and brought back by The attitudes of riders a lady. and horses are spirited, but the good Samaritan in the dark-green habit would be well advised to dispose of that grey; if he is as good as he looks any eighteenstone man would give a long figure for him and she would find herself more comfortably mounted on a much lighter horse. Miss Winifred Austen's "Fallen Majesty" (No. 34), a dead stag, the prey of carrion crows, is boldly treated and with no slight success. C. Dollman's contribution "The top of the hill" (No. 40) shows an old plough-horse which has fallen dead in harness; there is no idealism about the dead horse and the companion standing patiently by him; they are faithfully rendered types of the coarsely bred agricultural animal you may see on any farm. Mr. John Emms sends one of the two hawking pictures in the catalogue (No. 56), a modern hawking party, lady and gentleman on ponies with the cadge just before them; the bag displayed in the foreground is a trifle "mixed"; wild duck, grouse and partridge suggest a hard day's work over a good deal of ground.

Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., is responsible for the other hawking picture (No. 69) in which a lady is flying her falcon at a heron

almost directly overhead.

Miss Maud Earl's "Dogs of Death" (No. 90) are not to be criticised by Kennel Club standards, or indeed by any other. Taking those weird "White Hounds whose baying no man hears" as we find them, in the wintry evening shadows of a wood, we like the picture; there is a something uncanny and fearsome about it that harmonises well with the theme of the poet. The wolf-like beasts may be nondescripts, but Miss Earl has taken no more than artistic licence in devising "the Dogs of Death" in the form that pleased her.

Wheelwright's Roland "Mazeppa" (No. 95) is another rendering of the time-honoured excuse for painting a group of horses; and Mr. Wheelwright's drove of shaggy ponies gathered round their comrade who has fallen exhausted with his burden, contains some well drawn figures. Very good and alert are Mr. Chas. E. Stewart's dogs in No. 124, "Rats." In Mr. Simon H. Vedder's "Flight into Egypt" (No. 166) the Holy Family is relegated to the extreme background; in fact, the group might well be overlooked but for the halo which arrests the eye; the picture is really a very capable night study of two lions creeping over the sand with which their colour blends so well. Mr. Arthur S.

Cope (in No. 182) sends a portrait of the Earl of Stradbroke, Master of the Henham Harriers.

Mr. Alexander Small sends a picture entitled "Salmon Spearing" (No. 412) wherein is depicted a poacher wading chest-deep and bearing torch and short-handled leister. With lively recollection of old poaching tales in mind, one feels interested in this work and would like to know where salmon spearing is thus pursued. In the old days, ere the leister was set among forbidden tools, it was commonly used from a boat, the shaft being twelve or fifteen feet long, and the great secret was to strike the fish as perpendicularly as possible. The method adopted by Mr. Small's poacher does not threaten much harm to the water he is working. Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch can draw a horse and her "Horses Bathing in the Sea" (No. 427) is worthy of her; an excellent piece of work if less vigorous than her "Pony Driving in the New Forest."

In "A Question of Compensation" (No. 514) Mr. J. C. Dollman has a capital picture of old-time hunting; a farmer, attended by a smocked yokel carrying a dead goose in either hand, has poured out before the Master passing with his hounds, a basketful of dead goslings. The figures are excellent. Good too are Miss Hollam's "Going to Work," the hunt servants plodding along leaf-strewn paths in their woodland, and Mr. C. Lutyen's "Hunting Scene" (No. 629). "At His Wits' End" (No. 655) is from the brush of Mr. Strutt; the fox, hard pressed, has scaled the thatched roof of a cottage whose eaves are level with the roadside and is about to go to ground in the chimney. hounds are up and the fox's chance seems a poor one. That old lady who hunts in a donkey cart and

has extraordinary luck in being well up at the end of a run! she is of course on the spot on this occasion. Quite a number of foxes has that aged party seen killed on canvas.

Among the portraits by Mr. Ouless, R.A., we must note an excellent likeness of Mr. A. W. Hornby, presented, as the catalogue tells us, by some friends and members of the Lancashire County Cricket Club. Mr. H. Harris Browne can hardly be concongratulated on the horse upon whose back he has painted Mr. Hudson E. Kearley, M.P.; it is wooden—so wooden that the rider is not likely to miss the curb chain which his groom has forgotten to put on the Pelham bit-but the artist evidently has talent in portraiture. "A Hundred Years Ago" is a nicely finished little coaching picture by Mr. George Wright; a good piece of work if lacking originality. Shooting men must not overlook No. 730, Mr. Douglas Adam's "Straight for the Guns," which is quite up to the level of this clever paintersportsman's work. "Uninteresting" is the unbidden criticism that rises to the lips before the Hon. John Collier's "The Billiard Players"; we do not doubt the excellence of the portraits, but the work is not inspired nor inspiring. The hanging committee have set Miss Mary Cameron's "At the Starting Post" (No. 960) so high that the spectator can see little of the details. Mr. C. Wynn Ellis contributes an excellent hunting picture in "Hark Back!" the whipper-in turning hounds to the huntsman in the distant background. The hounds are admirably modelled, the man is well placed in his saddle, and the whole group is instinct with life and movement.

The place of honour in this

year's Exhibition, at the top of the large room, is properly occupied by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson's great canvas painted for the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The scene is a corridor in Windsor Castle; on the spectator's left Her Majesty is seated and to her the Duke of York is presenting the little Prince Edward,

while the Prince of Wales looks on. The portraits are all admirable; that of Her Majesty, in particular, captures the eye instantly as a most excellent likeness; nor is that of H.R.H. the Prince behind it in merit. There is a simple dignity about the work which is peculiarly appropriate and pleasing.

Ireland and Wild Birds.

In previous articles the writer has discussed the way in which the English and Scotch County Councils made use of the powers conferred on them to make orders under the Wild Birds Protection Acts, and drew attention to the almost indefinite powers given to County Councils of varying, excluding, extending and applying the provisions of the Acts. It is proposed in the present article to deal with the orders made in Ireland under these Acts. four Wild Birds Protection Acts only three (viz., the Acts of 1880, 1881 and 1894) apply to Ireland, and the powers of suggesting orders under these Acts are not vested in one body as in England and Scotland, but are divided between the Justices and the County Councils.

The Justices in Ireland have power to make orders with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant:—

(1) To extend or vary the statutory close time (i.e., between March 1st and August 1st) for all birds.

(2) To exempt particular wild birds from the operation of the Acts.

The County Councils, as the successors of the Grand Juries, have power:—

(1) To add to the list of sche-

duled wild birds (i.e., those birds which are protected during the statutory close time against everybody, even against the owners and occupiers of lands and persons licensed by them).

(2) To prohibit the taking and destroying of wild birds' eggs.

Up to the present time orders under the Wild Birds Protection Acts have been made by just half the counties in Ireland, viz., Antrim, Armagh, Down, Clare, Cork, Galway, Kerry, King's County, Limerick, Longford, Mayo, Meath, Monaghan, Ros-Longford, common, Tipperary, Tyrone and Waterford. But of the orders thus made, five, viz., Cork, King's County, Mayo, Meath and Tyrone, merely extend the close season of the snipe up to October 1st, while five more, viz., Armagh, Down, Longford, Monaghan and Tipperary, extend the same protection to the woodcock and the snipe.

The snipe is, from the nature of the country, much more abundant in Ireland than in Great Britain, and as it is generally in better condition in October than in August, the orders that postpone the time for killing it are a move in the right direction. It ought, however, to be observed that the snipe is an early breeder, and that nests have been found in the Belfast mountains containing a full complement of four eggs before the middle of March, and the young from these eggs are probably in perfect condition by the end of August.

Woodcock have of late years remained in Ireland in far greater numbers during the breeding season, and this is partly accounted for by the fact that there is a large increase of fir plantations in the neighbourhood of their

feeding grounds.

No other birds, besides the woodcock and snipe, receive any extra protection in any county in Ireland, except in four counties where protection is given to the eggs of certain birds, while Clare and Limerick exempt mergansers and cormorants from any protection afforded by the Acts, and therefore permit the destruction of these birds throughout the whole

The mergansers and the cormorants are thus outlawed because of their fishing propensities; for the number of salmon and troutfry consumed by the red-breasted merganser with its sharp serrated bill, which has given it the name of the spear wigeon, must be considerable. It nests regularly on most of the large loughs and in many localities along the seaboard.

It is to be regretted that, as the Act of 1896 does not extend to Ireland, no attempt can be made to protect all birds in particular parts of Ireland. Many of our English County Councils have protected certain well-known breeding haunts, such as Walney Island, Wicken Sedge Fen, Lundy Isle, &c., by an absolute prohibition to take eggs within such areas, and in Ireland a similar protection might very well be afforded in such places as Lough

Erne, in Co. Fermanagh, and the valley of the Shannon, in the hopes of encouraging the marsh harrier to breed there, or on Lough Derg and Lough Portmore, where the shoveller breeds freely, or perhaps on certain rocky portions of the coasts where the chough is still common, and in the numerous gulleries in the inland lochs and other such places which are now left without adequate protection.

The effect of the remaining Irish Orders may be summarised

as follows:-

In only five counties, viz., Antrim, Galway, Kerry, Ros-common and Waterford, are the eggs of any birds protected. All these five counties protect the eggs of the chough; three of them, viz., Antrim, Galway and Kerry, protect the eggs of the chough alone. According to Mr. Ussher, who is one of the greatest living authorities on Irish birds, and whose work on the "Birds of Ireland" is now being eagerly expected by ornithologists, the eagles, of all Irish birds, most need protection; next in need come the choughs, as English collectors get a great number of eggs from Ireland, and when once the peasants find out that the eggs are worth money, they show no mercy to the nests, which are difficult to find, and for the most part only known to the The chough still peasantry. nests along the rocky coasts of Ireland, often in inaccessible positions, but it is rapidly decreasing, and everything that is possible ought to be done to check this decrease. Much might be done if both the bird itself and its eggs were fully protected in every county where it is known to breed.

Both Waterford and common protect the eggs of the

barn owl, long-eared owl, kingfisher, nightjar, heron and woodcock. The barn owl certainly needs protection, for according to Mr. Howard Saunders (" Manual of British Birds"), "it might even be common, but for the persecution it suffers from gamekeepers, ignorant farmers, and dealers in plumes for ladies' hats, fire-screens, &c." The long-eared owl is perhaps more plentiful in Ireland than anywhere else in the United Kingdom. The kingfisher and nightjar are scarce and local. According to Mr. Ussher, there are over 300 heronries in Ireland. more than 60 of which are in co. Cork alone. The Irish heronries are very large, Waterford perhaps possessing the largest.

In addition to the birds already mentioned, Waterford protects the eggs of the following birds, viz., golden eagle, white-tailed eagle, peregrine falcon, merlin, kestrel, hen harrier, goldfinch, siskin, crossbill, chough, raven, turtle dove, teal, water rail, sheldrake, shoveller, black guillemot, and great black-backed gull.

and great black-backed gull. Thirty years ago Thompson, in writing of the golden eagle, says; -" It still inhabits persistently several of the most lofty and retired mountain ranges throughout Ireland." It was rare even in those days, and now can only be said to barely exist, and the same remark applies to the sea or white-tailed eagle, and there is little doubt that many of these noble birds suffer from poison, and perhaps, with the exception of the raven, no bird suffers more so than the white-tailed eagle, for it is above all things a scavenger, and this propensity for carrion leads to its destruction by poison. The eagles' nests are invariably robbed, for the eggs and young command a high price. It is common knowledge that the golden eagle exists in the numbers it does in Scotland entirely owing to the protection afforded it by the owners and lessees of deer forests, where the bird proves itself of great service in clearing the ground of grouse and blue hares, but in Ireland, where there are no deer forests, there is no sanctuary for the golden eagle, the extinction of which is probably a mere matter of time.

In Mr. Ussher's opinion the harriers, as well as the eagles, are very nearly exterminated in Ireland. Until late years the hen harrier was common in Ireland, and perhaps one of the chief causes of its rarity is that it is a very slow flying bird, and falls an easy prey to the gunner from its habit of hunting over the same ground for days in succession, generally at the same time of day.

As for the marsh harrier, one ought to feel thankful that it still All true lovers of birds have to thank a certain Irish landowner for his attempts to protect the few marsh harriers that still frequent his property, and time alone will show whether fortune will smile on his endeavours as it has on those of Loch Eil regarding the osprey. According to Mr. Richard Kearton ("Our Rarer British Breeding Birds"), the gentleman referred to "very kindly held out a substantial reward to any of his keepers for the finding of a nest of the marsh harrier on his grounds, where the species used to breed, in order that my brother might run over to Ireland and photograph it; but it has for years remained unclaimed."

Ravens are generally so very wary and distrustful of men that one would expect to find them making a better struggle for existence, but the poor birds seem to be giving it up in despair. Driven out of England and losing

one by one their strongholds in Scotland, and having to guard themselves against poison as well as the other evils in Ireland, they are rapidly decreasing, and have become very scarce. Gamekeepers and peasants wage an incessant war against these birds, which are usually killed by poison. nests are harried either by collectors or their agents, and there is always a demand in the market for the young birds. The peregrine still holds its own, in spite of much persecution, and the merlin, the smallest and bravest falcon, is perhaps less rare in Ireland than it is in Scotland, and Mr. Ussher mentions it as frequenting the mountainous districts, as well as some of the red bogs of the central plain.

The turtle dove has hardly been known to breed in Ireland, though as a spring visitor it is on the

increase.

The protection afforded Waterford to the eggs of the great black-backed gull is noticeable as being in conflict with the Wild Birds Protection Act, 1880, which, while including all other gulls in the schedule, and so protecting them as against owners and occupiers of land March 1st to August 1st, specially exempt from the protection the black-backed gull. No good thing has ever been said of the black-backed gull except that it is the friend of the seal. seals "lie upon the rocks for hours, and so well acquainted are the natives with their haunts that they raise small bulwarks to conceal their approach. gull, by sounding a note of alarm, thereby informs the seal that danger is close at hand, and if the latter is not disposed to avail himself of this friendly intimation, they will frequently strike them on the head with their feet."

—Dunn's "Ornith. Guide to Orkney and Shetland."

The crossbill, which is protected in Waterford, has of late years bred in increasing numbers in Ireland, a fact which, according to Mr. Howard Saunders, is probably owing to the extension of fir plantations in the various counties.

Roscommon, besides protecting the eggs protected in Waterford, also protects the eggs of the following birds, viz., dipper, divers (all species), dunlin, flycatcher, garden warbler, goldcrest, grasshopper warbler, goldcrest, grasshopper warbler, golden plover, grebes (all species), gulls (all species), hawfinch, hedge sparrow, merganser, nuthatch, quail, redshank, sandpiper (all species), snipe (all species), sedge warbler, stonechat and tree-creeper.

Of the birds mentioned in this list the nuthatch and the haw-finch do not breed in Ireland where the nuthatch never visits, and where the hawfinch is a rare

visitor.

Of the divers in Ireland, only one species, viz., the red-throated variety, breeds in Ireland, and even that variety breeds in diminished numbers; a pair or two still breed on some of the loughs in Donegal. According to Mr. Ussher, ever since the discovery of the red-throated diver's home on these loughs was made, insatiable egg collectors have commissioned their emissaries to take not only the first clutch, but the second and even every other clutch.

Of the grebe family, only two species breed in Ireland, viz., the great-crested grebe, which is particularly en evidence round Lough Neagh, and the dabchick, or little grebe, which is very common.

It is noticeable that Roscommon protects the eggs of the merganser, which is outlawed by Clare and Limerick.

Many of the birds mentioned in the schedule to the Wild Birds Protection Act, 1880, are strangers to Ireland; the nightingale does not cross St. George's Channel, and the specimen which is said to have been shot near the old Head of Kinsale, and is to be found in Queen's College Museum, Cork, turns out to be an example of the rufous warbler. The woodpecker is not an indigenous bird in Ireland, and members of the family are rarely to be seen. The red-necked phalarope, reed warbler, tree pipit, cirl bunting, tawny owl and ptarmigan are either complete strangers or rare visitors to Ireland.

Plovers' eggs require little protection in Ireland, for curiously enough the eggs are but little appreciated there. It is a matter of regret to many bird-lovers in

Ireland and elsewhere that the power of the Grand Juries to make orders under the Wild Birds Protection Acts have been transferred from the Grand Juries to the County Councils by the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898. The Grand Juries were composed of men of cultivation, and were able to understand the subject of bird preservation. The County Councils in Ireland, it is to be feared, are so little inclined to tread in the footsteps of the late Grand Juries that no action can be expected from them in the way of the protection of birds. It should be pointed out that no County Council in Ireland has yet made use of its powers to make an order under the Wild Birds Protection Acts, and all the existing orders are the work either of the Justices or of the old Grand Juries.

Watkin Watkins.

Boxers and their Battles.*

"THORMANBY" undertakes his task of describing a few of the more famous pugilists and their hattles without any illusions. He does not fall into the error of portraying prize-fighters as race of noble and virtuous heroes, nor does he go to the other extreme and paint them ruffianly savages. The boxer of the old P. R. days was generally a man who of necessity led a tolerably clean and wholesome life, during his active career, at all events; and if he had more than his share of courage, moral and physical, in combination with the other sturdy virtues we love to consider essentially English, he is not to be

*"Boxers and their Battles." By "Thormanby." (R. A. Everett & Co.) 6s.

blamed if he were sometimes spoiled by the atmosphere of adulation in which he lived. To look for refinement in the Ring and its neighbourhood were preposterous when the sole end and aim of the business was to pit two men against one another and see which was the finer animal; but in these days we are somewhat prone to lose sight of the fact that man is a fighting animal, and that the quarrels of nations, like those of individuals, are settled by brute force. It is worth observing that pugilism never flourished more greatly than at the period when Britain was engaged in wars which compelled the exertion of her best strength and highest energies. In other words, when



TOM SAYERS.

the truth that prowess in fighting means supremacy was brought home to the nation.

While granting with Mr. George Saintsbury that "All fights are good reading," more particularly when described by a pen so able as that of "Thormanby," and while recognising the value of an institution which made for deification of pluck and sinew, the modern reader is sometimes inclined to pause and ask himself if pugilists were not allowed on occasion to try their manly quali-Take, for exties too highly. ample, that battle on May 6th, 1851, between Nat Langham and Harry Orme. The pair fought one hundred and seventeen rounds two hours and forty-six minutes. It is true that the last eight rounds were almost farcical, and not only the humane, but the sporting spectator must have joined in the cry, "Take them both away, they can't fight any more," when they were so exhausted that either man could only push his opponent instead of hitting fairly. Hear "Thormanby's" account of the last round:---

When they came up for the 117th round, it was with difficulty they both kept their feet, so weak were they. Langham feebly pushed out his left. Orme stepped back. Nat again made a shove, evidently not knowing how far his man was from him, and coming forward with the impetus of his own movement, fell on his knees and hands. His seconds ran up to him, but it was all over.

Well it might be! "Fight to a finish" is a sound principle, but in this case the battle was finished, properly speaking, after Round 107, when Orme turned sick, was almost blind, and "game though he was, told his seconds he could fight no more." The fact that Langham was obviously in no better case induced Orme's

seconds to let him come up to the scratch again. The last eight or nine rounds formed a magnificent display of dogged, resolute endurance, but it was not pugilism. Less satisfactory as a match, in view of the remarkable disparity between the sizes of the men, but more sportsmanlike in its conclusion, was the fight in June, 1857, between Tom Sayers and the Tipton Slasher. Sayers stood about 5 feet 8 inches, and scaled 10st. 7lbs.; William Perry, the "Slasher," stood 6 feet 1 inch, and scaled, fine drawn, 14st. 2lbs. It was impossible for the little man to fairly stand up to his opponent, and in the words of the latter, he went "skirlin' aboot —— dancing-master," loike a doing all he knew to avoid the "Slasher's" fists. At the end of an hour and forty-two minutes public opinion declared that the big man was beaten, when Owen Swift, who had taken a prominent part in getting up the fight, refused to let his man face Sayers again, willing though Perry was to continue. The description of this battle is quite the best in the book, for the good reason that the author was present at it, and has naturally enough a most vivid recollection of the scene.

As a general rule, in the old days fights between Englishmen appear to have been conducted with fairness, but in the earlier years of the century the alien who came to try his mettle with British champion was accorded a reception something less than Fairness sportsmanlike. conspicuously wanting in the fight between Tom Cribb and Molineaux, the Virginian negro. chosen—December—was dead against the black man, to begin with, for the cold paralysed him; but none the less he would probably have beaten Cribb had



TOM SPRING.

it not been for the crafty trick of the Englishman's second, who at the critical moment contrived to get his man a minute's breathing time by bringing against Molineaux the false charge of holding a bullet in each fist. "Thor-(and Molimanby " believes neaux's performances go to support his opinion) that had the negro received fair play he would have won the championship of England. Molineaux had himself and his friends to blame, and Cribb his trainer, Captain Barclay, to thank for the result of their second fight. Had the former been in the hands of men who knew the importance of training, it is more than doubtful whether Cribb would have won.

The author must be congratulated on the manner in which he has presented this series of great fights. We have observed a tendency in other works in the same field to try and obtain "local," or it were better to say, "contemporary" colour by adopting the slang of the old P.R. reporter. "Thormanby" proves that these stories read much the better when done into plain English. The contents of his book are well chosen, and a cordial welcome will surely await the second series of "Boxers and their Battles," whose appearance is conditionally promised in the introductory We are indebted to chapter. the publishers for permission to reproduce the excellent portraits of Tom Sayers and Tom Spring.

Polo and the Measurement Question.

Sir,—How many discussions have taken place on the subject of pony measurement one really cannot say; it has been a source of difficulty since the rules were first framed, and, endeavours to satisfy players notwithstanding, the matter seems as far as ever from final settlement. Some years ago men complained because the Hurlingham Club, the accepted authority on the game of polo throughout the kingdom (and, excepting India, one may say throughout the world), ruled "that the height of ponies shall not exceed 14 hands." Yet anyone who went to Hurlingham to see a match was confronted by the fact that here, in the very headquarters, the seat of government of the polo world, the majority of ponies playing were considerably over 14 hands. open infringement of the rule naturally led to grumbling; the

light-weight players felt that they were outclassed, in defiance of the rule; and the heavy-weights declared the bigger ponies to be necessary, as the game had become so much faster than it was when the 14-hand limit was fixed. Something had to be done. What happened? It was a difficult problem for the Hurlingham Polo Committee to solve, and they approached their task under pres-They, and they only, could settle it as law-givers by general consent. The committee met, threshed out the question, and, in the result, the standard was raised to 14.2. For many reasons, it was hoped that this change marked the utmost limit of polo pony height and that it would remove the difficulty heavy-weight players —indeed, all players—found in mounting themselves. So popular has the game become during the last few years, that welltrained ponies of high class fetch prices ranging from £200 to £750, with the natural consequence that many people have started breeding, or at any rate trying to breed, ponies. The endeavours of these breeders have been recognised and encouraged by the Polo Pony Society (which has been in existence for some years) and by many other important Societies, offering prizes at their shows for broodmares and stallions likely to produce polo ponies. The Societies, in some cases, have set aside their own rules in the effort to promote what may prove a profitable industry, giving classes for ponies 14.2 and under, to meet the alteration in the Hurlingham rules. Now, ponies are measured at Hurlingham by Sir Henry Simpson, the official measurer, who uses for the purpose a very cleverly-contrived machine invented by Mr. A. Rawlinson. This contrivance makes it certain that a pony which exceeds the regulation 14.2 by one-sixteenth of an inch cannot pass the standard; and no pony passed by Sir Henry Simpson does exceed 14.2 at the time of measurement. But it is notorious that ponies for which a 14.2 certificate was granted last week shoot up into 14.3 or even 15 hands this week when pulled out to play, and no objection can be taken to them; after five years old the pony keeps his certificate for life. How is it done? By paring the hoofs, by strong physic,

by measuring without shoes, by walking the pony for hours and presenting him for measurement when he is so tired and leg-wearv that his muscles are relaxed and he actually stands lower than his true height when at rest. Surely this is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, regarded only from the pony-breeders' stand-point; the breeders want to know where they are, for the existing condition of things has produced a difficulty which reflects no credit on anyone concerned. The Royal Agricultural Society, for example, measure the ponies sent to their show for exhibition as they are led into the yard; they will not accept the certificate granted by the senior polo club; and thus we find ponies accepted as 14.2 at Hurlingham and rejected because they are 14.3 at the R.A.S.E. show-The recommendation of yard! the Polo Pony Society would, if accepted by the Hurlingham Committee and incorporated in the measuring rule, do away with an absurd anomaly, and also go far to secure obedience to the spirit as well as the letter of the rule. The Society urges that the certificate should be worded as follows:-"This pony has not, at the time of measurement, been subjected to any unfair preparation." The clause speaks for itself; one can only say, by way of comment, that we should like to see it adopted by the Hurlingham Committee.

SPECTATOR.

Great Transformation Scene.

[Date, May 2nd, 1900. Scene—Lord's. The cricket area bounded by three-foot netting.]

Two "records" (as some press writers say) in one day, viz.: a county match commenced at Lord's on a Wednesday, and a net boundary. Now, there being something new to see, I went to Lord's early and took stock of the new state of things, and, as I fully expected, found the spectators quite ready for a good growl. As the boundary experiment is at present confined to Lord's, there is plenty of room and opportunity also for the growlers in the press and on platforms to relieve their minds, and to "have their say" well out. In the meantime there will be seen at Lord's, whenever the new boundary law is in force, one of the greatest transformation scenes which has met my eyes for many years, which is that the batsmen and the field from having been somewhat lay figures to a certain extent whenever the ball passed a boundary, on Wednesday, May 2nd, sprung into life, and I saw the two batsmen running like lamplighters, with an eye to increasing the two runs to the net which were accredited to them as soon as the ball reached the boundary, to a fourer or fiver, and perhaps a sixer, by stirring their stumps instead of having a cheerful rest and chat with wicketkeeper or umpire, until one of the crowd returned the ball. "rushing and tearing about," as I heard one so-called "critic" express it, is just the thing which Mr. V. E. Walker, one of the greatest authorities in the world, declared to be the test of a good cricketer when boundaries (except the tent or pavilion) were unknown, as pluck and condition, and hard work, willingly borne, were deemed to be the first requisites for a place in a good eleven in the days when all hits were run out. And he was perfectly right.

Possibly, if the new state of things at Lord's continues to exist, the men of to-day will learn the art, which their forefathers knew so well, of covering the boundary with the aid of the field. I daresay, when I name Fuller Pilch, some readers will throw Baily on the club carpet with "winged words," but the servants will pick up the book and lay it on the library table again, and no bones will be broken. Malling in early days was much smaller than the present ground, and it was necessary to have it roped and enclosed by a screen of hop cloths, as the only way of getting the funds in early days was by letting the ground to innkeepers, who had their booths and got a laager of waggons round which were used as stands. Now Fuller Pilch's theory and advice was-"whatever you do guard the out boundaries with men deep out, north, south, east and west, who can start almost before the ball is hit by watching the batsman's form; those rope hits run up like a tailor's bill or a milk score. You must give away two runs, or three sometimes, if good in-fields are drawn away, but with a sharp "point" six or seven yards from the batsman, watching his eye closely, and a good mid-off some fifteen or twenty vards from batsman and more forward than point, who can "dash at" every ball within reach, with a man on the off very deep covering them, you ought to shut in batsman pretty

well on the off; and a man a few yards from batsman's left shoulder, on the "on side," is a handy man when a very quick rising ball breaks in towards batsman's waist, and catches him in two minds, as he may be half inclined to hit and half inclined to stop the ball; and between the two thoughts he is likely to "pop her up," and fall a victim to "short leg."

Now, as regards boundaries, &c., the matter is in the hands of the M.C.C., in which body the old school of cricketers have the greatest possible trust. The modern school will have a new sensation presently, as—as sure as we are born—the M.C.C. will have a very strong word to say about l.b.w., and may make some arrangements which will compel umpires to do their duty, assuming that a law will be enacted which will prohibit batsmen from guarding their wicket against a ball which would have hit it with their person.

Before me at this moment lies a letter from Mr. Herbert Jenner Fust,* dated May 4th, 1900. This noble old cricketer now is in his 95th year, and his handwriting is a model of firm, clear penmanship. Mr. Herbert Jenner Fust (then Herbert Jenner) played in the first Oxford and Cambridge match for Cambridge against Oxford at Lord's in 1827, when Charles Wordsworth, afterwards second master at Winchester, and at his death Bishop of St. Andrew's, was captain of Oxford, and Mr. Jenner scored 47 runs. letter was lent to me Eton very old friend. who is a nephew of Mr. Jenner

Fust, with an expressed wish not to quote it, as of course it would be downright wrong to involve an old warrior in a controversy or commit him to an expression of opinion which would savour of dictation; but there is one open secret which I have leave to disclose, which is that for very many years past Mr. Herbert Fust has maintained that some stringent law ought to exist which will prevent a batsman from guarding his wicket with any part of his body instead of with his bat. He also suggests that six-ball overs may be rather a tax on an eleven which is short of bowling. The occasion of Mr. Jenner Fust's writing was the receipt of Bally which contained an article from the Rev. Alfred James Lowth in February last which his nephew sent to him. In his letter he says that he well remembered Mr. Lowth's bowling in Gentlemen and Players in 1836 at Lord's, and Felix's remarks (in his book on the Bat) when he records how Beagley, one of the players, came to him and asked, "Muster Felix, how be I to play that young gemman's bowling?" The Gentlemen v. Players match of 1836, Mr. Jenner Fust, in his letter, says "was about the last great match I played at Lord's." He was then thirty years of age. It is a charming thing to see a really "grand old man," as Mr. Jenner Fust is, in his extreme old age, taking a lively and honest interest in a manly sport, the very keystones of which are "chivalry, good fellowship and fair play," and an expression of opinion such as that which he owns to as regards screening the wicket by the interposition of the batsman's body is worth twenty times the value of all the arguments of men who delight in "ink-slinging," and average hunting, and who become

^{*} I plead guilty to having often written "Sir Herbert Jenner Fust," which was his father's title. His father was knighted only as a judge, but there was a baronetcy in the Fust family, whose surname Mr. Herbert Jenner adopted on succeeding to the estate.

dry in the mouth when challenged to allude to any match in which they played in their lifetime, in which any cricketer of note of This class any time took part. of men must be made to learn that cricket is a noble pastime for the exhibition of courage and fair play, and is only "cheapened" when run on the lines of a sensational Sanger's Circus for the enjoyment of the mob. I hope "Lord" Sanger will not think I am sneering at him, as I think the entry of his show to a country town one of the grandest shows in the world; and a very instructive show, too, especially when the clown with admirable good manners apologises to the elephant for treading on his corns.

Very likely the new tentative scheme of the M.C.C. will want some modification, such as giving a greater value to a hit over the ropes than an increase of one run only, in comparison with a boundary hit; in fact, this change has been made already, but the old school are delighted to welcome any change which will keep the batsmen and the field constantly on the move.

We must wait patiently for some new legislation about the l.b.w. which will bring back to the bowler the full benefit of his "on" or "off" break.

If the amendment of the Hon. E. V. Bligh is carried, which means that batsman must not interpolate any part of his person on or over the eight-inch area enclosed between two imaginary parallel lines drawn from outer stump to inner stump of the opposite wicket respectively, those lines should no longer be "imaginary" and left to umpires' judgment, but should be marked on the

ground by white chalk lines the same as poping - crease and bowlers' - crease are; two lines, extending five yards beyond popping-crease, would be sufficient.

Averages, championships, records, and sensation reports and vain-glory have nothing to do with the interest or promotion of the game as regards its excellence and value; it is simply a grand English sport which is honoured by and confers honour on those who follow it in the spirit of fair play and good fellowship. There is a very large section of old cricketers who would like to see all hits to the nets run out. as used to be the case when the ball was stopped by the tennis court or any side wall at Lord's.

The old cricketer, who could have taught the modern school how to cover the boundaries with the field, was laid at rest on Thursday, May 17th, at the pretty cemetery at Ealing. In spite of five county matches being in progress, a large company of cricketers filled the cemetery chapel to see Tom Hearne carried to his grave. For very many years he had been the head professional at Lord's. and those who bear his name ought to be proud of it, as he was one of Nature's gentlemen. The clergyman of his parish who buried him said a few touching words to those who stood round the grave, comparing the straightness of his life with his excellence in cricket. It was like St. Paul preaching to the Corinthians and comparing the race of life, with the Isthmian games.

F. G.

[As a friend of many years standing, F.G. is free of the pages of BAILY'S MAGAZINE, although the Editor may not accept his views.]



TRAINED GOSHAWK, "GAIETY GAL."

(Owned by Mr. A. Newall.)

The Sportsman's Library.

FALCONRY is a sport which has been deservedly fortunate in its modern chroniclers, and it may be hoped that the increase of the literature of hawking indicates reviving interest in a sport whose beauties were so much better known to our ancestors than ourselves. No properly constituted man can see a well-trained merlin flown at a lark without being bitten with a craving to become a falconer, and thanks to Mr. J. E. Harting, the beginner knows where to turn for instruction. Now he has the ripe fruit of Mr. . E. B. Michell's experience in a **book.*** of whose merits it is difficult to write without appearing to exaggerate. The ambitious, but untaught falconer, provided with Mr. Harting's admirable "Hints on Hawks," and the work now **before** us needs nothing more. Mr. Michell has trained and flown hawks of nearly every species for thirty years, and he writes therefore with authority; and without the dogmatism that too often proves the amateur instructor in any branch of knowiedge. He has made the art of falconry a careful study, and his pages are distinguished by bright and sound common-sense. make them more attractive they betray restrained humour, lucidity and no mean powers of description.

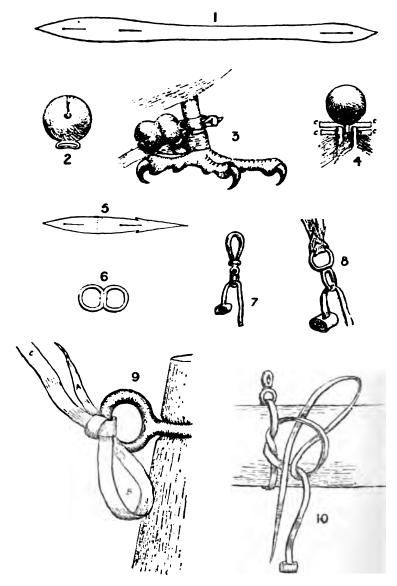
Though the changes that have come over the face of the kingdom ordain that falconry shall never again be a popular sport in the sense that fox-hunting is popular—open to the many—there still remain districts where hawks can be flown, and perhaps when its delights are realised by owners of

moors, grouse hawking will take the place to which it is entitled. There is no difficulty about convincing men of the attractions of any form of hawking, and none as concerns quarry, for the common rook affords as fine an aërial chase as any bird that flies. obstacle to more general cultivation of the sport lies in the attention that must be given the hawks. To train the most tractable makes demands upon time, patience and skill that few in these days of haste and manifold interest care to devote to the task, though the satisfaction of flying the peregrine "manned" and made by one's own hand, -and head—is, as Mr. Michell demonstrates, enough to compensate for all the troubles and trials of the bird's education.

It is impossible to examine this exhaustive and delightful The book at length. begins from the beginning, and does not take us into the field until we have followed through the long, but interesting mysteries of rearing, carrying and It says much for the author's handling of his subject that his chapters on a business which must sometimes be tedious are never for a line tedious in themselves. One or two points Of the astosuggest enquiry. nishing speed of the falcon's "stoop," the author says "it is not flying, and it is not falling, but a combination of the two with some other impulse which we do not understand."

Is not the tremendous impetus obtained by the hawk's instinctive adoption of her pose to gain the aid of air or wind pressure? We find a clumsy parallel in the self-shattering downward swoop

 [&]quot;The Art and Practice of Hawking." By E. B. Michell. (Methuen & Co.).



HAWK'S FURNITURE, BLOCKS AND PERCHES.

(1) Jess. (2) Bell. (3) Hawk's Foot with Bell and Jess attached. (4) Bell for Tail of Short-winged Hawk. (5) Bewit. (6) Ring Swivel. (7) Spring Swivel. (8) Leash, Swivel and Jesses. (9) Falconer's Knot. (10) Attachment of Leash to Pole, Perch and Cadge.

of an ill-balanced kite, the string answering to the muscular power exerted by the bird. As regards the small pebbles given hawks as "rangle" to promote digestion, does not every bird require the same assistance? We need not go for illustration farther than the poultry yard or canary cage.

Mr. Michell seems to doubt

Mr. Michell seems to doubt whether hawking will survive in Europe. If it disappear, the reason must not be sought in the inability of experienced falconers to paint its charms. Mr. Lodge's drawings and the illustrations from photographs are worthy of this most readable and valuable contribution to the literature of sport. We are permitted to reproduce two of the illustrations.

Mr. Teasdale-Buckell's knowledge of guns both as regards the field and the trial-ground is beyond question, and in this book* he has set out the fruits of long and critical experience. would, we do not doubt, be the first to acknowledge that man cannot learn to shoot from a book. but his careful consideration of the many factors which go to make a good shot, and his patient analysis of the negative science of missing cannot fail to be of service to the moderate shot who suspects the cause of his own shortcomings and seeks to correct it. The most interesting chapters in the book are perhaps those on "style in shooting," wherein the methods of famous game shots are discussed by themselves and How far exhausby the author. tive examination of the question of "swing" in taking fast birds will help the shot in quest of guidance is an open question, and the same may be said concerning the part taken in aiming by the right or left eye or both together.

We venture to think that the "personal equation" plays a very important part in these matters; the good shot brings his gun up and covers the spot where his bird and the pellets will meet in a fashion that has grown upon him by long practice. The man who attempts to analyse his own proceedings in detail at the psychological moment is a rarity; wherefore is the more credit to the author and the sportsmen who have helped him with such self-analysis.

The many pages devoted to the science of ballistics, to internal pressures, muzzle velocities, recoil, &c., display thoughtful study, but it is to be feared that the audience to which these matters appeal is a small one outside the "trade." The average man is content to know that his gun does what he requires of it without prying very deeply into the high mysteries of scientific gunnery. In his chapters on famous gunmaking firms Mr. Buckell finds opportunity to review most of the modern improvements which have been made in sporting firearms during recent years. His position for several years as editor of Land and Water necessarily brought him closely in contact with the gunmaking world, and he has apparently tested every notable invention patented during the last decade or more.

"Cricket in Many Climes" * is the title of a volume which comprises the history of five cricket tours in various quarters of the globe, written by the well-known amateur, Mr. Pelham Warner, who was a member of each team, and was Captain of the side in each of his visits to the United States of America. In his Apo-

^{* &}quot;Experts on Guns and Shooting." By G. T. Teasdale Buckell. (Sampson Low & Co.)

^{* &}quot;Cricket in Many Climes." By P. F. Warner. With 72 illustrations from photographs. (London: William Heinemann & Co.) 8vo, fancy cloth, price 7s. 6d.

logia, Mr. Warner says: "Cricket, as our old friend Tom Brown, said, is not a game, but an 'institution'; it is extending its influence wherever the English language is spoken, and it is even said by diplomats and politicians that its friendly intercourse does much to strengthen the amity of nations and to make for international understanding. may, therefore, I hope, be some interest in a record of the game under circumstances very different from those of Lord's and the Oval—upon fields that are almost within sound of Niagara, and in towns that have since undergone the hardships of siege and bombardment."

It was in the winter of 1896-7 that Mr. Warner first tasted the sweets of international cricket, when he visited the West Indies as a member of Lord Hawke's team. Through an unfortunate misunderstanding there were two English teams touring in the West Indies at the same time, which must have been rather more than the hospitable inhabitants of the archipelago either desired or cared for.

In September, 1897, Mr. Warner took a fairly strong team to Canada and the United States, and lost, as is usual with visiting teams, the customary one match at Philadelphia.

The second "tour" undertaken by Mr. Warner was a visit to Oporto in the spring of 1898, where there would appear to be a better display of hospitality than of cricket.

Canada and the United States were invaded for a second time by Mr. Warner in the autumn of 1898, a tour chiefly memorable for the success with the ball enjoyed by Mr. J. L. Ainsworth, the old Marlburian.

The fifth foreign trip taken by

the author was with Lord Hawke in South Africa in the winter of 1898-99, and the history of this tour is likely to prove less uninteresting than that of the others, partly because the cricket approached a higher order, and partly because of the interest unfortunately attaching at present to that country.

Mr. Warner and his fellow cricketers, some of whom it is impossible at times to identify through the cloud of nicknames which envelops their history, appear to have had good times together, and this record of their adventures will doubtless prove a pleasant addition to their bookshelves, and should make an excellent present for them to send to their various kind hosts and hostesses mentioned in its pages.

With regard to the approaching visit of a West Indian team to this country, Mr. Warner's views will be of interest. He says: "The batting will be the weak point of the team, but that may be expected to improve rapidly as the tour advances. . . The bowling and fielding will be the strong points, and I am confident that Woods, Cumberbatch and the rest, if they keep fit, will bowl out many a good batsman. There are many who will think that a long series of matches with the first-class counties will try the side too highly, but I am convinced that they are quite as capable of meeting the first-class counties as the Philadelphians. To expect the team to beat Surrey or Yorkshire would be optimistic, but that they will make a good fight against most of the other teams I have little doubt we shall see."

Miss Christy's little book

^{* &}quot;Side Saddle Riding." A Practical Hardbook for Horsewomen. By Eva Christy. Illustrated. 6s. (Vinton & Co., Limited).

should find numerous readers. is lucid, simply written, and bears throughout ample evidence that she very thoroughly understands what she has undertaken to teach. The scheme is exactly what its title describes, for Miss Christy has particularly omitted all reference to stable direction and management, devoting her pages entirely to the horse, its rider, and the gear for both. She thinks that a lady should teach her own sex to ride, and we fully agree with her. There are advantages in a male instructor, but they are few and insignificant compared with those

which accrue to tuition by a lady. If it be possible to learn to ride "by the book," Miss Christy's is the work that will best answer the beginner's requirement known to us, and those who have acquired the elements of the art of horsemanship will benefit greatly by study of the details and its illustrations. The authoress warns the reader never to think she can ride until she has been on the back of several different horses. We have only cordial praise for an exceedingly practical and sound little treatise, which is distinguished by knowledge and good sense.

Anecdotal Sport.

By "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

I have already casually alluded to sport at the "'Varsities," and I purpose giving here some anecdotes illustrative of the humours of undergraduate life among byegone generations of the alumni of Alma Mater, in days when the dear old lady did not keep such a tight hand over the morals and manners of her sons as I understand she does now. If there are any dons nowadays who read "Peter Priggins" or "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green." they must shudder to think that such coarse amusements as are there described ever formed part, and by no means a small part, of the out-college life of the academic youth of England. the coarseness was not apparent to many of those who indulged in those pastimes, and there were diversions which were harmless enough, though they would hardly

commend themselves to the Dons or the undergraduates of the present day.

Here, for example, is a glimpse of the recreations in which Charles Kingsley indulged in his undergraduate days at Cambridge. One of his intimate friends, after describing their fishing excursions and occasional rides proceeds: — "Besides we these expeditions, others on horseback, and I think at times we followed the great Professor Sedgwick (the famous geologist) in his adventurous rides, which the livery-stable ' jollygizing.' keepers called The old Professor was generally mounted on a bony giant, whose trot kept most of us at a hard Gaunt and grim, the brave old Northern man seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we 424

id—his was not a hunting seat neither his hands nor his feet ever seemed exactly in the right place. But when we surrounded him at the trysting-place, even the silliest among us acknowledged that his lectures were glorious. It is too true that our method of reaching those trysting - places was legitimate, the greater number preferring the field to the road, so that the unhappy owners of the horses found it necessary to charge more for a day's 'jolly-gizing than they did for a day's hunting. There was another Professor whose lectures we attended together, but he was of a different type and character—one who taught the gentle art of selfdefence - a negro of pure blood who appeared to have more joints in his back than are usually allotted to humanity. In carrying out the science which he taught, we occasionally discoloured each other's countenances, but thought that we benefited by these lectures in more senses than one. We had our tempers braced, vea, even our Christian charity: for instance, when we learnt to feel as we knew we ought for those who had just punished us."

The dusky professor of pugilism here alluded to was, I believe, Sambo Sutton, who fought several successful battles in the prize ring, and, besides being a consummate master of the art of boxing, was "a fellow of infinite jest." He had the true vis comica, characteristic of the negro race, and as a clown or buffoon had no superior among his contemporaries. One of his feats, I have heard, was to stand on his head and sing a patter song with a clattering accompaniment of his huge feet.

That things were much the same at Oxford I gather from

Tom Hughes' memoir of the late Bishop Fraser, of Manchester. After referring to various phases of college life at Oriel, of which Fraser was elected a Fellow, his biographer adds, "But, above all, the college was the accepted home of the noble science of selfdefence in the University. It almost supported a retired prizefighter, who had been known in the ring as the 'Flying Tailor' (a first-rate teacher of boxing, however moderate his sartorial talents might have been), and cordially welcomed any stray pugilist who might be training in the neighbourhood and was in need of a pound or two. There were regular meetings in some of the largest rooms two or three times a week, at which outcollege men of all weights, from eight stone upwards, might find suitable matches; and occasional public gatherings at the 'Weirs' or 'Wheatsheaf,' promoted by Oriel men for the benefit of one or other of these professionals. In short, athletics were accepted as the main object of residence at the University, and the other branches of a polite education looked upon as subordinate and inferior.'

Now James Fraser was at first not popular among the Oriel men in his capacity of Fellow and Tutor, and would possibly have remained unpopular to the end but for an unexpected display of physical prowess. Amongst the Oriel athletes at this time was a Scotchman, a scholar of the college, James Mackie by name (afterwards M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire), a man of great strength and stature. He had brought with him from Rugby the name of "the Bear," from the closeness of his hug in wrestling, in which it was believed he had never

been worsted. "He was one of the party (at a particularly festive supper to celebrate the bringing home of the London and Henley Challenge Cups to Oriel) which had adjourned to the grass plot, when the usual warning signal was seen at the Provost's window. Mackie made off at once for his rooms, and, the night being dark, at the entrance of the passage between the two quadrangles ran right up against someone whom he took for the under porter. Which of the two grappled the other was never accurately known, but the collision resulted in a spirited wrestling bout between them; and 'the Bear' admitted it was all he could do to get rid of his opponent, who, after all, was only left on hand and knee, no fair fall having been scored on either side. But the tussle had lasted long enough for Mackie to recognise his antagonist, and no doubt the recognition was mutual; and grave were the fears of those in the secret for some days whether an untimely end might not be put to the career of the scholar, and so a vacancy, hard to fill, be created at number four in the college But nothing happened; and so Fraser, who had been peaceably on his way to the library for a book, got the credit, not only of having held his own with the best wrestler in the college, but of having kept the whole affair quietly to himself, knowing that the collision was an accident. From this time he was spoken of as 'Jemmy,' and attained to the equivalent of 'the most favoured nation' clause in the undergraduate's tutorial code."

Fraser was a keen sportsman, but sternly denied himself all the pleasures he most loved whilst he was an undergraduate from motives of economy. He was a good horseman, passionately fond of hunting, and one of the first things he did on attaining his fellowship was to gratify his taste for riding to hounds now that he was in a position to afford it. But on taking Orders he abandoned sport for ever. Before he actually entered the ministry, however, he resolved to have one farewell burst with hounds. He therefore took a couple of horses down to Atherstone, put up at the noted sporting hotel there, and had three weeks of glorious sport in the "Shire of Shires," a full and minute account of which is preserved among his correspondence. He was also extremely fond of tandem-driving, and was an excellent whip. One last long tandem tour he took with a chum before his ordination, and then bade farewell to that recreation too, for ever.

In my time at Cambridge there was an eccentric but good-hearted Don of Trinity who was an enthusiastic admirer of athletic prowess, and scandalised his fellow dons by bringing one Sunday to the high table in Hall Deerfoot, the famous Indian runner. When remonstrated with, he maintained that he had a perfect right to invite his strange guest as "a distinguished person," there being nothing in the College rules to define the nature of the distinction which qualified a stranger to be the guest of a Fellow. There is a legend to the effect that a Dean of St. John's once invited the well-known pugilist, Peter Crawley, to breakfast at his rooms under the impression that he was member of the University. Peter, in cap and gown, had rescued the Dean from a nasty mêlée in the "Town and Gown row on the previous evening, and the grateful Don, struck with

admiration at the young man's fistic prowess, asked him his name and college. Peter had been duly coached and promptly replied, "Magdalen." "You are a very fine, powerful young man," said the Dean, "and your skill in boxing is something extraordinary. I should like to know how you acquired such proficiency, and shall feel gratified if you will give me the pleasure of your company at breakfast to-morrow." when the morning came Peter was safely back in his own crib, "The Queen's Head and French Horn," in Smithfield, and the Dean was left to ponder on the deplorable fact that such efficiency in pugilism should be accompanied by such deficiency in manners. It was on this incident, I believe, that Cuthbert Bede founded his episode of the "Putney Pet's" academic experiences in "Verdant Green."

A more famous pugilist than Peter Crawley, however, was once an honoured guest at Cambridge, and there is extant an accredited account of his reception among the Cantabs. This was Daniel Mendoza, the celebrated Jew,

whose name for years was familiar as a household word wherever British sportsmen congregated. Dan was at one time under the patronage of a member of Jesus College, a Mr. Honeywood, who afterwards represented Kent in Parliament, and was invited to spend a few days with him at the 'Varsity. The arrival of the renowned pugilist made a great sensation in Cambridge. "Town and Gown" vied with each other in doing honour to him, and he made a rich harvest by giving lectures, accompanied by practical illustrations of the science he professed. Even the Master of Trinity recommended the undergraduates to profit by the famous champion's instructions, and described the profit to be derived from them. While passing through the hall of Jesus College one day, Dan stopped before a map of Egypt and the Holy Land, and in very choice English gave his opinion of Moses (not a complimentary one), the miracles, and especially the passing of the Red Sea, with a vigour of language and a lack of reverence that greatly astonished some of the graver dons.

Herbert Otto Madden.

In racing the most difficult thing, even more so than breeding or buying good horses, is the finding of really capable jockeys, and when a good one is obtained, he is sure to prove to be the best horse in the stable. The ability to ride well is possessed by thousands, but the instinct of the racerider which tells him exactly how much or how little the horse he is bestriding can do, and when the psychological moment has ar-

rived for him to make his supreme effort, is a rare possession. Leading jockeys are not so numerous as leading lawyers, and Otto Madden is one of them. He is twenty-seven years of age, and half-a-dozen years ago was but a moderate winner, his tally for 1894 being twelve winning He came on rapidly mounts. from that date, jumping to fiftythe following year. five in Between 1897 and 1898 he made a much more surprising leap, viz., from 79 to 161, these carrying him to the top of the winning list for that year, and in 1899 he was second to Sam Loates with

He began as an apprentice in Richard Marsh's stable, and has naturally enough been identified therewith ever since. He rode his first race for Mr. Craig, and his first winner for Colonel North, at Newmarket, the mount being on Rough and Ready. In 1891 he won his first important race, riding Unicorn to victory in the Stewards' Cup, Goodwood, for Mr. Brodrick Cloete.

For a jockey of such ability he has not ridden many classic winners, but he was on the back of Jeddah when he won one of the most sensational of Derbys in 1898, and last year he won the Oaks on Musa. It is literally correct to say he won the race, for he got the dead tired Musa home by the finest jockeyship, and when the filly had passed the post she could scarcely take an-To ride his ordiother stride. nary weight of 7st. 6lb. Madden has to waste. What keeps him in the front rank is his capital knowledge of pace and his finishing ability, two qualities that are absolutely essential to the making of a first-class jockey. races which he is proud to have won are the Cesarewitch, Chaleureux, and the Gimcrack Stakes. The engraving is from a photograph by H. R. Sherborn. Newmarket.

"Our Van."

Newmarket Craven. — The Craven was this year a quieter meeting even than usual, and Sloan did not repeat the history of 1899 with a sensational winning sequence. The American jockeys were very much on the spot, in one way or another and Martin distinguished himself by some very erratic work in the Wood Ditton Stakes in which, on Downham, he "played skittles" with most of the five opponents in such a way as to bring forth an objection on the part of the second and a protest on the part of Sir J. B. Maple, owner of Petridge, the one most seriously knocked about. As the second was not prevented from winning through the proceedings of Downham it was thought hard on Mr. Musker that Downham should be disqualified whilst

Martin got off with a reprimand. The only possible punishment that this course could bring upon Martin would be the indirect one of making owners chary of engaging him. The distribution of the awards and punishments of the Turf is notorious for its want of discrimination; and here we have an owner racing in the very best manner punished for the act of a jockey who gets off scot free. That Sir J. B. Maple should have raised some objection was not surprising, for Sam Loates is a mark for the particular displeasure of the American brigade.

Mr. Musker frightened the ring with a couple of his Melton's, one of which, the Schoolbook filly won, whilst the other, the Limosa colt did not. Mirande, a filly by Ayrshire out of Miranda, showed fairish form in winning the Fitzwilliam Stakes, and Flambard, brought to the post in splendid fettle by Wood, gave him an easy ride in the Forty-first Biennial, in its four-year-old stage.

The starting machine acted splendidly, and any fault there was in its working was due to the failure of trainers to teach their youngsters thoroughly. The saving of time and consequent increase of leisure were both noticeable. A very promi-Newmarket official " We were getting marked, behind time, but the startingmachine saved us"; and there is no one who more thoroughly believes in the new method of starting than Mr. Arthur Coventry himself. It gives me much satisfaction to be able to say these things, because I went "baldheaded" in favour of the machine from the moment of its introduc-The opposition to it was very determined, one prominent trainer taking the trouble to write to his patrons saying that the twoyear-olds in his charge would be ruined if the starting-machine came in. The opposition in the process of fizzling out takes refuge in the instances of animals being left at the post. There is no mistake about it when they are left when the machine is at work, for there they remain. Little Johnny Reiff said, "Yes, the machine goes off, but the horses don't." Of course they don't, Johnny, if they are not properly trained to do so; but I quote you on the subject because your little head is as long as most of them. It is not every trainer that will express an opinion on the "gate." The outward and visible sign of a wise head being a still tongue it is cultivated as a valuable asset; but the proverb is losing its force by reason of the numerous exceptions and bad examples. People with strings of two-year-olds to train, and whose intelligence may be guaranteed, look upon the starting-machine with the highest favour. Given fair treatment they expect the youngsters to go off with the flying up of the tapes in the same way that the 'bus horse goes off at the stamp of the conductor's foot on the step (doors to slam are now the exception on omnibuses), and the hansom cab horse as soon as the fare has one foot on the The slave of the fourwheeler is not alluded to because he has no spirit left for any of these things, his sole wish being to sleep peacefully with the driver. Some people there were who knew the starting machine to be "all rot" before they even saw it. One of these I encountered in the paddock at Newmarket, the day after the experiment of the Jockey Club in holding four races specially for the machine. "Were you here yesterday?" he inquired of a friend, who replied in the negative. "Neither was I," he continued, "I took good care not to come near the d—d thing!" That is the way to approach a novelty with a fine open mind.

Epsom Spring.—Mr. Dorling has shown such aptitude in providing good turf at Epsom, that he is to be sincerely condoled with on the persistent east winds that dried things up, and for the first time for many years brown patches were observable in front of the stands. That portion of the Great Metropolitan Course which is on the hill is never up to much and this year it was of turnpike road hardness, and rough to boot. Renssalaer, having beaten King's Messenger, at even weights at Lincoln, was all the rage for this, but King's Messenger, meanwhile, had won a race at Derby—that race in which Kempton Cannon appeared as an

apprentice—and this indication of returning form was supported by his appearance in the paddock. In one way it was a remarkable race, for King's Messenger, who had been badly placed throughout, seemed hopelessly shut out at the distance. There was room for him to pass inside Renssalaer, but when Morny Cannon attempted to do so Sam Loates closed in on the rails. The upshot was that Cannon had to bring King's Messenger round outside both Renssalaer and Roughside when close home, and then his mount put in some wonderful work and averted what would have been the unluckiest of defeats.

Next day, in the City and Suburban, M. Cannon was again on the winner, The Grafter, and here it was he who was in the position to decline being passed on the inside. It was a very indifferent start, some being out of it from the fall of the flag, and, to make things worse, Strike-a-Light ran full into Fascination, who was driven through the chains, whilst Hearwood and Guidwife were also sent flying, their jockeys being thrown. Soon after entering the straight The Grafter came out with the race in hand, but, to the end of time, there will be people who will argue that had Innocence been able to get through, he would have won. All I can say is this, if people there be who can say how much Cannon has up his sleeve on such occasions then fortune-making should be an easy thing to them. The accident in the race caused McCall to be seriously injured, as, curiously enough, C. Rickaby had been earlier in the afternoon through his mount, Serio Comic, falling over the chains; the discovery was made that Epsom possessed neither ambulance room nor ambulance, and the injured boys took

it in turn to occupy Mr. Dorling's table, on a mattress. calendar of the same week appeared a notice enjoining clerks of courses to provide ambulances, and also notice boards calling for the attendance of a doctor, it having struck the Jockey Club for the first time, apparently, that such things are necessary. would not be going too far to insist upon the provision of an ambulance room, with truckle bed, as is done on most modern racecourses. At Newmarket an ambulance is provided—but patient would have to be carried to the Rous Memorial Hospitaland people injured by falls from racehorses are frequently not in a condition to be moved at all.

Mr. Musker showed us another Melton, the filly by Monte Rosa, with which he won the Westminster Plate.

Sandown Second Spring.—At Sandown, during the last three days of the week, they distributed money galore, but in the flat racing the class was nothing great. The valuable Stud Produce Stakes. nominations for which were made in June, 1897, so it does not come under the operation of the new rules, went to the colt by Trenton out of Polly Eccles, and the Esher Stakes to Ocean Rover, who had won at Newmarket, whilst Saliel, entered by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, whose retirement from the Turf, in the interests of his shareholders. was accorded due prominence, won the Tudor Plate. Nothing beyond this statement of fact is necessary. The new ten-thousand-pounder, the Century Stakes, falsified the inflated prospects entertained by some at its inception whilst verifying the more modest anticipations of others. With Flying Fox removed the race lay between Manners and Osbech, and the last - named, having improved

more than the other, won. There is no more than this to be said. No opportunity presenting itself, Mr. Musker did not produce another Melton two-year-old.

The third day was devoted to steeplechasing, and the Grand International Steeplechase three miles and-a-half brought out Hidden Mystery. It also gave us a sight of Bucheron, the property of the Count de Vougeons, who has won some valuable races in France. He struck one as a very powerful animal and fit. He ran prominently for two anda-half miles and then ran out beaten, some said, though he had won in France over this distance. Hidden Mystery was carrying 12st. 9lb., but that burden did not trouble him much in the circumstances, and he won readily enough when sent out at the end after waiting on Cushenden.

Newmarket Second Spring.— This meeting was big with eventualities, for we were to see what sort of temper Diamond Jubilee was to be in. That he had come on most satisfactorily was known, but all the world was also aware that he was addicted to going for his jockeys, both Watts and M. Cannon having narrowly escaped annihilation at his teeth and hoofs. Well, for all the temper he showed, Diamond Jubilee might have been a sheep. The most cursory paddock examination of the horses for the Two Thousand Guineas was enough to place Diamond Jubilee in a class by himself. In view of the good terms existing between him and H. Jones, the boy was deputed to ride him. There was no delay at the start, Jones did not hustle his mount, and Diamond Jubilee came away when the race was half run in a way that made hacks of the others. His royal owner was there to see him run, and loyal and sincere congratulations were expressed in the usual manner. People who had heard a lot about Diamond Jubilee's temper were much impressed, and the appearance of his rival Forfarshire, two days later, in the Brinkley Stakes, was eagerly looked The distance of this forward to. race was a mile and-a-half, and though it is of small value, the opportunity for giving Forfarshire a public outing was much appreciated. The difficulty was to get anything to run, no one being keen to pay £5 for seeing Forfarshire canter away with it. However, arrangements were made whereby Ardmore started, the condition being made to take Forfarshire along at the best pace possible. Forfarshire, giving 17 lbs., won easily enough, but so far from his performance improving his position in the Derby quotations, Diamond Jubilee became a pronounced favourite. Seeing the two colts within a couple of days of each other, we were enabled to compare them with one another, and many an one thought 7 to 4 a good price to take about the Prince's horse, who had started third favourite for the Two Thousand.

The One Thousand Guineas was voted a very open race, and the success of Winifreda, whose solitary outing as a two-year-old resulted in her winning the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, was as much justified as would have been the success of any other competitor, though Vain Duchess seemed to have the best form on the book.

Mr. Musker won two races with his Meltons, the Stole colt winning the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate and a new one, the Minera colt, the May Plate. This was said to be the best of them seen out, so far, and during the following week the colt was sold

for £10,500. The third day of the meeting was visited by an extraordinary storm of dust, a small cyclone apparently lifting the soil from many acres and depositing it over the heath and stands, the last-named fortunately just missing the centre of the storm.

Chester.—Chester is so popular with the sport-loving population of the extensive district, which takes in Liverpool and even Manchester, that bad weather keeps but few away, and we had a taste of both good and bad. was no Royalty this year and, besides, the loss sustained by the House of Grosvenor and the war, might be expected to have farreaching results. But, such as they were, they were less than had been anticipated, and the whole thing went like the proverbial marriage bell. Chester was proud in the possession of a new range of stands, and a fine lot they are, as handsome and as commodious as any in the kingdom, supposing any others to be as good. The members now have a handsome, sharply-sloped lawn to walk upon, and the scheme of all the enclosures is to have them all on the slope. Plans had been prepared providing for accommodation on the roof, and these were passed, but the Town Council, who are the landlords, subsequently vetoed this arrangement with the result of much incon-There was no strucvenience. tural objection to this arrangement and it was thought not to be upto-date—that was all. The success of Chester dates from the entry into its management of Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, though it would not be right to withhold mention of Mr. Cunnah. It was not possible to do much with the course, but the straight has been made as straights should be though it is not more than three hundred vards.

The Cup went in accordance with recent public form and in keeping with the horses for courses Between the conformation of the Northampton and Chester courses there is not much difference, and with Roughside giving Flavus a stone and a neck beating at Northampton, Roughside became a very negociable quantity at Chester when Flavus won the Wynnstay Handicap of a mile and-a-half. Half the battle was to get a clever jockey like Sloan on his back, and the American astutely pushed him to the front and taking the rails practically said, "Now pass me who can." In the sequel no one could. Mornington Cannon rode some fine races, notably two on Quassia. In the first he just got up to win by a head and the next day, carrying 8lbs. more, he just got up again, to win by another head. The American candidate for the Derby, Mr. Keene's Disguise II., was seen out, but did not impress one as being a danger to Diamond Jubilee or Forfarshire, although Mr. J. R. Keene came over to see him win at Epsom. Mr. Musker ran three Meltons, the La Roziere colt wining the Mostyn Two-yearold Plate. The Philomel filly, out for the first time, was beaten a neck by Cassine, a Newmarket winner, whilst the School-Book filly was left standing at the post for the Ormonde Two-year-old Plate, with 5 to 2 betted on her.

The Kempton Park Jubilee.—
On the first of this two days' meeting the Kempton executive ventured upon a departure which was far from being a success. The card consisted of seven races (always one too many at a suburban meeting), two of them being of the value of 1,000 sovs. each, and of the other five three were

selling races of very moderate class. By an extraordinary piece of stage management, one of the £1,000 races was put first and the other one third, the result being a pronounced anti-climax. Owners' claims were given as the reason for the arrangement, but it is difficult to understand that a Twoyear-old selling race could interfere with the May Handicap for three - year - olds and upwards. Never before have I seen so little interest taken in a race of this It was won by a New Zealander, Altair, whose sire, Castor, was expatriated to the antipodes, and his success was taken to point strongly to the chance of Merry Methodist for the Jubilee Handicap on the following day. The other £1,000 race was the Stewards' Handicap of six furlongs, and it was a sort of foretaste of the Royal Hunt Cup and Stewards' Cup. Fosco was at the top of the handicap, and if he would but condescend to show his best form the race was his. But he tells nobody anything now; and one cannot even say that he races when he likes for he elects not to race at all. With great perspicacity Birkenhead and Waterhen were picked out as first and second favourites, and they finished first and second, separately a neck. Birkenhead, ridden by Mornington Cannon, was in front and thus scored the first win of his career. That he will ever do much better than this there is little hope. The same stable supplied the next winner in the colt by Blairfinde, out of Income, after an incident for which racegoers had been waiting with some confidence. This was the suspension of the American jockey Martin for ambiguous tactics. The riding of no jockey has ever been the cause of so much unfavourable comment as that of

Martin: and it was considered to be begging the question to suggest that he is so incapable as to be unable to keep his horses straight, the weak point of the American style of riding. "What do you think of Martin's riding," had been a common question at Newmarket, and the tone of the questioner rendered it unnecessary to ask his opinion. In this particular race, the Spring Two-yearold Plate, Martin, on Mr. Musker's colt by Orion out of Dunover, went right across the others at the start, his interference with the Income colt being so bad that Cannon had to pull up. Fortunately for justice, the Income colt finished second to the Dunover colt, and Cannon lost no time in lodging an objection, the result of which was the disqualification of the Dunover colt, and the suspension and reporting of the jockey to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who suspended his licence till June 9th.

The crowd to see the Jubilee Handicap run was nearly enough a typical one, too nearly so as to numbers to please the habitué, who is bewildered by the babe! (or babble, if you please) of hundreds of excited females hungering for tips and unsatisfied with anything less than a certainty at 10 to 1. The tenants of the members' enclosure and stand at Kempton on such a day are largely feminine, and they are assiduous in their attendance in the paddock to see the horses, and at the sale-ring side when a selling plater is being

disposed of.

Merry Methodist came in the betting sure enough, but, surprising to state, there was a tremendous run on The Grafter later on, in spite of the 14lbs. extra he was carrying. The gentleman who won £22,000 over The Grafter's success in the City and

Suburban was not one of his followers this time, for he went over to Merry Methodist, and it was by very little only that he failed to score again. It was an eventful day for him, for in the morning he had become the possessor of Mr. Musker's Melton colt, out of Minera, for 10,500 guineas. Le Blizon was carrying 14lbs. extra, Flambard, who looked exceedingly well, and Jubert 5lbs. extra, and their weights seemed to put them out of court. By one of these freaks that so often occur in racing, the chance of Sirenia was not thought of by any but the small bettors, although she finished up the autumn by winning, in the same week, the Midland Counties Handicap at Warwick, and the Lancashire Handicap at Manchester. haps people thought that she would not show at her best until autumn came round again. good thing that Merry Methodist was thought to be was clearly shown by the way he was sent about his business, and he came away several lengths clear. He looked like having matters all his own way until Sirenia tackled him half-way along the straight, and her stout finish settled the matter, she winning by a short head. We are accustomed to see Sirenia win by very little through resolute finishing, and this race was but a replica of the Duke of York Stakes of 1898, when she beat Mount Prospect by a head. The Lancashire Stakes of last year she won in the same way, beating Kopely by a short head; and it is noticeable that a good price has always been obtainable about her whenever she has won. The pace was very fast, but the swerve of Merry Methodist near the end which cost him the race was probably due more to the whip than to actual distress, for three

strides from the post Sirenia was farther in front than the head she won by.

The distance of the Jubilee Handicap has been increased to mile and-a-quarter, and the additional quarter of a mile is in every way an advantage. this particular course it is a good thing to have the race confined to a few when the turn into the straight is reached. In order to get the distance, an extra furlong, of course, had to be constructed, and this was very sensibly done by means of a strong slope, a lesson possibly being taken from Lingfield. The effect of this is to make the start plainly visible from the stands.

A noticeable effect of the new rules governing the racing of twoyear-olds was seen in the disappearance of the Royal Stakes, formerly one of the most valuable of the Two-year-old events.

Trainers and Owners.— ${
m The}$ opinion that the case of Darling v. Rutherford is one which should never have gone for trial, or, at any rate, should not have got into the papers, is not shared by owners of racehorses. The quarrel was a small one indeed, the sum of six guineas for fees to jockeys for riding trials being all there was at issue, but Mr. Rutherford was right enough in declining to pay fees for trials run with his horses without his knowledge or consent. Some would go so far as to say that he was entitled to some consideration by way of damages. Mandorla was one of the horses in question, and through lack of information she got into a selling race, where she was sold for 1,050 guineas—850 guineas more than the conditional selling price, so that Mr. Rutherford was that amount out of pocket, less than the value of the stake, £127 net. Mr. Rutherford no doubt wanted to establish a principle, and the case was exceedingly useful in laying down one, to the effect that no public trainer has the right to try together the horses of different owners without their consent and without putting them into possession of the complete details of That so obvious a the trial. principle should require the aid of the law to establish it is nothing in favour of our Turf No doubt a chapter practices. on trials, public and private, would make capital reading, but I do not think it could be published without causing trouble. For an extraordinary argument on this case the reader is referred to the Sporting Times of May 12th. Herein the writer argues that Mr. Rutherford was rather a lucky man than otherwise to have been kept in ignorance of the trial because, in that event, he would have run Mandorla in another race, which he would have lost, and so he would not have won the stakes and bets he did. All of which, of course, goes to show that a trainer is quite justified in keeping the secrets of the trial ground from the owners who buy the horses in the first instance, and pay for their training in the second. The question of principle is not worth considering, I sup-

Hunting—The South and West Wilts.—We owe an apology to Major Browne for saying he was weary of the duties of mastership in this country. No one can be more genuinely glad when a popular master tells of his strong wish to return to the country, and another letter from an independent source speaks of the singular freedom of this sporting country from the troubles from which, as well as other countries, it has not been wholly free in the past. While the master is doing

his duty, the interests of the Hunt will not be neglected, and Lord Heytesbury and a committee will keep the Hunt together till the time of his safe return, to which all look forward anxiously.

Polo—Hurlingham.—With all the chief events somewhat later than usual, the Hurlingham programme for May presented no very strong features of interest until the Social Clubs Tournament began. Like everything else, that series of matches was affected by the war. It is precisely those clubs which have most polo-playing members which suffer most from the numbers of men at the front.

The Pitt (Cambridge) is a new and very formidable candidate, but the writer would like to have seen a Bullingdon or Vincent team to oppose them. These University clubs, though in the strictest sense "social," yet have rather a wide choice among their old members. The Wellington, White's and Ranelagh are all clubs which have polomen among their members. But White's has lost its strongest man by Mr. George Miller's unlucky accident.

But the chief event which has marked the match was the final for the Trial Tournament between—

A.
Mr. W. McCreery
,, T. Gilbey
,, W. Buckmaster
,, L. McCreery

B.
Lord Harrington
Mr. Mackey
Major R. Houre
Mr. A. Rawlinson

These were very representative teams, Messrs. Buckmaster and Rawlinson of first - class polo, Messrs. Mackey and McCreery being American players, Lord Harrington one of the oldest hands at the game, Major Hoare fresh from India, and Mr. T. Gilbey representing county polo. It was a remarkable game to start with. Lord Harrington slipped away with the ball, being never

caught, and scored for B, but the A team soon got level. And the net result of all the galloping and hitting was that at half time the scores were 3 all, and no one could say which would win. So far the B team had scored first, but now the A team, served by fast ponies, secured a goal, and for the first time held a lead. Then Mr. Rawlinson hit out, and his side, by good passing and hard hitting, succeeded in scoring their fourth and last goal. "tens" now left, and the score at 4 all. But in the last period, the A team were notably a little the stronger; possibly they stayed better than their opponents, at all events they made two more goals, and won a very good match by 6 to 4.

Three events in the month of June to which we shall all look forward, are the Handicap Tournament, the Champion Cup, on June 18th to 23rd, and the Pony

Show, June 30th.

There are no changes of importance at Hurlingham this year, except that Major Peters acts for Captain Egerton Green. Mr. St. Quintin and Captain Blacker are still in charge of the polo arrangements. The Hurlingham ground looks very well, and the polo men as usual have the best of turf to gallop over.

Ranelagh.—It is difficult to help being, or at all events seeming to be, too strong in our praises of Ranelagh; but the fact is the polo man is so well catered for here that be he player or spectator he takes his pleasure amid surroundings at once beautiful and We have little doubt luxurious. that the splendid management of this club owes much to men like Doctor George Hastings and the Brothers Miller. It is a mark of the wisdom of the expenditure on the new pavilion that it brings

more lookers-on to see the game than ever before. To the writer, who has watched the club from its start in 1894 to its present prosperity, the improvement is Most of all is a tribute marked. due to committee and managers for the great improvement in the polo ground. It is well known that to make the quality of the turf equal to the beauty of its situation was in the case of the old ground a serious problem. But it has been solved, and if it not the best ground England, yet there are few better. Therefore it is not surprising to find that in addition to the old members there are a good many recruits this year, these helping to fill up the blanks left by the members absent at the war. club is fortunate in having Mr. C. D. Miller to help his brother George, and still more so because the latter is now for a time laid up. As the best match so far for the Hunt Cup is still in the future as I write, the Saturday (May 5th) game may be taken:—

Considering that ponies like Lady, Bridegroom, Mademoiselle, Little Fairy and Elstowe were in the game, we were justified in looking for a fast game, and we got it. If the V. D. had been asked to pick the winner, perhaps the Pytchley would have had it, but the choice would have been a wrong one, and Ranelagh looked a winning team from the first. Comte de Madre, who is that very rare thing a No. 1, has come on since last season, and, seeing that his ponies are very fast, it is difficult to escape him. Mr. McIvor, without Comte de Madre's experience, also tried hard to ride off Lord Shrewsbury, but what are you to do with a man who rides ponies fast enough to win a selling plate any day? Mr. Walter Jones believes in having fast and well-trained ponies, and when he was away for a run there was no catching him, while Mr. Foxhall Keene is an admirable near-side hitter. No first-class match is complete without at least one American player and several American ponies taking part in it. Altogether Ranelagh made an excellent show in a match which took some winning, for at the end of forty minutes the scores stood at The Pytchley were in the fifth ten defeated, once by real good play when Mr. Jones made a run and placed the ball for Mr. F. Keene, who, being exactly where he ought, hit it through, and again because the Pytchley were out of their places and gave an opening. Then both sides played steadily, and there was no further scoring.

Wimbledon.—This club was started well, with its ground in good order, its players in good form, and with the prospect of a series of good matches before it. The new tea pavilion and the club house are all added attractions to players and spectators to play, or look on at the galloping game on the sound old turf which is the pride of the heart of the captain, Mr. T. B. Drybrough. Their chief match so far was played at Ranelagh, but I think Wimbledon must take credit for sending out so strong a team.

WIMBLEDON PARK.
Mr. Baring
"Mackey
"P. W. Nickalls
"T. B. Drybrough

RANELAGH.
Capt. Lambton
Mr. Cecil Nickalls
Lord Shrewsbury
Sir H. de Trafford.

There were some good ponies, but most of them are well known, except the short-tailed, whitefaced brown Bayleaf, which Lord Shrewsbury brought out for the first time. This pony is as handy and smart as can be, and should make a very good one indeed. was a fine game, in which the victory rested with Wimbledon, because Mr. T. Drybrough made very few mistakes as back, and, despite the fact of a nasty fall the day before at Hurlingham, was in excellent form. Ranelagh began first to score, and was ahead on the board till before half-time, when Wimbledon began to creep Mr. Pattison Nickalls and Mr. Mackey seemed to play themselves into shape, and in the latter half of the game one or other of them was continually galloping with the ball. In the sixth period they made two goals in very rapid succession. very good goals were seen in the course of the game. The first was made by Lord Shrewsbury, who, galloping with the ball, had an angle shot which went across. With the quickness of thought he saw that he was going to miss, and, getting to the ball, hit it back in front of goal, where Mr. Cecil Nickalls got it through. The second was when Sir H. de Trafford had continually saved his goal, and Mr. T. B. Drybrough wheeled on the ball and hit a back-hander between the posts.

But the victory was a good one for a young club, for they had a strong team to tackle. In the meantime the rest of the members were preparing themselves for like successes by a series of galloping members' games.

The Plymouth Glub. — This club has now begun its third season. While it naturally looks for its chief support to members of the Services, civilian members are welcome and are increasing in number. Civilian members are, indeed, almost necessary to the

permanence of a club, since it often happens that the withdrawal of a particular regiment or battery will otherwise cause a club to pass into a state of suspended animation. This club began its season with a match between the club team and Garrison Artillery team. After a close and fast game, the R.G.A. won by 4 goals to 2.

Polo Ponies at the Crystal Palace. — The Crystal Palace brought together a very good collection of ponies, but the sale afterwards was an absolute farce, inasmuch as probably not more than a dozen ponies were sold. The Keynsham Park Stud Company were successful with two ponies bred on Polo Pony Stud-Book lines. Game Chicken, a chestnut pony by Stilton Pride— Oh My, won easily in weightcarrying novices. He is a trifle slack in his couplings, but no pony showed better in the ring, and the judges evidently had a pleasant ride. As to other winners, St. Moritz, by Mootrub, is exactly confirmation of Sir Walter Gilbey's views on pony breeding, as expressed in the Live Stock Journal Almanac for 1900. He is a cross between Arab and English. and his successes are likely to raise the reputation of Mr. Montefiore's Arab. The two best ponies in the show, as far as looks went, were undoubtedly Dandelion, belonging to Lord Kensington, and Biograph, the property of Mr. R. W. Hudson.

Polo Ponies of 1900.—The impression left on the mind by visits to Hurlingham and Ranelagh this spring is that the ponies never were so good, either in quality or in manners, as they are this year. But it is particularly in the matter of training that the improvement is noticeable. The yawing, pulling, bounding brutes of years ago

are now almost unknown, and would scarcely be tolerated in first-class polo nowadays. improvement which this worked in the game is enormous, and in the actual quality of polo, in combination, in keeping places and in passing, our second-class matches of to-day are better than the first-class ones of years ago. This is due, of course, in part to the more numerous opportunities for play and practice, but still more to the careful schooling of ponies. When men come to realise that almost the whole pleasure, and quite two-thirds of our proficiency, depend on having really well-schooled ponies, we shall see more attention paid this each year.

The Polo Clubs.—The writer calculates that, exclusive of Hurlingham and Ranelagh, there are about 1,000 civilian players; add to these about 1,500 soldiers, and say that Hurlingham and Ranelagh have about 100 members between them who do not belong to other clubs, and allowing for occasional players, veterans and clubs in a state of suspended animation on account of the war, we find that there are probably about 3,000 playing members. This again gives about 10,000 ponies on active service, of which the greater part do nothing else but play polo.

These calculations are probably a good deal under the mark, and in any case are only approximate. Taking the average value of a polo pony at £50, this gives a capital of £500,000 in ponies alone. About thirty-six clubs are on the list. This year is probably one of the worst in recent times. In addition to the clubs on the list, there are those which, like Aldershot, Woolwich, Portsmouth, Oxford, Cambridge and Wellington, are dependent on

varying conditions, and fluctuate accordingly. The figures enough to show the social and commercial importance of the

game.

Our Losses.—Anyone who looks at the Ranelagh polo picture, or rather at the engraving, can but be saddened when he thinks of the number of those whose portraits are in the picture who are no longer with us. Mr. Jack Drybrough's play will not soon be forgotten either at Rugby Lord Ava had a or Ranelagh. personal charm that was one of the factors in the success of the Ranelagh Club. There is also the popular Captain Gordon Mackenzie gone from us. More recently we have lost Captain C. E. Rose, one of three willing brothers, of whom two now have given their lives to their country.

In Captain Rose we have lost a friend, and we mourn a pleasant companion, a fine horseman, a keen polo-player, and a gallant soldier. To him, if to anyone, life might have been easy and pleasant. Wounded in the service of the Niger Company, he had been home but a week or two when the summons came to serve in South Africa, where he met a soldier's death. This or glory he had sought, and none can say

which is the happier lot.

Of Captain Maclaren and Lord Kensington the news is good, and letters have been received from Captain Ricardo and Mr. Ansell in Pretoria. There is also Captain Haig, of the Inniskillings, a prisoner. By the end of this month they may be free again. We should not cease to rub into the authorities at home how splendidly all the great polo men have done, not only in mean courage, but also intelligence. Baden-Powell, Rimington, Gallais, and Scott-Chisholm are

four names of varying but most undoubted distinction for capacity.

It is not too much to say that the losses and distinctions of poloplayers has given the game a new rank among national pas-

The County Polo Association. —The report of the committee of management of this body is most satisfactory reading. The secretary, Mr. A. B. Charlton, stated that there was a satisfactory balance after the payment of all The following clubs had continued their support: Catterick, Cirencester, Cricklewood, Edinburgh, Four Shire, Kingsbury, Liverpool, Middlewood, North Wilts, Rugby, Stansted, Warwickshire, Wirral. In addition to these, a new club, Hutton, had joined. Mr. G. Herbert Pilkington was elected President of the Association for the coming year, and the following committee of management was selected: - Mr. Adamthwaite (North Rugby), Mr. W. A. Ball (Wirral), Mr. Daniel (Cirencester), Colonel Sanders Darley, Tresham Gilbey (Stansted), Mr. Tree (Warwickshire), and Mr. H. Whitworth (Middlewood). Hon. Divisional Secretaries were Mr. Ball (North), Mr. C. Adamthwaite (Midland), Mr. Daniel (South Western), Colonel Sanders Darley (South Eastern).

Hurlingham has fixed July 4th and 7th for the semi-finals and finals of the County Cup. report is of great interest and This year is most satisfactory. one of great trial and difficulty for county clubs, and to find the Society so strong and flourishing is very gratifying to lovers of the

game.

County Clubs.—Warwickshire, Cirencester, Holderness, Stansted, have all begun to play already, 1900.]

and doubtless others of which the V.D. has not yet heard, will soon be in full swing. I regret that Eden Park, one of the pleasantest of clubs with a splendid ground, will not play, nor will Chislehurst. The closing of these clubs ought, however, to give a stimulus to the **London Polo Club** at the Crystal Palace, which is vigorously managed, and has already played some good games this season.

The Four Shire Club.—The late president of this club, Captain Dennis St. G. Daly, was playing in London for his old team, the Freebooters, last Saturday. He has been succeeded by Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford. Thanks to the enthusiasm of the Secretary, Mr. A. Gott, in spite of losses by the war, the club will play this season. They have a good ground in Mr. Freeman-Mitford's park. The name is adopted because the members come from four counties, at the meeting-point of which is the ground. These are Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire.

Polo Accident.—We are glad to know, on going to press, that Mr. George Miller, who unfortunately broke his collar-bone on Saturday, May 12th, by his pony falling during a match, has had a rapid recovery, and once again is seen at the Ranelagh polo pavilion organising the games and matches on behalf of the well-known club he so ably re-Luckily his brother presents. Charlie had just arrived home from India, and was therefore to undertake the duties which the Brothers Miller have always so ably carried out of looking after the Ranelagh polo.

The late Mr. William Wright, Wollaton, Nottingham. — Mr. William Wright, so well-known among sportsmen in the Midlands, we regret to say, died on Monday, the 14th inst., at his house at the above address. will be remembered that he was one of the Council of the Hunters' Improvement Society, and was a fine judge of a high-class hunter, having officiated on many occasions at the Dublin and many other Shows. He was probably one of the best authorities on valuation of estates for railway and other companies, and his opinion was greatly sought after for this purpose by the highest in the land. It will also be known to many of our readers that he was the father of Mr. C. W. Wright, the well-known Cambridge University and Nottingham cricketer, and it may be mentioned that he was one of the Committee to the Quorn Hunt, and his coverts at his own estate at Saxelby, in Leicestershire, were seldom drawn blank by the Quorn Hounds. He acted as agent to Lord Middleton and many other wellknown men, and was indeed a fine level-headed business man, whose loss will be greatly felt in the Midlands.

Rugby Hound Sale. — A good many foxhounds were sold by Messrs. Tattersall on May 11th at Rugby. The day unfortunately marked the break up of two hunts which have been in existence for some time. Captain the Hon. F. Johnstone made up his mind to give up the country which, in succession to Sir Harcourt Johnstone, he has hunted since 1881, the pack having been in the family for close upon forty years. They have shown excellent sport in their somewhat rough country round about Scarborough, and their condition reflected great credit upon Pedley, the huntsman. There were altogether 23½ couples of entered hounds, 7½ couples of unentered hounds, and two couples of brood bitches. They were put up as an entire pack, and were bought en bloc by Mr. Hanbury, the new master of the Cottesmore, for 1,000 guineas, at which price they were decidedly cheap, and their being sold as a whole unquestionably helped the sale of the other hounds, which were sold in lots, as several masters who wanted some of Captain Iohnstone's bitches, and very smart they were, fought over some of the other lots. One thousand guineas, the price of Captain Johnstone's hounds, has been a favourite sum for a pack of hounds, something like sixty having been parted with at that price.

Mr. Lewis Craven, who has given up the Pembrokeshire country, did not offer his hounds as an entire pack, but put them up in lots; and they realised satisfactory prices, the total being 540 guineas for 36 couples, a good many of them being bought by the new master of the country.

Lord Bathurst, who, in spite of military duties, has been prevailed upon to keep his division of the Vale of White Horse hounds. sent up about ten couples, which realised in the aggregate 119 guineas, which speaks well for the care with which they have been Eleven couples of the Cottesmore realised 134 guineas, and General Sir F. Marshall sent up six couples of the Chiddingfold, which brought 16 guineas. The Oakley draft of 71 couples cheaply enough, at 37 guineas, as there were some nice hounds among them, and Mr. Fernie's 15 couples were by no means dear at 125 guineas. The sale altogether realised 1,971 guineas for 121 couples. Mr. Leader, who succeeds Mr. Craven in the Pembrokeshire country, bought some of the hounds, and among other purchasers was Mr. Malcolmson who has accepted office in the Curraghmore country in Ireland. Mr. Scott Anderson, too, of the Jed Forest, and Mr. Compton, the new master of the New Forest hounds, made some purchases, as also did the Hon. Gerard Dicconson. Mr. Seymour Dubourg bought some of Lord Bathurst's hounds, and so did Mr. Baker White, the new master of the West Kent hounds. Baron D'Este took away several couples to strengthen the Pau pack, and altogether the sale may be described as quite successful.

Cricket. In writing of first-class cricket this season one is confronted at the start with the difficulty in regard to the matches played at Lord's by the Maryle-bone Club against various Counties. Until this season there was no question and these matches were included in the first-class averages as a matter of course.

This year, however, by adopting a peculiar method of scoring by placing a net round the ground and making various fantastic allowances for hits to or over the net, the Executive of the M.C.C. have entirely spoilt any interest in the Club Matches at Lord's, and have, we presume, by their action, withdrawn their club matches from the list of first class fixtures. First-class cricket is a definite and serious thing and there are hundreds of men straining every nerve to succeed at cricket and in fair rivalry to surpass others. action of the Committee of the Marylebone Club does away with all fairness, for instance, whilst the usual score given for a hit over the ropes in a first-class match has generally been 4 runs, by the wisdom of the Marylebone Committee such a hit counted 3 runs on May 5th and 5 runs on May 12th.

Writing as we do in Baily's Magazine mainly about first-class cricket, we are reluctantly compelled to pass over all the matches played at Lord's by the Marylebone Club against the Counties so long as this net nonsense goes on; and we trust that other members of the sporting press will have the good sense to see that it is impossible that matches played under such conditions can be included in the first-class averages.

Turning from Lord's, where a change of policy would appear imperative if the Club is to retain its prestige in the cricket world, one looks to the Oval, where Surrey seems as strong as ever in batting, but weak to a serious degree in bowling. Increased bulk appears to have discounted the great abilities of Tom Richardson, and the run-getting propensities displayed by Lockwood—who is a beautiful batsman—are not likely to increase his merit as a Lees has come to the rescue in a gallant manner, and it is well for the Transpontine County that Lees and Stonor are on the Tom Hayward has made a most sensational start as a batsman and at the time of writing we credit him with having made about 700 runs in six innings with two not-outs; this places him, before May is half over, with an average of about 170 runs for each innings and well within sight of his 1,000 runs before May is out. W. G. Grace a year or two ago completed his 1,000 runs in May, but it takes a man to do it and we hope that Hayward will follow in the steps of the Old Man.

The fragile Abel has been kept out of some run-getting matches owing to a blow received by him on his hand at practice, and it must have been sad for him to look at the bad bowling on the perfect wicket at the Oval, and

not to be able to gather some runs

Mr. Jephson has signalised his accession to the Captaincy of Surrey by some high scoring and we regard him as one of the best amateur cricketers of the Mr. V. S. F. Crawford is day. receiving a prolonged trial for Surrey. Contemporary literature rings with his praises, a cricket pocket-book has been published in which pages are devoted to the doings of Mr. V. Crawford in minor cricket matches, and the pace of his scoring in a match against the team of his father the Rev. J. Crawford, is chronicled, whilst we are told that when Surrey wants him as captain of the county team he will be found an admirable leader.

It is very bad luck for young Mr. Crawford that he should be prejudiced by such adulation, we feel sure that one day he will demonstrate his ability in first-class cricket.

Surrey played a drawn game at the Oval with Warwickshire, and but for the rain, which caused the last day to be blank, Surrey might have lost.

Kinnear, the Warwickshire lefthander, was not out, 98, and after he had through excess of caution declined many an opportunity of completing his century overnight, we were delighted that he had no further chance next day, and our malice carried us far enough to be glad when he got out for a duck'segg in his next match. It is men like that who set the committee at Lord's cudgelling their brains and trying absurd experiments, and there are far too many of them.

Mr. C. J. B. Wood has been showing good batting for Leicestershire, but they are a bad side and likely to lose many matches.

Lancashire played their early

matches on difficult wickets at Manchester, and Webb gave further evidence of the folly of Somersetshire in parting with him just when he was becoming qualified to play for the Western County.

O'Connor of Hampshire, made a promising début and twice bowled Mr. Archie Maclaren. Hampshire needs some useful recruits to in some measure make up for their many absentees in South Africa, and it may be that Gandy, who started with a pair of spectacles against Surrey, may get some wickets. Mr. A. J. L. Hill is a good all-round cricketer, and we were glad to see him in very good form at the Oval, where he not only made 40 runs, but achieved the feat of completely beating the invincible Tom Hayward, whom he caught and bowled.

Cambridge University were outclassed by the very strong side which Mr. A. J. Webbe brought against them, Ranjitsinghi making 158 and Mr. Mason 137 out of a total of 487. Mr. E. M. Dowson no doubt finds the wicket at Fenner's not so useful to bowl on as the ground he inhabited at Harrow for four years. Despite his lack of phenomenal success at the start of the season we shall be surprised if he do not turn out to be the best bowler at Cambridge, and already his batting has eloquently spoken for itself.

Notes from Ireland—Racing.—Since the last number of Bally went to the printers' hands, Punchestown, Leopardstown, and the Curragh Spring Meeting have become numbered among "races past," and at the time of writing these words the big Cork Park meeting is being held in what must be glorious weather by the banks of the Lea.

Punchestown, to the many strangers who were present, appeared to be a most excellent meeting, for the weather on the first day was very fine, the racing good as need be wished for, while the show of "smart" people was undeniable. Still to many old habitues the gathering had many elements of sadness; many wellknown faces were missed both among spectators and riders, and when the numbers and names of jockeys went up on the board it was quite startling to see how the chalk predominated over the print. Captain Dewhurst, "Mr. Seymour" and Mr. Coombe know every blade of grass that grows on Punchestown racecourse, and we have seen Mr. Higgins ride a winner there before now; but most of the other gentlemen riders were strangers. Among the latter must be mentioned the name of Mr. G. Saunders-Davies, whom we do not recollect seeing at Punchestown before. He did not come over for nothing, as he won the Conyngham Cup on Covert Hack, and was a good second with Fiddlers Green in the Kildare Hunt Plate, his fine horsemanship being much admired. Mr. Rasbotham, of the K.D.G.'s, whose riding is highly praised by Irish trainers, and who has been working hard at the game in a good school, performed creditably, and rode two good winners in most excellent company.

Covert Hack is doubtless a very good horse, and he exhibited none of the excitement with which he was credited at Aintree to the detriment of his fencing, for here he jumped most beautifully and went as kindly as horse could go in Mr. Saunders-Davis' accomplished hands, giving that gentleman the easiest of wins and apparently a very pleasant ride.

Old Sweet Charlotte was quite the heroine of the meeting, and fairly smothered her field in the Prince of Wales's Plate, the distance of which is three miles, just a mile more than all the wise folk told us the mare could gallop; she was looking well, and jumped the course to perfection. Several very good-looking ones went out for the Maiden Plate, and the pick of the lot was the very handsome Cornelius; but he quite failed to stay the trying four miles, though the course was in rare going order, and Drumee, a four-year-old by Royal Meath, won easily enough at the finish from a good horse, Atheling's Pride. The winner, who is a powerful brown colt that is not nearly at his best, never put a foot wrong all the way round, and is a great mover in his gallop. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught came down both days in the Viceregal train, and it was pleasant to see H.R.H. on an Irish racecourse once more. the arrangements of the meeting were as perfect as possible, thanks to the untiring zeal and ability of Mr. Percy La Touche, who has proved himself a most efficient successor to the late Lord Drogheda, at whose lamented decease it was prophecied that the glories of Punchestown would fade. the present administrator's hands. however, everything has steadily improved; the fields get larger year by year, and so do the stakes. All classes of horses are taken into consideration, and framed to encourage farmers and hunting men to breed and bring out a good one. Better still, the perfect arrangements of Punchestown have made themselves felt, and they are being emulated at other meetings throughout Ireland.

The Queen's visit was responsible for many of the strangers who filled the enclosure at Punchestown, but in spite of the influx of visitors the take at the

gates must have been considerably below the average.

Disagreeable weather marred success of Leopardstown, especially on the first day. The meeting, however, was distinguished by some remarkably close finishes. Ambush II. was not pulled out at Leopardstown, and wisely too, for the going was very hard owing to the drying winds, and the big race was thought by many to be a good thing for Lord Inchiquin, a very fine young chaser who had proved himself at Fairyhouse to be a very good one, but how good he was we shall never know. Anthony had the mount, and the horse was going great guns with him when he ran up among his horses at the fence by the railway gate, where he was badly staked, and expired soon Anthony dislocated his shoulder, but is doing well, and has hopes of being in the saddle again in June. Lord Inchiquin was by Hampton Court, who does not appear as a sire of winners; he is, however, a beautifully bred horse, being by Bend Or out of Voluptuary's dam, and stands in co. Carlow. Irish racing is yearly growing more interesting, there appears to be no end to the number of cracks that are sent over nowadays; therefore it is no wonder that faces one is familiar with in the Birdcage should be frequently seen at Baldoyle and the Curragh of Kildare, where as a rule the youthful bloodstock make a first appearance in public. Perhaps the most prominent Irish breeder just now is Lord Fermoy, whose paddocks in co. Limerick turn out many winners. His filly by Town Moor-Eudocia, looked by far the fittest of the youngsters stripped for the Juvenile Stakes on the first day of the Curragh meeting, and won easily from Kingfield; the good-looking H.R.H., who had won the Maiden Plate at Leopardstown, having to put up with third place. The winner is very smart, and will win more races as a two-yearold.

The April Stakes, the pièce de resistance of the second day's racing at the Curragh, was won by Killarue, a shifty customer who can race when in the humour, but had been well beaten in a trial by Golden Ray, who carried all the stable money but could not get a place. A very good-looking three-year-old son of Hackler, called Flying Hackle, won the Wellington Handicap. He is the property of the well-known breeder, Mr. P. J. Dunne, and is trained by James Dunne at Osborne Lodge, which stable had a good day, as they won the three last races on the card, the Citizens Plate falling to Sound Knowledge, a son of Wiseman and Favoletta. There was a very high wind on the Curragh the third day, but the rain held off during racing, which was of an interesting character; but the great attraction was the Queen's Plate, which was easily secured by Oppressor, on whom odds were laid. Another young Wiseman (Wise Lad) got home by a short head from Chair Girl in the Free Handicap Plate, and a finely judged finish by Mr. Cullen, on Lillian Noel, in the Hurdle Race brought a good meeting to a conclusion. A good meeting it certainly was; yet, said the trainer, it would have been much better had it been run before Punchestown. And really it does seem as if they might begin the game a little sooner on the Curragh, considering that nearly all the flat racers in Ireland are trained within no great distance of the course.

Hunting.—The month of June is hardly the time of year when

even the most enthusiastic pursuer has a great deal to say about foxhunting, and not till the Peterborough show do we hear much gossip on the subject of the chase, but the formation of a pack of foxhounds to hunt County Waterford has caused quite a flutter of excitement in Irish hunting circles.

It has been stated that the Curraghmore Hunt is to be revived in all its glory, &c., &c., but this is exactly contrary to fact, for Lord Waterford has refused to take or keep the hounds or to do more than warmly support the reestablishment of foxhunting in County Waterford, and this he has done by subscribing in a princely manner. No man is keener about hounds and hunting than he is, and how could it be otherwise with that combination of Beresford and Somerset blood? But he is by no means the man to place the sport before all earthly considerations, and has much to occupy and interest him in matters of greater importance. Even the country that is to be hunted, according to present arrangements, is about half the extent of the old Curraghmore country as hunted by Lord Waterford's father, who leased a large tract of County Kilkenny by agreement with that hunt. This the present management do not now propose to do. The masterelect is Mr. George Malcolmson, junior, of Portlaw, whose father was one of the late Mr. Briscoe's most influential supporters, when that gentleman hunted the Curraghmore after the fatal accident to Henry, Lord Waterford, an interregnum which lasted eleven years. He is immortalised in an old Curraghmore Hunt song, "A Lay of the Annefield Fox," which was written in 1863, and relates howGeorge Malcolmson comes next in sight, A portly man is he; Though heavy in stern, his heart is light, As heart of man can be.

Mr. Malcolmson was a great coachman in those days and generally drove his team to the meets in a very workmanlike manner, and it is to be hoped he will renew the practice when his son commences his first season, for he is still well and hearty. Young Mr. Malcolmson will, it is said, hunt the hounds himself, but he has secured the services of P. Dalton, who was for six years with Mr. Langrishe in Kilkenny, and, assisted by Mr. C. Nugent-Humble, he has already begun to form a pack by purchases at

Rugby and elsewhere.

Fishing.—The Mayfly is not "up" yet on the Westmeath lakes, but its arrival is "hourly expected," while the harsh north winds of late, with the bright sun that has often accompanied them, have made the rivers run small and clear. Nevertheless, a good many salmon are being killed in most of the southern rivers, but the season is a very cold and backward one, and trying to get a line out in the face of a northeast gale, when standing up to one's waist in icy water, cannot be regarded by many readers of Baily as a cheery sport or a pleasant pastime.

The Traffic in Game Eggs.— The trade in the eggs of the partridge and pheasant which had long since become a scandal has at last been firmly tackled by the Field Sports Protection and Encouragement Association. September last the Field gave publicity to a protest made by Colonel Pratt, and the editor stated that the names of the dealers who received game eggs, and the names of persons who bought them, were in his possession. Some animated correspondence ensued, and eventually the F. S. P. and E. Association, fortified with details which could not be disproved, took the matter in The facts necessary to establish the charges of receiving stolen eggs did not come to the knowledge of the Association until more than three months after the offences were committed, and thus legal proceedings were statutebarred; but with commendable boldness they took the step of addressing a letter to The Bury and Norwich Post and SuffolkStandard, in which the names of dealers and their customers, with particulars of consignments of

eggs, were given in full.

The choice of organ was dictated by the fact that Norfolk and Suffolk enjoy pre-eminence as the best shooting counties in England, and the business of receiving and selling game eggs has been carried on more briskly in Bury St. Edmunds than anywhere else. This letter, the writer has been given to understand, has so far answered its purpose that at least one of the dealers named therein has, through his solicitor, given notice of his intention to bring an action for libel. Sportsmen ask nothing better than to see the question threshed out in open court. It is a matter of common knowledge that, although pheasants lay freely in confinement, the task of procuring eggs from partridges in runs has been abandoned as hopeless by game farmers. When, therefore, large quantities of partridge eggs are offered to a dealer for sale, there can be no question but that they were dishonestly obtained.

During the height of the nesting season, April, May and June, the columns of provincial journals in past years have borne witness to the extent to which egg stealing is carried on, more especially in the eastern counties; and a significant feature of the proceedings which follow capture of an egg thief is that the most substantial fine is invariably paid by the defendant. In very few cases are the thieves in a position to pay fines at the rate of 1s. per egg on, it may be, three or four hundred eggs, and there is the best reason to believe that the money is found by the dealers who, paying 3d. apiece for eggs they can sell at from 8d. to 1s., can well afford to stand by the tools through whose instrumentality they carry on a thriving business. Egg stealing is the most difficult form of poaching to put down, and the Field Sports Protection and Encouragement Association deserve the support of all shooting men in their campaign against the principal offenders—the buyers of stolen

Sport at the Universities.— Taken altogether, the outcome of the Oxford and Cambridge Trial Matches at cricket this year hardly be dubbed factory. The old story was repeated, i.e., batsmen plenty, bowlers (of any class) few. Exactly why this sort of disparity presents itself year after year is a problem which, in the best interests of cricket itself, cannot be too soon enquired into and solved. In batting both 'Varsities should be very strong once again. Oxford and Cambridge alike, the "Seniors" matches were singularly uneventful. Save for the Stanning, of Messrs. batting Tayart, Allen, Blaker, Sewell (Cambridge), and Messrs. Sandford, Joyce, Lee, Hollins (Oxford), even this department of the game was only moderately illustrated, considering the feeble attack. the latter direction, only Messrs. Palmer (Cambridge) and White and Williams (Oxford) showed much above ordinary college form; but happily the "Freshmen" included several promising trundlers -at any rate. Of the Cantabs E. M. Dowson (Harrow), L. J. Driffield (Leatherhead), V. N. Lockett (Wellington), and G. Howard-Smith (Eton), all justified their public school reputations in more or less degree. Save Driffield (left-hand fast) Howard-Smith (right-hand fast), others are medium-paced bowlers, however, of which the Cantabs have a sufficiency already. What is wanted is a really good "express" bowler, after the order of Gilbert Tessop! At Oxford the most effective bowlers were Messrs. Wordsworth (Loretto), (Forest School), Sewell (Newton Abbott), Browne (Malvern), &c. In batting the newcomers gave a capital display both ways. For Messrs. Turner Cambridge (Fettes), Edmunds (Highgate), A. H. Tompson (Charterhouse), E. M. Dowson (Harrow), W. D. Black (Harrow), &c., all showed fine defence and hitting powers. So also did Messrs. Bonham-Carter (Winchester), H. T. Wyld (Harrow), H. Gibson (Marlborough), Findlay (Eton), Parton (Rugby), &c., for Oxford. Perhaps those most likely to obtain their colours this year are Dowson, Turner, and Driffield (Cambridge), and Wordsworth, Wyld, Bonham-Carter (Oxford), but we must await Bismarck's "fluctuations of events."

Up to the time of writing, only one representative match has been played, Cambridge v. Mr. A. J. Webbe's XI., and never was the weakness of the 'Varsity bowling so evidenced before! However, it would be ungracious to emulate the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," and give the verdict upon a first piece of evidence, hence we

shall discuss the position fully next month. It is regrettable to hear that Mr. L. P. Collins (the "Old Blue") will be unable to play for Oxford this year, after all. It is quite on the cards that Mr. H. C. Pilkington may be prevented from playing also, whereas Mr. A. E. Fernie will certainly be available for Cambridge again. This may make all the difference at Lord's on July 5th and follow-

ing days!

"Wetbobs" have been unusually busy since our last. The University Pairs at Cambridge attracted a splendid entry this year, and some fine racing was witnessed both in the preliminary heats and the final. Victory fell to Messrs. Goldie and Taylor (Third Trinity) to general satis-Writing on the eve faction. of the annual Summer Eights at both Universities, all comment, &c., must needs come in The crews are very next month. sound all down the line this year, and there is no doubt that both the Isis and Cam continue to **nourish a fine race of capable** oarsmen. We fancy New College (Oxford) and First Trinity (Cambridge) will retain their " Head of the River" positions again, albeit Magdalen will cause the firstnamed a lot of trouble. Of the other crews, Exeter, Pembroke. Lincoln, Corpus, Christ Church (Oxford) and Caius, Pembroke, Peterhouse, "Third" II., Selwyn (Cambridge), should improve their positions. Congratulations Messrs. F. W. Warre (Eton and Oxford) and B. W. D. Brooke (Winchester and Cambridge) upon their election as Presidents of the O.U.B.C. and C.U.B.C. respec-The re-election of Mr. tively! Warre was in singularly good taste, considering the misfortunes he had to contend with last year. It is remarkable that only one

"Old Blue"—Mr. Brooke himself—will be in residence at Cambridge next spring. Both Universities will be strongly represented at Henley once again; but nothing can be spoken definitely under this heading until after the decision of the usual Isthmian events on Cam and Isis.

That variety is the very essence of sport that gives it its flavour at the 'Varsities is once more being illustrated by Light and Dark Blues. Cycling, swimming, tennis, polo, &c., are all now in full swing, and very shortly we hope to discriminate between the rival teams, preparatory to the final sequence of representative tussles. It is gratifying to find that Oxford are stronger at lawn-tennis this season than for many years past -but anon. General news may be very briefly vouchsafed. Oxford and Cambridge Universities are henceforth to be represented on the Masters of Beagles' and Harriers' Association, and our readers will be glad to hear that the Christ Church (Oxford) pack -practically decimated last Term by a regrettable accident—is to be brought up to full strength as soon as may be. It is instructive that most of the leading first-class county cricket teams are now captained by old Oxonians and Cantabs. Apropos of cricket, congratulations to the Hon. Ivo Bligh (Cambridge) upon his election as President of the M.C.C. It would be ungracious not to congratulate Sir Richard Webster upon his recent preferment also. An everfamous Cambridge athlete, he has subsequently practised the lesson which he preached in his day and generation, "He who runs may read." Needless to his example has been add, productive of much good fruit ever since.

Aquatics.—Judging from the amount of space now awarded to it in the press, the cult of the oar has attained a new and deserved importance. In the eternal fitness of things punting, sailing, canoeing—the corollaries of rowing, as they have been called—have attained equal popularity. current season promises to be an eventful one, despite the war, which has drained the country of so many notable sportsmen. usual, the note of preparation was sounded by the Inter-'Varsity Boat Race, and activity is now rife all down the line. It is instructive that the regatta season on the Thames begins at highwater mark with Henley, descends gradually through replicas of the Royal Meeting, such as Molesey, Kingston and the Metropolitan, at which we find real rowing in racing-boats, to aquatic carnivals such as Teddington Reach Regatta, where we get racing in real rowing-boats, skiffs, punts, and, indeed, any species of craft that will temporarily support an excited competitor, and finishes finally with the various club regattas, in which we come back to real rowing in real racing-boats, otherwise gig eights and fours. The season this year opens with Hehley on July 4th, 5th and 6th, and then follow in rapid succession the Kingston, Metropolitan, Staines, Goring and Streatley, Molesey, Windsor and Reading and Marlow Meetings. Other minor meetings (including skiff and punting events) will also be held at Cookham, Kingston, Bourne End, Maidenhead, Sunbury, Wargrave, Richmond, Teddington Reach, &c.

From all this it will be seen that the Upper Thames promises to be exceptionally busy. Subsequently the following clubs will have Invitation Regattas, i.e.:—

the Anglian, Kensington, Ibis, Vesta, Iris, Molesey, &c. Outside these fixtures an International Regatta will be held at Paris in August, at which oarsmen from all parts of the world will compete. Whether British crews will be en évidence, however, is a moot point—owing to the absurd regulations obtaining.

As this meeting falls later than Henley, presumably foreign crews intend to concentrate their energies thereat; anyway, no American or colonial competitor has entered for the Royal Meeting this year. It is hoped compensation will be afforded by an increased entry from the Continent, especially as most rowing societies under that category can now enter up to lune 1st. Official news under this heading, and prospects of the various crews, &c., shall be given next month as usual. In these brief prospective remarks it would be idle to pretend anything in the nature of criticism now. cient to remark that, as the leading metropolitan, university, provincial and public school clubs will be strongly represented again, the honour of the Old Country is likely to be maintained against all comers.

Canoeing, sailing and punting are all in a very flourishing condition. Such notable craft as the Tiger-Cat (Messrs. Watney and Ricardo), the Caprice (Messis Jackson and Marsden), the Zor (Mr. C. P. Gosnell), the Olus, Vixen, Elsie, &c., have already hoisted their burgees, and another grand sailing season is assured. Both financially and otherwise the Thames Punting Club and the Royal Canoe Clubs are in a better position than ever before while racing puntists are likely to be largely reinforced this season. The Amateur Punting Championship is fixed for August 2nd, at

Shepperton, over a course which

allows of separate rye-pecks. Socially, the river season bids fair to reach its zenith this year. This for two reasons, (a) owing to the war people will stay at home more instead of going abroad, and (b) all sorts and conditions of people have grasped the fact that there is respite from worry, &c., to be had away from the seaside. Thus early, riparian residences are at a premium all down the line, while in the new districts of Clifton, Hampden, Bablock-Hythe and on the Upper Thames the demand for such exceeds the supply. It is satisfactory to note that many societies are vieing with each other to make the Thames "a pleasant place of rest and recreation for the public," hence all that is wanted to ensure this is real summer weather. Shall we get this?

Rosa Bonheur at the Hanover Gallery.—The collection of works by the great French animal painter is one that compels notice. Over three hundred and fifty examples of her pictures have been brought together; and if some of her most famous works are absent, the collection has the greater interest that attaches to thoroughly representative character. Bonheur had her strength and her weakness; some animals, both wild and domestic, she studied with minuteness and care; others, equally familiar, do not seem to have appealed to her artistic tastes. and it needs no very expert eye to pick out these for their obvious shortcomings. Her heavy horses are invariably perfect in modelling and proportion; she was, perhaps, at her best in delineating such horses as those which fill the canvas in the famous "Horse Fair," and her cattle, whether of distinctive French or Scottish breed, betrayed all that wonderful

mastery of form which distinguishes her best work. donkeys and goats were equally admirable; a finer piece of work than the "Head of a Donkey" here exhibited never left easel. Lions, we know, held first place in Rosa Bonheur's affections; she kept one or two lions more or less tame as models, and her love of them is betrayed by the numberless studies she has left, showing lion and lioness, grown beast and cub, in all conceivable attitudes. She knew the lion, and her exhaustive knowledge finds full expression in her numerous finished pictures, while the process of its acquisition is shown in the sketches, finished and unfinished, she so frequently made. There is a very wide difference between her lions and her tigers; with the latter she seems to have had hardly more than a nodding acquaintance. They are wooden; more, their heads are usually unnaturally small, while the disproportionately large arms and paws, which give the six-months tiger cub his unpromising clumsiness, are conferred by the painter on the adult beast with results that are sometimes almost grotesque.

Turning to more homely scenes, the impartial visitor is inclined to think that Rosa Bonheur had no great affection for the portrayal of light breeds of horses. It is a bold thing to say so of one of the first animal painters the world has known, but her light horses are occasionally out of drawing. Take No. 96 of the collection, for example, described as "Horse, Mottled Gray" in the catalogue. He is too high on the leg, and never yet has horse been foaled with so short a neck. It is no peculiarity of the horse himself, for almost immediately opposite on the screen we find in No. 901

"Horse Grazing," another portrait of the same animal (the peculiar colouring of his near shoulder and arm betrays him); and here we have a nice compact roadster on good legs, with a neck of normal length. Nowhere are the artist's powers better shown than in No. 903, an old white mare tied to a fence; a finer portrait of the docile old slavestamp of horse would be impos-Of the pictures of foxes, No. 440, described as a fox "lying on his flank," but looking limp enough to be dead, most appeals to the sportsman; but we are bound to say that there are others which look light and limber enough to make good a twelve-mile point. No. 450 shows a good couple of hounds; but the best dog pictures, in our judgment, are those of the black-and-tan spaniel (No. 445) and the rough waterdog, Ravajo (446), its neighbour.

Golf. — Before the Amateur Champion's Cup Meeting took place, there was a widely-prevalent idea among golfers that it would be less successful than usual, and no doubt there was much in the circumstances of the situation to justify this idea. It was not, however, justified by the The finest golfers in the country assembled at Sandwich, nearly all of them played up to their reputations, and the interest in the result was maintained right up to the finish. In the preliminary canter the play on the Monday for the St. George's Vase may be so described, the young men establishing the interest by carrying all before them. R. Maxwell, of North Berwick, won the Vase with 77 and 78, the same score that the late Lieutenant Tait won with last year, Mr. J. A. T. Bramston, a young gentleman sometimes described as the Oxford Wonder, ran second with

150, while such others as Mr. H. C. Ellis, Mr. H. S. Colt, Mr. N. Macbeth and Mr. Sidney Fry, all took good places in the list. In the same way in the Amateur Championship the new men did well. Three of them were in the Semi-Final, Mr. Bramston, Mr. J. Graham, junr., of Hoylake, and Mr. James Robb, of St. Andrews, and the old school had only Mr. Harold Hilton to represent it. Though still a young man, Mr. Hilton must be classed as a veteran golfer, for he has been playing for championships of one kind and another for twelve or fourteen years, playing, no doubt, against those much his senior. Long before the late Lieutenant Tait started on his brilliant career, he occupied a prominent place in the first rank and was a probable amateur champion. That he never became one in Lieutenant Tait's time was, of course, mainly due to the prowess of the young soldier in match play, though it is not to be forgotten that Mr. Hilton twice won the Open Championship in medal play. Sandwich, however, brought to Mr. Hilton the realisation of his long cherished ambition. He beat his clubmate, Mr. Graham, in the Semi-Final, by 7 up and 5 to play; while in the Final he tackled Mr. Robb and beat him on the two rounds by 8 up and 7 to play. If Mr. Hilton were this year to win the Open Championship his success would mean a record in the annals of the game.

There was some excellent golf shown by the members of the two Houses of Parliament in the Bogey Competition, to decide the sixteen who are to take part in the Annual Parliamentary Match Tournament. The play took place at Sandwich on the Saturday of the week of the Amateur

Championship, and although it was not the dreaded Championship ties that were used by the legislators, still the round was both long and difficult, and amply justified the Bogey score of 83 strokes. Perhaps the quality of the golf will be best appreciated by stating that, with moderate handicaps all round, the first place in the sixteen was taken by Mr. H. Seton-Karr, with I up on Colonel Bogey and twelve players tied for the last place with 5 down, among the twelve being Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. W. H. Forster, the old Kent County cricketer, Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Earl of Winchester, who had been playing at Sandwich for the Amateur Championship, entered, but afterwards found it necessary to scratch.

Spring Field Trials.—The field trials of sporting dogs touched upon in the May BAILY were continued at Orwell Park, Ipswich, the fine sporting property bordering the banks of the Orwell and owned by Captain Pretyman, M.P. This should have been the most important meeting of the series, for at it was decided the Kennel Club "Derby" for pointer or setter puppies born in 1899. There had been an excellent entry for this event, but out of fifty odd nominations there were but eleven acceptances, many old-time supporters of the trials paying forfeit. Among these were Mr. W. L. Nicholson, Mr. James Bishop, Mr. S. E. Shirley, Mr. C. Austin, Mr. Isaac Sharpe and Mr. Purcell Llewellin; in fact, the gentlemen supporting the stake by leaving dogs in were fewer in number than had previously been known. The All-aged Stake was of similar proportions, and the "Braces" competition was not nearly so well filled as had been the case at many earlier meetings held under the management of the Kennel Club. Captain Hunt, the newlyelected secretary, put on a bold face, and, as game was plentiful and the ground very easily worked, the fixture panned out exceedingly well, capital sport being forthcoming.

The winner of the big event was Mr. B. J. Warwick's Compton Sam, an English setter bred by Mr. Elias Bishop, of Newton Abbot, and, although his ability as a game-finder failed to attract recognition at Ampthill the previous week, he made no mistake on this occasion, for from the start he had the pull over his opponents. He ranged in nice style, carried his head well, was under perfect command, and supported any dog put down against The man expecting more than this of a first-season dog would, indeed, be hard to please, and the judges had no hesitation in awarding him the prize of £60. Compton Beauty and Dinah from the same kennel, and also bred in Devonshire, followed up their Ampthill victory by winning the "Braces" stake, and on the following day at the Brandon meeting of the International Pointer and Setter Society they secured a similar stake, thus becoming holders of Mr. W. Arkwright's "Pure Tyke" trophy, held since last autumn by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. There was but this one stake at Brandon, quite a relief, as a matter of fact, for game at West Weeting proved woefully scarce, and there was far too much walking in a blazing sun in search of game to make competition pleasant to followers. Only the winning brace worked systematically and supported another as two dogs working with one object should do. majority of the remainder, with, perhaps, the exception of Maud of Kippen and Cherry Picker, Mr. F. C. Lowe's setters, were selfish and too intent on finding their own game to notice what their companions were about. As a competition, however, the stake was a success.

Then a call to Shrewsbury for the final meeting of the series, this being the old - established gathering of the National Pointer and Setter Society. This has a following peculiarly its own, and, although the entry was not quite up to the average, it took Mr. Ebrall three full days to get through the card. Compton Sam here added to his reputation by winning puppy and champion honours. thus creating a record, for no dog, pointer or setter, had previously won the Kennel Club "Derby" and the Champion Stake at the National field trials in one season. The Scottish brace, Faskally Brag and Belle, who really worked better over the fine land on Lord Berwick's estate than they had done elsewhere, beat Mr. Purcell Llewellin's Kitty Wind 'Em and Rosa Wind 'Em, and Colonel Cotes, a very liberal supporter of the fixture, won the All-aged special prize with Carl, a freeranging pointer who, in his old age, appeared to have developed cunning. He did not, however. maintain the promise he gave as a puppy. Not a drop of rain fell during the whole of the series, and interest was well maintained to the end, the trials being, on the whole, quite as pleasing as any previous ones. The autumn fixture is expected to be over the Duke of Devonshire's moors at Chatsworth, Derbyshire.

The Billiard Championship.— Edward Diggle and H. W. Stevenson, who had thrown down the gauntlet to Charles Dawson, the holder of the Billiard Championship, duly met in the challenge round to decide who should meet the little Yorkshireman. game in question, of 9,000 up, for £20 a side, was begun at the Argyll Hall, on Monday, April and. Stevenson practically inaugurated proceedings with a magnificent break of 648—his record, by the way—an extraordinary feat when there is taken into consideration, not only the importance of the occasion but, more particularly, the fact that Stevenson was a perfect stranger to the new "Standard" table. About the middle of the week Diggle's chance began to look hopeless, and Stevenson, drawing further away at every sitting, eventually qualified to meet Dawson by no fewer than 2,000 points. We cannot for a moment, however, take the form displayed by Diggle as being anything like his very best, and, knowing of what he is capable, we shall look forward to seeing him to much greater advantage on some future occasion.

After a week's interval the allimportant battle for championship honours between Stevenson and the holder of the title, was fought out, as was proper, on a new table, and very great interest therein was displayed by the public. The young Londoner, aided by a lovely break of 354 (the highest in the match), finished up a leader on the first day's play, the scores reading: - Stevenson (in play), 1,502; Dawson, The 1,284. second day, Tuesday, April 17th, saw Dawson take the lead, which he never afterwards resigned, the scores at the end of the day standing at: Dawson (in play), 3,001; Stevenson, 2,627. From this point the little Yorkshireman, always playing the game, forged persistently ahead, and ultimately gained a decisive victory by 2,225

points. Dawson thus retained the Billiard Championship, which carries with it the income, as at present guaranteed by the Billiard Association, of £100 a year. addition he captured the stakes, of £100 a side, deposited in accordance with the regulations that govern Championship contests, whilst the nett gate receipts were equally divided between the two players in each match. Dawson fairly won on his merits, his consistency, such a needful factor in high-class billiards, being in a marked degree his strong point. Stevenson, a brilliant and beautiful player, should, with the great advantage of youth on his side, surely have an exceptional career before him. Indeed he must, we think, "bar accidents," one day make good his claim to the Championship of English Billiards.

"Lady Huntworth's Experiment" at the Criterion Theatre.

—At the close of the first performance when Mr. Arthur Bouchier, in the absence of the author, Mr. R. C. Carton, addressed the audience, he modestly hoped "that Lady Huntworth's Experiment' had not failed," and now we can cordially assure him that the Experiment is a most successful

Perhaps the play might just as well have been entitled "An Episode in the Life of Lady Huntworth," for really that is all the story amounts to; there is scarcely anything to be styled by the name of "plot" in this pleasant little play, and perhaps for this very reason the author is to be congratulated. Lady Huntworth, to sever her unhappy association with drunken, disreputable scamp of a husband, has been content to snatch at her freedom through an undefended divorce action, which leaves her free of her husband but, although innocent of wrong, a woman whose reputation has been sacrificed. And so we find her in domestic service as cook to the Reverend Audley Pillinger, at a country rectory. Cook "rules the roast" in every sense and at her feet we find the rector, his butler, and Captain Dorveston, a guest staying at the rectory, and betrothed to Miss Gertrude Elliot, who in turn is in love with the curate.

The appearance at the rectory of Lord Huntworth masquerading as "Mr. Crayll," a terribly tipsy sort of racing tout, leads to complications, and before the end of the play, cook gives notice and starts for Brussels whither she is pursued in hot haste by the impressionable Captain Dorveston.

It speaks well for Mr. Carton and for the players, that Lady Huntworth, without a plot, should

be so successful.

Upon Miss Compton falls the heavy work of the play and she comes triumphant from the ordeal. This is now the third play of a sequence that Mr. Carton has written and his wife has played, with great success. "Lord and Lady Algy " first provided Miss Carton with a part that should give scope to her peculiar and tascinating personality, and in "Wheels within Wheels," she gained another triumph, to be followed her conspicuous by success as cook. Mr. Arthur Bouchier gives a careful study of Captain Dorveston from Bengal, and if there be a soupcon of Blagden in the part, it is none the worse for that. Mr. Eric Lewis is, we think, one of the most conscientious actors of the day, and his study of the Rev. Audley Pillinger, is microscopic in its fidelity to Nature. There is also in this play a wonderful study of a drunkard by Mr. Dion Boucicault, which at first evoked cries of disgust from the critics, so terribly realistic were the cravings and cries of Crayll. There is much that is of the best in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," and unfortunately space forbids our saying more. However, this we must say, that if instead of being very good the work had been very bad, the play could never be forgotten,

if only for the artistic triumph of a great actress in a small part, Miss Pollie Emery as Keziah, the housemaid at the rectory. We seem to have a recollection of Miss Emery in "Trelawny of the Wells," we look forward eagerly to her next part, for her Keziah admittedly must give evidence of great ability.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During April—May, 1900.]

DURING the occupation of Bloemfontein by Lord Roberts our soldiers found some opportunities for sport, and the following extract from *The Friend*, published on April 18th, will no doubt be read with interest:—

"Sport at Kafir River Bridge. With the Grenadier Guards. Shooting.—The season opened on the 12th inst. Sportsmen coming off outpost duty were early afield, and soon the welkin rang with continuous reverberations, which naturally caused much excitement in camp, the report of the fowling-piece being mistaken for that of the Mauser. The morning opened fine but lowering (like most mornings here), and the outpost beat on Kafir River Bridgemoor produced some fine sport. Three sportsmen, including as a precaution the doctor, constituted the party of two guns. The bag amounted to a total of fifteen head, including no less than eight hares.

"The 14th was a red-letter day, and will long be remembered as such by those who assisted, no fewer than thirty-four head falling to the unerring aim of our sportsmen. The bag consisted of seven different varieties, including one duck. The 15th being Sunday, the bag is not recorded, but I may mention that the jugged hare for dinner was excellent. 16th: Owing to the exigencies of military service, only half a day's sport was obtainable; nevertheless, thirteen head were brought to bag, including a buck, which fell to the gun of Lieutenant Hamilton. Total bag up to date: Fourteen partridges, forty-nine hares, one buck, thirteen korhan, fifteen plover, one duck, nine pigeons, three various.

"Angling.—After the recent rains the river is in good order and of fine colour.

On the 14th, Major Hon. G. Legh, Captain Carry, and Lieutenant Duberley brought in a nice basket of twenty fish, varying in weight from § 1b. to 1 cwt. Not a bad performance, considering rods were manufactured on the spot, the lines consisting of bits of string, the floats of toothpicks inserted in pieces of cork, and the hooks of bent pins.

"On the 15th sport continued good, the same party getting a further basket of twelve fish on the upper reaches, having commandeered the water, which had been previously taken for the season by a sporting officer of the Coldstream Guards. A serious casualty nearly occurred to the elder piscator. He, getting into a heavy fish and striking wildly at the same, fell over backwards into a donga and narrowly escaped serious injury.

"On the 16th two rods again took up their position on the Coldstream water. A heavy spate during the night promised poor sport; in consequence a light basket of six fish only was obtained. The Major again distinguished himself by landing a flat-headed, whiskered monster scaling 2 lb. About I p.m. the sportsmen were bom-barded by hailstones as big as ostrich eggs, but manfully stuck to their floats, though the younger member of the party was nearly rendered senseless by one of these celestial pom-poms. We may add that the necessary adjunct to the anglers is a large fatigue party armed with the Slade Wallace spade to procure worms, as the succulent lumbricus terrestris does not run to more than one to the acre in these parts.'

A veteran Irish sportsman passed away in the person of Captain Peel, who died at Dublin, on April 24th, in his seventy-fourth year. Captain Peel won the Cambridgeshire last year with Irish Ivy.

During the past season the Quorn Hunt had one hundred and forty two days without a blank, and when the season closed on April 24th, hounds had killed 50 brace of foxes, and 27 brace got to ground.

The Blackmore Vale Hounds met at Inwood House, the residence of Mr. Merthyr Guest, on April 26th, when the retiring master was presented with an illuminated address containing the names of eight hundred and twenty-four farmers of the district hunted over. Lady Theodora Guest was at the same time the recipient of a handsome silver bowl.

The well-known sire Hominy died at Leggan Hall Stud, Bellewstown, County Louth, on April 27th. Hominy was sire of Cathal and many other chasers, and was also a very successful sire of hunters.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the testimonial to George Ash, retiring huntsman of the Holderness Hounds, held at the Beverley Arms, on April 28th, Mr. Arthur Wilson the master, presiding, it was reported that the sum of £830 had been subscribed. It was arranged that an annuity should be purchased, and also that some memento be presented to the old huntsman.

The Duke of Beaufort's season ended on May 1st, when the dog pack wound up by killing three old dog foxes, one of which gave a fifty-three minutes' run. There were one hundred and seventy-three hunting days without a blank, hounds accounted for 971 brace of foxes, 24 brace getting to ground.

The retiring master of the Cottesmore Foxhounds, Mr. W. Baird, was entertained at a banquet at the Cross Hotel, Oakham, on May 3rd, when a testimonial was presented, subscribed for by the farmers of the Hunt, as a token of the esteem in which Mr. Baird was held, and in recognition of his care and consideration for the interests of the farmers during the twenty years he had been master of the Hunt. The testimonial took the form of a beautifully illuminated address which bore the signatures of about six hundred subscribers. gold-mounted hunting crop was presented to Master Baird, and the popularity of Mrs. Baird also received recognition.

While being exercised at Fairfield on May 3rd, the Lambkin dropped down dead. Bred by Mr. Vyner, in 1881, by Camballo, dam Mint Sauce, Lambkin won the St. Leger in 1884.

The cricket match between London County Club and Surrey played at the Crystal Palace, terminated in a draw on May 5th. During the three days no less than 1,126 runs were scored for the loss of thirty wickets, Townsend scored 141 and Hayward 108 runs.

455

A great boxing contest between the heavy weights, J. Jeffries and J. J. Corbett, was fought at the Seaside Athletic Club, New York, on May 11th, before ten thousand spectators. Corbett was knocked out in the twenty-third round.

At the sale held at Newmarket on May 16th Messrs. Tattersall disposed of the late Mr. R. H. Coombe's horses in training. The bay mare Bianca, 5 years, by Orvieto-Glen Dye, was purchased by Mr. E. Craddock for 450 gs.; the four-year-old bay filly, No Trumps, by Orvieto —Electric Light, sold to Mr. Daniel Cooper at 1,050 gs.; Mr. H. Paravicini secured a three year-old filly by Orvieto-Pyramid, for 480 gs.; Mr. C. Sheppard took two bay two-year-old colts, Pangloss, by Sheen-Lecturer, at 400 gs., and Posilpo, by Orvieto-Glen Dye, at 300 gs.

Another good sportsman has been captured in South Africa, Captain Neil Haig, the well-known member of the Inniskilling Dragoons polo team, being taken prisoner on May 10th.

The first official report of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Fund has been issued, and shows that the subscriptions amount to upwards of £127,000. The fund supports a bearer company in the firing line, a field hospital and a base hospital. The bearer company consists of two surgeons and 97 others, mostly drawn from the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. The field hospital includes five civilian surgeons, and with the staff numbers 70; at the base hospital the staff numbers 190, consisting of 19 doctors, 10 surgeon dressers, 40 nurses, 10 ward-maids, 76 St. John's Ambulance men and supernumeraries. The cost of maintenance of the hospitals and salaries of staff figure out about £6,000 per month.

It appears from an alphabetical list published in the County Gentleman that ninetyfour hunts have subscribed funds to equip and endow beds in the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals at the front in South Africa.

The following resolution was unanimously carried at the annual meeting of the King's County Hunt:—"That the cordial thanks of the master and members of the King's County Hunt be accorded to Earl Bathurst, M.F.H., for his generous and sportsmanlike action in lending six couples of hounds to the Master of the King's County Hunt for part of last season, when there was an outbreak of distemper in Mr. Biddulph's kennels.'

The new master of the Rufford Hounds, Earl Manvers, presented, on behalf of one hundred and thirty-six subscribers, a handsome testimonial, together with a cheque valued £180, to Frank Scorey, the kentled Hountsman and first whip to the Rufford Hounds, who is leaving on account

of the change in the mastership. Scorey has been connected with the Rufford Hounds for eighteen years. In 1865 he rode the winner of the Cesarewitch, Captain King's Salpinetes, carrying 6st 3lb.

TURF.

EPSOM.—Spring Meeting.

April 24th.—The Great Surrey Handicap of 500 sovs.; five furlongs. Mr. P. Aldworth's ch. c. Mont de Piete, by Despair—St. Frida, 5

yrs., 7st. Lynham Mr. A. Stedall's ch. f. La Lune, 4 yrs., 7st. 3lb. Dalton

Mr. J. A. Miller's b. or ch. f. La Uruguaya, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. Sloan 11 to 2 agst. Mont de Piete.

The Great Metropolitan Stakes (Handicap) of 1,000 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards; about two miles and a quarter.

Lord Penrhyn's b. c. King's Messenger, by King Monmouth— Swiftsure, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb.

Mr. J. E. M'Donald's ch. h. Rensselaer, 6 yrs., 8st. 1lb. S. Loates Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Roughside, aged, 7st. 10lb. K. Cannon

8 to I agst. King's Messenger.

April 25th.—The City and Suburban (Handicap) of 1,675 sovs.; about one mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. G. Clarke's b. g. The Grafter, by Gozo—Industry, aged, 8st. 10lb,M. Cannon I Mr. J. A. Miller's br. c. Innocence,

4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.W. Halsey 2 Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. c. Goblet, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. ...S. Loates 3 7 to 1 agst. The Grafter.

SANDOWN PARK.—Second Spring Meeting.

April 26th.—The Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes, by subscription of 10 sovs. each stallion; for two-yearolds, with 500 sovs. added; five furlongs.

Mr. Wilfred Wilson's b. Colt by Trenton—Polly Eccles, 8st. 11lb.

Sloan
Mr. J. Cannon's ch. c. Gloucester,
8st. 5lb.F. Rickaby
Mr. R. Oswald's b. or br. f. Cyanella, 8st. 5lb.Wetherell

2 to I agst. Polly Eccles colt.

The Esher Stakes (Handicap) of 1,000 soys.; one mile and one furlong.

5 yrs., 7st. 8lb.S. Loates 2 Mr. E. Carlton's ch. c. Pindar, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.Dalton 3 9 to 2 agst. Ocean Rover.

The Tudor Plate of 1,000 sovs.; for three-year-olds which have not won any race up to entry; one mile.

April 27th.—The Century Stakes of 8,950 sovs.; for four and five-year-olds; two miles.

9 to 4 agst. Osbech. The Princess of Wales's Handicap of

3 to 1 agst. Oria.

April 28th.—The Great Sandown Hudle
Race (Handicap) of 412 sovs.; two
miles over eight hurdles.

Mr. D. E. Higham's b. h. Spook, by Oberon—Lady Luthian, aged, 11st. 10lb. A. Nightingall Mr. Humby's b. g. Little Hercules, 4 yrs., 10st. 9lb.

Mr. H. Nugent 2 Mr. Leybuck's b. c. Spring Flower, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb...Gourley 3

7 to 1 agst. Spook.
The Grand International Steeplechese
(Handicap) of £412; three miss
and a half.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE. Mr. H. Brassey's br. g. Hidden Mystery, by Ascetic - Secret, 6 yrs., 12st. 9lb. Mr. H. Nugent Captain H. A. Johnstone's ch. Cushendon, 5 yrs., 11st. 1lb. (inc. 4lb. extra). Mr. G. S. Davies Lord Dudley's br. h. The Tramp, aged, 10st. 8lb.Dollery 7 to 4 agst. Hidden Mystery. NEWMARKET.—First Spring MEETING. May 1st.—The Hastings Plate of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. for three-year-olds; last mile and a half of T.M.M. Mr. James Joicey's ch. c. Alvescot, by Raeburn—Alberta, 8st. 10lb. T. Loates Lord Rosebery's b. c. Cateran Lord Ellesmere's br. g. Headpiece, 8st. 12lb......S. Loates 5 to 2 agst. Alvescot. May 2nd.—A Three-Year-Old Welter Handicap of 400 sovs., for threeyear-olds only; R.M. Sir J. Blundell Maple's bl. or br. c. Aquascutum, by Childwick—Cullercoats, 8st. 11b....S. Loates Mr. W. Duke's b. c. Galveston, 7st. (car. 7st. 5lb.)Rigby Mr. J. Lewis' gr. c. Isaac II., 7st. 61b.....Sloan 100 to 30 agst. Aquascutum.

The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes

of 4,700 sovs.; for three-year-olds; colts, 9st., and fillies, 8st. 9lb.; R.M. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c.

Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon -Perdita II., 9st.H. Jones Sir E. Cassel's ch. c. Bonarosa, 9st. L. Reiff

Lord Cadogan's br. c. Sidus, 9st. T. Loates 11 to 4 agst. Diamond Jubilee.

The March Stakes of 25 sovs. each for starters, with 500 sovs. added; A. F.

Mr. Reid Walker's b. h. Dinna Forget, by Loved One-Baro-Sir E. Cassel's b. c. Solitaire, 4 yrs., 8st.....Sloan Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Champ de Mars, 4 yrs., 9st. 10lb.

F. Rickaby 6 to 4 agst. Dinna Forget.

May 4th.—The One Thousand Guineas Stakes of 4,150 sovs.; for threeyear-old fillies; R.M. (1 mile 11 yards).

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Winifreda, by St. Simon-Melody, 9st. S. Loates

Lord Ellesmere's ch. f. Inquisitive,Sloan Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Vain Duchess, 9st.J. H. Martin 11 to 2 agst. Winifreda.

HURST PARK CLUB.—Spring MEETING.

May 5th. - The Hurst Park Spring Handicap of 1,000 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Ameer, by Orme—Quetta, 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb. O. Madden Mr. S. B. Joel's b. g. Latheron-wheel, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb....J. Reiff Mr. D. Seymour's b. c., Squire Jack, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lb....S. Loates 4 to I agst. Ameer.

CHESTER MEETING.

May 8th.—The Wynnstay Handicap Plate of 400 sovs.; one mile and a half. Mr. E. Carlton's ch. h. Flavius, by Hampton—Aloara, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. F. Leader Mr. Vyner's ch. f. Queen of the Netherlands, 3 yrs., 7st. G. Sanderson

Mr. W. E. Oakeley's b. or br. f. Peseta, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb. Wetherell 3 to 10 on Flavius.

May 9th.—The Chester Cup (Handicap) of 2,030 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards. Old Cup Course (nearly two miles and a quarter). Mr. C. A. Brown's ch. h. Roughside,

Duke of Portland's b. c. Manners, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.....M. Cannon Lord Carnarvon's b.c. Baldur, 4 yrs., 6st. 10lb.....A. E. Wetherell

7 to 1 agst. Roughside. May 10th,-The Great Cheshire Handicap Stakes (a High-weight Handicap) of 900 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Hulcot, by Crafton-Queen of the Riding, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. (car. 3 yrs., 7st. 6lb.J. Rieff

9 to 2 agst. Hulcot. The Dee Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added : for three-year-olds; about one mile and a half.

Mr. Vyner's bl. c. Lumley Moor, by Crowberry—Lily of Lumley, 9st.F. Finlay I

Lord Penrhyn's b. c. Cawnpore, Linstock, 8st. 7lb. ... M. Cannon 3 5 to 2 agst. Lumley Moor. KEMPTON PARK.—Spring Meeting. May 11th.—The May Handicap of 1,000 sovs. ; one mile and a half. Mr. E. A. Wigan's b. h. Altair, Lord Dunraven's b. g. Sea Fog, 9 to 2 agst. Altair. The Stewards' Handicap of 1,000 sovs.; six furlongs, on the straight course. Captain Greer's b. c. Birkenhead, by Orme-Tragedy, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb., (car. 8st. 7lb.) M. Cannon Mr. L. Neumann's b. m., Water-hen, 6 yrs., 8st. 2lb. ...S. Loates 2 Mr. Oliver's br. c. St Paulus, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb......J. Reiff 6 to 1 agst. Birkenhead. May 12th.—The Hampton Handicap of 440 sovs.; five furlongs on the straight course. Mr. F. Stokes' b. c. Master Willie, by St. David—Fraulein, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.F. Rickaby Mr. E. Foster's br. c. Blue Diamond, 3 yrs., 7st. 1lb. ...J. Reiff Mr. Arthur James's ch. g. O'Donovan Rossa, 2 yrs., 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)..... O. Madden 6 to 1 agst. Master Willie. The Fourteenth year of the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Handicap of 2,655 sovs.; for three-year-olds and upwards; one mile and a quarter on the New Course. Mr. L. Neumann's bl. or br. m. Sirenia, by Gallinule—Concussion, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lb. F. Rickaby I Mr. J. H. Peard's ch. c. Merry Methodist, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. B. Rigby Mr. J. A. Drake's ch. h. Royal Flush, aged, 6st. 11lb. ... J. Reiff 3

33 to 1 agst. Sirenia.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND SPRING
MERTING.

May 15th.—The Newmarket Handicap of
400 sovs.; last mile and a half of
Cesarewitch Course.
Mr. J. C. Dyer's b. c. Joe Chamberlain, by Phocion — Blue
Bodice, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. ... Sloan
Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Ameer,
5 yrs., 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. P. Buchanan's ch. h. The Docker, aged, 8st. 5lb. L. Reiff 11 to 8 agst. Joe Chamberlain. May 16th.—Newmarket Stakes of £3,433 ios.: for three-year-olds: colts, 9st.: fillies, 8st. 11lb.; A.F. (one mile and two furlongs, straight). H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon -Perdita II., 9st.H. Jones Mr. J. Musker's ch. c. Chevening, Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Guidwife, 8st. 11lb......Rigby 3 2 to 1 on Diamond Jubilee. The Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes of 597 sovs.; for two-year-olds; Rous Course (five furlongs). Sir J. Miller's br. f. Tannstickor, by Matchmaker—Freia, 8st. 7lb. O. Madden Mr. J. B. Joel's b. c. Discoverer, 8st. 10lb......S. Loates Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Filly by St. Simon-Sweet Duchess, 8st. 7lb.....Sloan 3 10 to 1 agst. Tannstickor. May 17th .- The Bedford Two-Year-Old Stakes of 511 sovs.; for two-yearolds; Rous Course (five furlongs). Captain Greer's ch. Colt by Gallinule—Bonnie Morn, 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon Lord Harewood's Knight's Dame, 8st. 7lb. Sloan Mr. J. Waugh's b. c. Tyninghame, 7st. 12lb.Brayley 11 to 10 agst. Bonnie Morn Colt. The Payne Stakes of 650 sovs.: for three-year-olds; last mile and a half of Cesarewitch Course. Lord Harewood's b. c. Nightshade, Hugo, 9st. 1lb.....L. Reiff 4 to I agst. Cutaway.

CRICKET.

May 12th.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey
v. Hampshire, former won by an
innings and 78 runs.

May 12th.—At. Catford, Kent v. Yorkshire, latter won by 131 runs.

May 16th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground
v. Yorkshire, former won by 182 runs.

May 16th.—At Leicester, Leicestershire v.
Surrey, latter won by an innings and
149 runs.

May 16th.—At Bristol, Gloucestershire v.

Notts, latter won by 90 runs.

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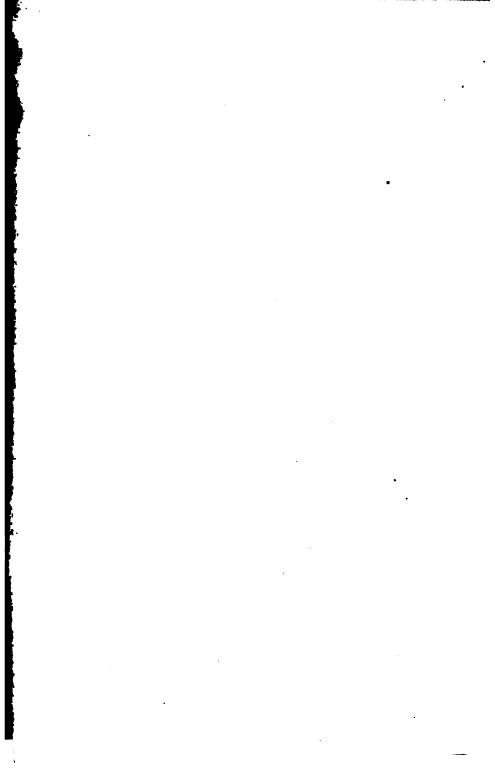


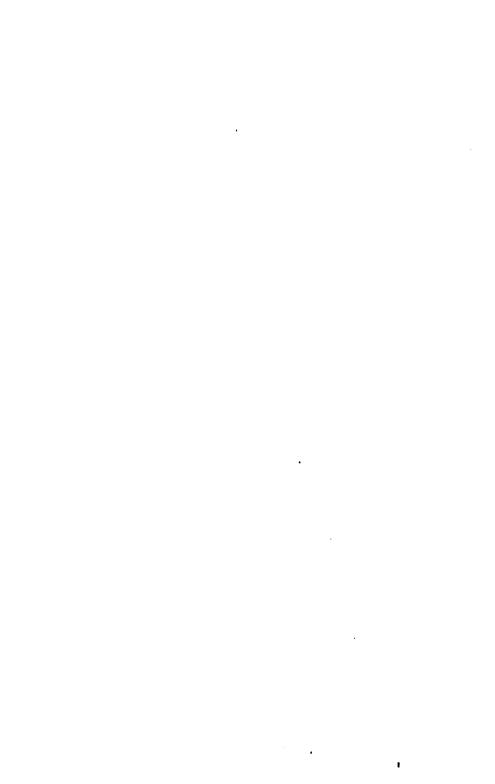
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